# YACHTING

Volume LII NOVEMBER + 1932 Number V

M. Rosenfeld

*Rounding the weather mark in the first day's race of the Star Class International Series, sailed off Southport, Conn., Sept. 16th to 22nd*

## West Coast Wins Star Title

### "Mist" Victorious in International Series

By WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

A SMART boy in a smart boat climbed up through a fleet of twenty-seven competitors to win the Star Class International Championship, off the Pequot Yacht Club, at Southport, Conn., a few weeks ago. The boy was Eddie Fink, of Long Beach, Calif., sailing *Mist*, with Edwin Thorne for crew in the first three races and E. W. Poor in the last two.

Eddie was no news to the Star International veterans. He came to New Orleans in 1929 and did well with *Movie Star*. Last year he came to Port Washington with *Zoa* and finished in a tie for second place. When he came this year, with *Mist*, they knew they would have to look out for him, but they did not — or could not — look hard enough. They left him behind at the start; he walked through them. They saw him far astern at the weather buoy; first thing they knew there he was, alongside. And he won by two points.

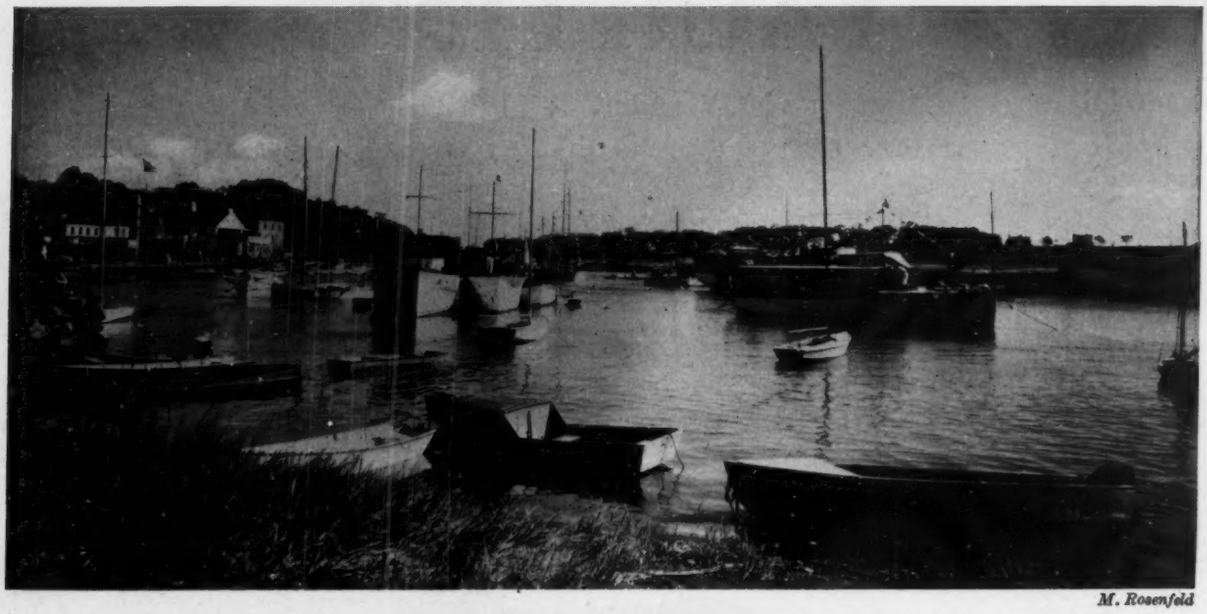
Fink did not make an auspicious beginning. In the first race he finished seventh out of twenty-eight boats. But the next day he was second, and took third place in the standing. The day following, when the wind shifted on the last leg and scrambled things up, he finished down in fifteenth place, but others had their troubles, too, and Eddie was tied with Garland Miller for third place in the series. The fourth race was Eddie's, from start to finish, and he won easily, but Ralph Bradley's *Laura G.*, which had been leading the standings since the second race, was up there, too, and *Mist* was tied for second with Carl Pflug's *Wings*, four points behind *Laura*.

Came the fifth day, and Eddie started out like a truck horse in a Derby. He was 'way back in seventeenth place at the first weather mark, and people who hoped they would not have to go out to California next year breathed more easily. But you can't breathe very easily with Eddie behind you. *Laura G.* was back in the ruck, too, and it looked as though *Wings*, which rounded fourth, had the situation well in hand.

Then along came *Mist*. On the second leg, a broad reach, she slid past three boats, and on the third, also a reach, she passed four more, to finish the first round of the triangle in tenth place, with *Laura G.* two points behind. *Wings* was still leading the series, so to speak, but she was slipping, and was now seventh. Reaching in light air was not her strong point, and when the wind abruptly backed four points and turned the second windward leg into a reach, *Wings* was cooked. Eddie rounded the next stake boat in fifth place, with *Wings* astern. On the last two legs *Mist* could not catch the three leaders (two of which were later disqualified), but she did cross the line fourth, and with *Laura* and *Wings* among the "also-sailed" she had the series by two points, while *Wings* had beaten *Laura G.* for second place in the series, also by two points.

And that's how Eddie Fink won the series. He had been after it for some time. To get to his first International, he worked his way to New Orleans on a tramp steamer and he arrived at Port Washington last year with an almost cocky confidence that was not much shaken even when Colin Ratsey beat him in the sail-off for second place. This year he got a boat worthy of his skill, and did business with her.

A good deal has been said and written about *Mist*. They call her the "gold-plated" Star, because she cost



*M. Rosenfeld*

more than any other Star cost — first price. She was built last winter for Landon K. Thorne, or, rather, for his son, Edwin Thorne, and she cost somewhere between $2000 and $2500. That's a lot of money for a Star, but most of it is polish — polish, and more polish — and you can get the same degree of polish yourself, if you work hard enough, for nothing. Other boats have cost their owners as much, or more, but the layout for patient polishing has been spread over a longer period and did not appear on the original bill. There are a lot of good boats in any Star International, and while Eddie might have won without *Mist*, *Mist* could not have won without Eddie — or someone as good, and there are none too many who fall in this classification of expert racing skippers.

*Seaf Camera News, Stamford*

*Edward Fink (left), skipper of the winning "Mist," and E. W. Poor, who acted as crew in the last two races. (Above) The anchorage and clubhouse of the Pequot Yacht Club during the series*

Young Thorne took *Mist* out to the West Coast for the Olympics, and there Fink arranged the charter for the series, and took Thorne on as crew. They sailed together for three races and then Thorne was hurt in an automobile accident and Eddie shipped E. W. Poor, a Peconic Bay Star sailor of note, as jib sheet man, and lost nothing by the exchange.

But it would hardly be fair to write about the Internationals and give consideration to the winner only. There is, for instance, the weather. The first day it blew a breeze of wind — reefing weather, when the boys with roller gears could look back and laugh at a few hopefuls dragging the whole of it behind them. Carl and John Pflug, in *Wings*, won that day, as they did in the opening race in a breeze the year before. And, as the year before, they slipped down when it got light.

It was light enough the rest of the time, too. Four days of light and variable airs from the east, south, or most anywhere — regular September weather. There were holes where there was no wind some days, too, and some of the top-notchers, including Colin Ratsey and Dave Atwater, developed an unsuspected genius for getting into those places. But at least they always got around the course inside the time limit.

On the second day Garland Miller and John Atwater got going in *Flapper*. Miller, from Hampton Roads, has been coming to Star Internationals for quite a while, and sailing good races, but now, for the first time, he got out in front and stayed there. The whole fleet ended the first round of the course in a bunch, but *Flapper* worked out a nice lead on the second weather leg and by dint of masterly sailing got home half a minute or so ahead of *Mist*.

The third was "Bud" Vanderveer's day. The nineteen-year-old Port Washington skipper, with his father as crew, got a beautiful port tack start and sailed away, leaving 27 boats becalmed behind the starting line. Miller nearly got him at the weather mark, but Vanderveer finished the first round a length ahead. On the second beat he worked out a lead you couldn't beat, and added to it the rest of the way, to finish nine minutes ahead of the second boat. A little over 24 hours later Vanderveer lay dead in the Norwalk Hospital, the victim of the automobile smash that also kept Thorne in the hospital during the last two races and sent Philip Singer, of Peoria, and W. G. Waterhouse, of Berkeley, Calif., out in the last races, game, but badly battered.

The fourth day the Star sailors took a motorman's holiday by racing the Pequot Yacht Club's fleet of sailing dinghies, and the fifth day, which was the fourth race, was Fink's day. He got a good lead on the first weather leg and never relinquished it — indeed was never seriously threatened except once by Tim Parkman, who finally finished second two minutes behind *Mist*.

The story of the last race, already told, is always the story of the point leaders rather than the race leaders. Otherwise, one might tell how John McClatchy and his wife, from Elk River, led the fleet by a mile on the first round, only to lose the lead when they forgot

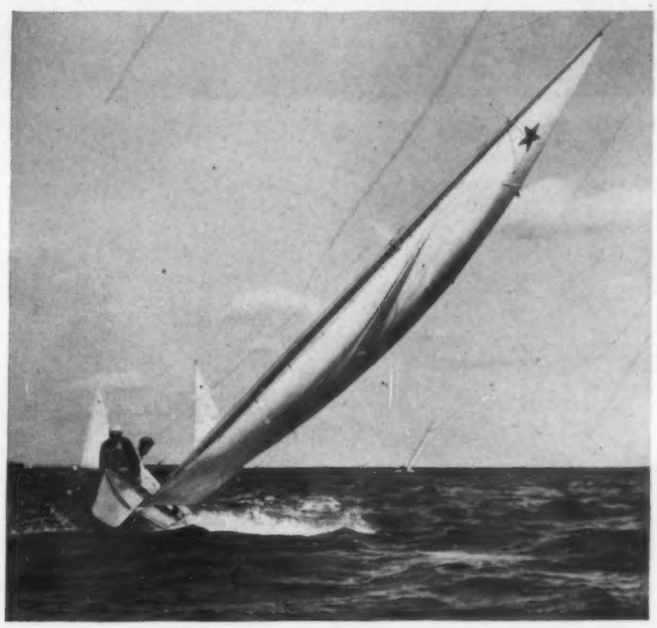
to notice that the wind had shifted and started beating to weather on the second round when they could have laid the course without a tack, as did the others. Or, we might tell how Colin Ratsey, of the Solent, Dave Atwater, from Narragansett Bay, and Dan Sunden-Cullberg, the Swedish entry, finished in that order, only to have Ratsey and the Swede disqualified, after an all-night committee session, for having both fouled Atwater at different times during the race.

In happy contrast to last year's Internationals, the series was remarkably free from fouls and disqualifications, considering the number of boats racing. Sunden-Cullberg was disqualified twice, apparently because he was accustomed to sailing under rules slightly different from those of the Star Class International Yacht Racing Association, and one or two boats withdrew or disqualified themselves after obvious mistakes. Among the latter was twelve-year-old Patsy Raskob, from the Eastern Shore, the youngest skipper and the first girl skipper ever to sail in a Star International. Patsy, who won the Novice Fleet Trophy, also won three lollipops on side bets with Dave Atwater.

*Laura G.*, from Peoria, sailed by Ralph Bradley and Philip Singer, was the most consistent boat of the series. She didn't win a race, but for four of the six days that the series lasted she was in the lead on points. The old rule, that if you can finish fifth in every race you will be the next Star champion, still holds. A boat finishing fifth every day this year would have beaten *Mist* by three points.

The foreign element was again present, and J. Herbulot and Jean Peytel, in *Tramontane*, of the Paris fleet, won the Invaders' Trophy, followed in order of final standing by the German entry, then the other French boat, sailed by Kelly of Cannes. Then came the British, the Swedish, and the Venezuelan boats. Other trophies for various divisions of the fleet were the Novice Fleet prize, won by Patsy Raskob, of the Eastern Shore, and the Distant Fleet Trophy, won by Earl Hayward, from Santa Barbara.

Incidentally, this business of chartering boats is coming up for open discussion some day. Half the fleets from distant parts go to great expense to send their own boats, and the other half charter as good or better boats from nearby fleets. Both *Mist* and *Laura G.* (ex-*Pearl*) were chartered boats. There seems to be no objection to chartering boats, if one sees fit to do so, but this rigmarole about changing names and otherwise making a mystery of it seems silly.



Well, it was a good series, and an account of it cannot be closed in any better way than by giving belated praise to the race committee, George W. Elder, W. C. Atwater, Jr., Sampson Smith, Hugh M. Wharton, and Charles E. Lucke, with their corps of assistant officials; and to Wilder Gutterson, Fred T. Bedford, Commodore Laurence Craufurd, and other Pequot Yacht Club hosts.

The point summary:

(*Continued on page 78*)

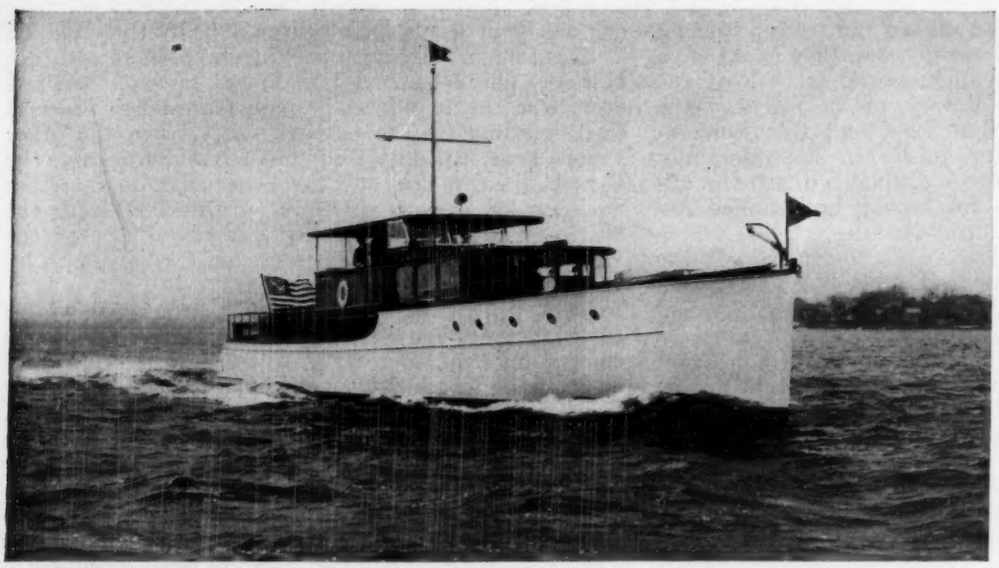
*"Mist," of the Long Beach (Cal.) Fleet, carried the trophy to the Pacific Coast by a margin of only two points*

*Right. "Wings," from Moriches Bay, finished a close second*

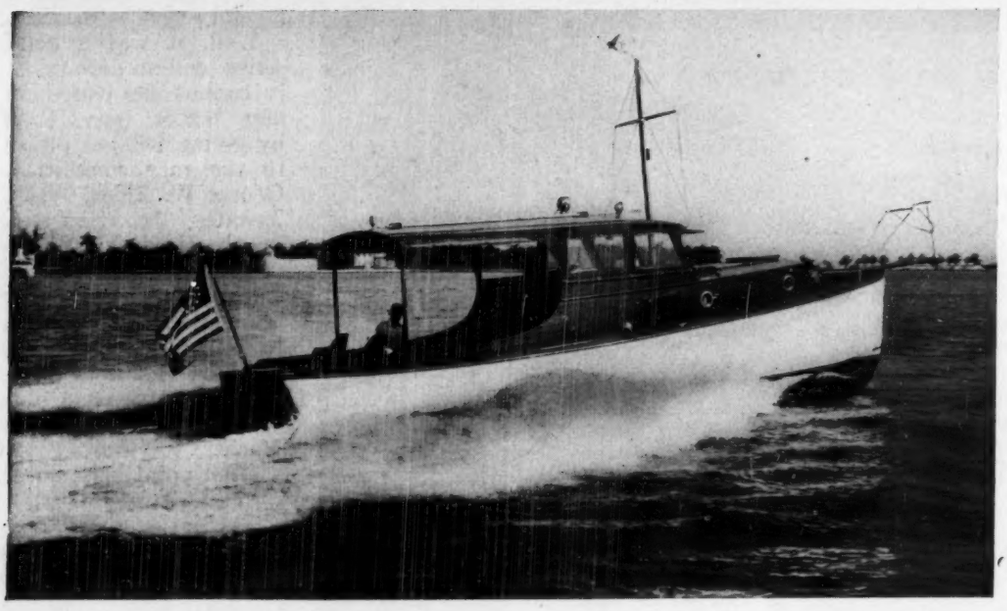
*Left. "Laura G," from Peoria, Ill., led for much of the series, but failed in the last race and took third place on points*

*Photos by M. Rosenfeld*

# Power Cruisers for Various Purposes

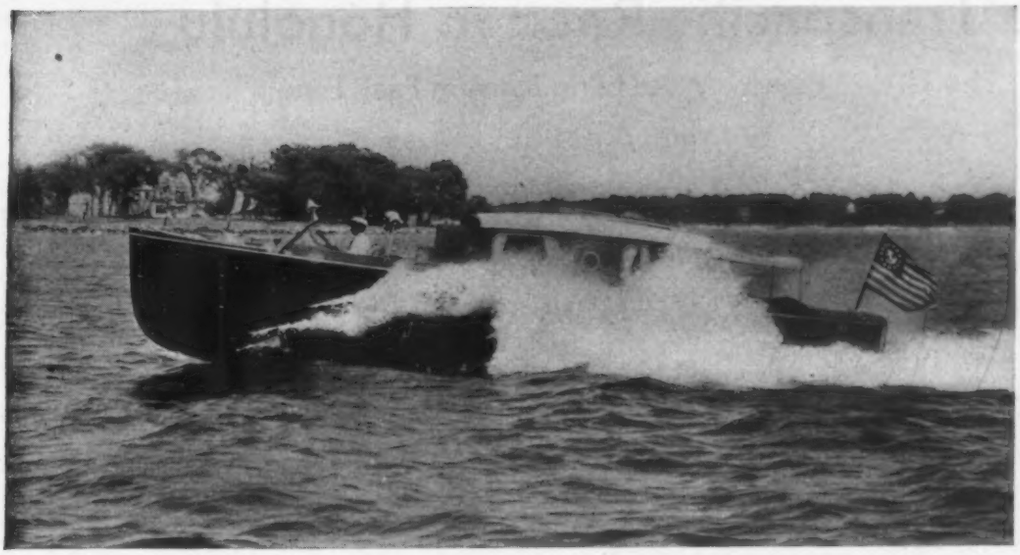


*"Sazarac," used as an express cruiser, and for commuting purposes, by George H. Townsend. Distinctive in appearance, she combines comfortable and attractive accommodations with a maximum speed of 29 miles per hour, made with a pair of Winton gasoline motors. Built by H. B. Nevins, Inc., from designs by John H. Wells*



*For the man who likes fishing, the "Mary Ellen," 36 feet in length, offers the comforts of a small cruiser with a speed close to 30 miles, derived from two Kermath Seafarer motors. John J. Haggerty is the owner*

*For week-end and vacation cruises, the "Bedouin IV," owned by Louis A. Strouse, of New York, packs unusual accommodations into a length of 40½ feet. A good cruising radius at 13½ miles per hour is obtained from a single 6-cylinder Sterling Petrel. The boat is from the Wheeler Shipyard*



*Small, but fast, "Barbara" is a sporty little 32-foot Robinson Seagull, owned by W. P. O'Connor, of Larchmont, N. Y. With a sedan cabin amidships and a cockpit forward and aft, she offers as much as one can expect in this length, plus 34 miles an hour, the power plant being two Scripps "mated" motors developing 330 total h.p.*

*This 38-foot Matthews single cabin cruiser, "Apache II," will fulfill almost any demand. Rigged for fishing, she is ideal, while for a fast day boat, or a week-end cruiser, she would be hard to improve upon. Two light weight Hall-Scott Invader motors furnish the power. She is owned by H. H. Windsor*

*Of a somewhat different type is "Skidaway," a 36-footer used off the New England coast by James R. Sheldon, of Saunderstown, R. I. She is an able, double cabin cruiser, pleasing to the eye, with a good turn of speed. She has a single 6-cylinder Sterling. F. S. Nock, Inc., designed and built her*

*Photos by M. Rosenfeld*

# The Transpacific Race to Honolulu

## The Little "Fayth" Wins Long Race in Fast Time

By JAMES G. STONE

EARLY season indications of a good-sized fleet for the ninth biennial ocean race from Santa Barbara to Honolulu were not fulfilled as the ketch *Fayth* and the yawl *Mollilou* crossed the starting line on the morning of August 20th and eased their sheets for the long reach and run to the finish line off Diamond Head.

Despite the fact that there were but two entries, the next fifteen days witnessed some good ocean racing, with the little *Fayth* crossing the finish line in 14 days and 9 hours, and *Mollilou*, 18 hours behind her but beating her previous record by finishing in 15 days, 2 hours and 58 minutes. This was *Mollilou's* fourth attempt to win the race.

*Fayth*, a 44-foot ketch built in China, was sailed by John Dent, her former owner, and Waldemar Checkan. Mrs. William McNutt, wife of the present owner, was a member of the crew. *Mollilou* measures 56 feet over all, and was in the hands of John Ena, part owner, for the race. *Mollilou* had to allow *Fayth* a handicap of twenty-six hours.

*The ketch "Fayth" won the Santa Barbara-Honolulu Race in the fast time of 14 days, 9 hours. She is 44 feet long and was built in China*

As the yachts worked up to the starting line, there was only enough air stirring to keep them moving. To complicate matters still more, the committee boat was not anchored, and when the starting gun went neither of the contenders could make the line. Both came about and finally got over the line some fifty minutes after the gun. *Fayth* was in the weather berth and slightly ahead. She was carrying her ballooner and main sprit tops'l, while *Mollilou* was still working under headsails, main and jigger.

Once out in the channel, they picked up a fresh nor'wester which gave both yachts something of a dusting. Here *Fayth* elected to pass to the southeast of the Santa Cruz Islands, while *Mollilou* set a course to carry her to the north of them. By this time the latter had all her kites drawing, although *Fayth* had pulled out with a considerable lead during the early hours of the race.

The first night out *Fayth* took in her balloon and jigger and set two spinnakers as the wind freed, sheeting one to the main boom and trimming it fairly flat to spill the wind into the one on the other side. During the first day *Fayth* logged 161 miles to 110 for *Mollilou*, probably due to her selection of the better course. The second day *Molli* got what she was looking for on the northerly course and logged 180 miles, or 12 better than *Fayth* managed to pass under her counter.

On board *Mollilou* the dusting was proving a bit uncomfortable, and things got pretty wet below during the first couple of days, all but three of the crew being put under the weather. *Fayth* seemed to find it more to her liking and reported everything dry and all meals going down as scheduled.

On the third day out *Mollilou* had some unexpected excitement in the form of a small fire in the galley, which was quickly extinguished. It was found to have been caused by a short circuit in the wiring, where the insulation had worn off.

The crew of *Mollilou* kept the ballooner on her until the fifth day, when they set the spinnaker as the wind freed them. Towards evening on this day, the twenty-fifth, the crew of *Fayth* sighted *Mollilou* about two miles ahead, and holding a more southerly course, although Ena and his crew did not see the ketch.

At this stage both boats were logging in the neighborhood of 175 miles a day. From experience in previous races *Mollilou* elected to swing south of the great circle course to the islands, expecting to find a steadier slant to the Trades. *Fayth*, however, stood closer to the steamer lanes, and apparently made the luckier decision.

The day after crossing *Fayth*, *Mollilou* kept her breeze, still largely from the northward, and on the seventh day reeled off her record run of 188 miles. On the same day *Fayth* logged 175 miles, her best day's run.

From that day on *Mollilou* began to run into fickle winds, light and changing in direction. Her mileage fell off to 105, and only once did she manage to make as high as 150 miles from noon to noon. *Fayth*, on the other hand, managed to pick up the Trades on the eighth day out. They were not as fresh as the preceding nor'westerly, but she held her course and always managed to make a longer day's run than *Mollilou*, farther to the south, her shortest run being 148 miles. On her northerly course, however, it was cloudier, and only twice did she manage to get good sights.

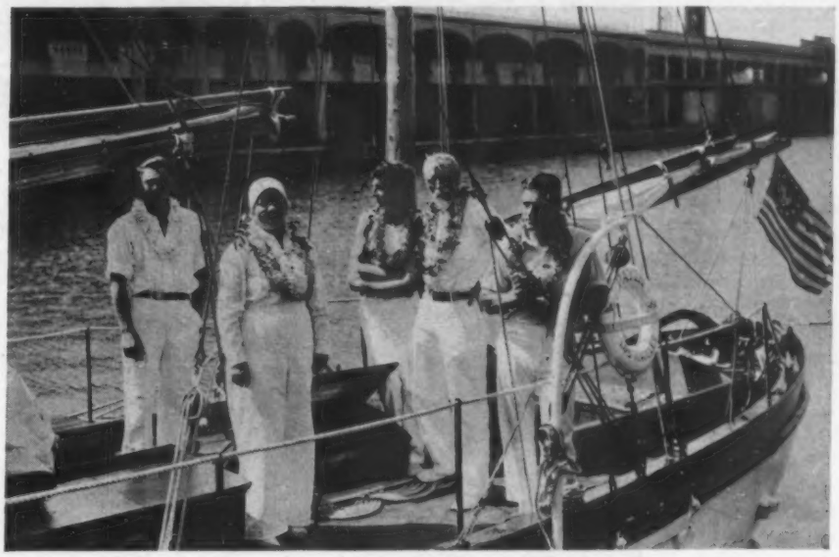
On the afternoon of September 2nd *Fayth* picked up Molokai just off the port bow, and shortly afterwards the mountains of Oahu came in sight. Coming through

the Kaiwi Channel between the islands she met a high, confused sea, but by 8:45 Koko Head was abeam. It was a squally night, with the rain coming down hard and frequently, so that it was with difficulty that *Fayth* managed to locate the light on Diamond Head, finally crossing the line at 11:03 P.M. She was not expected for another day, and had not been reported by any steamers, although she had sighted a naval vessel several days earlier. As a result, the judges' boat was not out to meet her and the weary crew had to wait until morning to find that they had beaten *Mollilou*.

After eight days of baffling winds, *Mollilou* picked up the light on Makapuu Point before daylight, September 3rd, with the breeze coming down fresh. She was running hard for it, with everything drawing, and was cutting in close to Makapuu and along to Koko Head. Close under the point she ran into a soft spot and was hit by the heavy backwash from the high seas against the cliff. This, together with a heavy puff of wind, laid her flat. The mainsail was buried, and when her crew got her back on her fleet, it was found that the main boom tackle had been carried away. A jury tackle was rigged for the remaining few miles, and just before 11:00 A.M., September 3rd, *Mollilou* crossed the line off Diamond Head. She had made better time than in any previous race, but was second to *Fayth*, boat for boat, to say nothing of time allowance.

The race was somewhat lacking in interest, little in the way of hard weather being encountered. *Fayth* reported that all sleeping was done on deck during the entire voyage, and she never had her rail under. *Mollilou* had it a bit heavier just off the coast, and in the Kaiwi Channel.

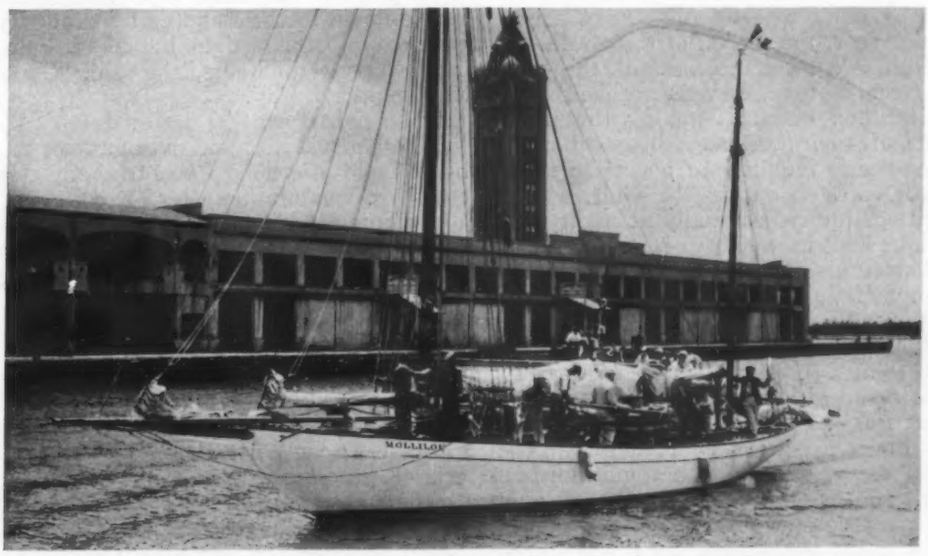
A few days after the race the crews of both yachts were entertained at a *luau*, or Hawaiian feast, always of interest to the visitor. Members of the Pearl Harbor, Kaneohe and Trans-Pacific Yacht Clubs were the hosts on this occasion.



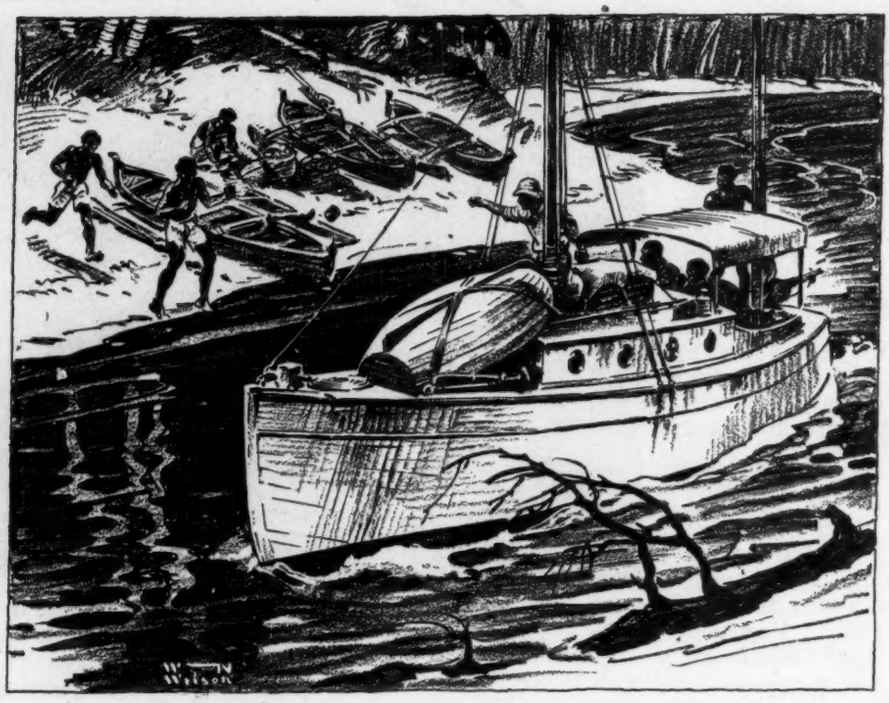
*Crew of "Fayth." Left to right, A. Fredericksen, Mrs. McNutt, Henry Fredericksen, John Dent, and Waldemar Checkan*

The daily runs of both boats as entered in the logs were as follows:

| | *Fayth* | *Mollilou* |
|---|---|---|
| 1st day | 161 | 110 |
| 2nd day | 168 | 180 |
| 3rd day | 158 | 155 |
| 4th day | 153 | 155 |
| 5th day | 166 | 175 |
| 6th day | 173 | 170 |
| 7th day | 175 | 188 |
| 8th day | 163 | 105 |
| 9th day | 160 | 157 |
| 10th day | 157 | 124 |
| 11th day | 151 | 140 |
| 12th day | 148 | 130 |
| 13th day | 150 | 132 |
| 14th day | 172 | 148 |
| 15th day | 54 | 190 |



*"Mollilou," the only other contestant in this year's race. She made the passage in 15 days, 2 hours and 58 minutes*



*"We swerved in close to the bank and threw them a handful of tobacco"*

# A Motor Boat Passage in Papua

By LIONEL P. B. ARMIT

PAPUA is so little known in America that a few words as to its geography appear necessary. If you look at a map of the Pacific, you will see, due north of Australia, the great island of New Guinea. The Gulf of Papua is the huge indentation in the southern shore of this island — and one of the roughest parts of the Coral Sea. Into this wide gulf pour the silt laden, log-strewn waters of a host of big rivers; consequently, for many miles offshore, the sea is shallow and sprinkled with mudflats and torn by numerous warring currents. For seven months of the year, the season of the southeast trade wind, the Gulf is a lee shore, and as the only harbors are the river mouths, havens reached only through narrow, winding channels among the mud-banks, which often shift their position with almost every tide, constant vigilance is required to negotiate these tricky passages safely. Even out in the Gulf, out of sight of land, floating timber, especially at night, is a danger that has to be kept in mind.

The passage that forms the subject of this article began in the interior of the island. I was living in the mountains, some ten miles from the head of navigation on the Lakekamu River, when, one night of pouring rain, when the last thing I thought of was a motorboat, I thought I saw a gleam of light glimmer through the trees on the rim of the clearing 'round my house. For several weeks I had been expecting the launch from the coast, eighty miles away, and only that morning had received news that she had broken her tail-shaft and would be out of commission for at least another month. The news was decidedly unwelcome, as I was impatiently awaiting the launch to bring the man who was to take over my job and free me for a vacation already two months overdue, and thus I was firmly convinced that my stay in that rain-soaked wilderness was going to be longer than I had anticipated. However, when you live in New Guinea, the only thing of which you can be certain is what you least expect.

The light, which I had thought was an extra-bright fire-fly, proved to be a lantern in the hand of my relief. He staggered up the steps, shook my hand, and slumped into a chair.

"If you can hand over first thing in the morning and toddle down to the Landing by sundown, you'll be on your way to the 'bright lights' of Sydney (Australia) inside forty-eight hours," he said. "Think you can do it?" he added drily.

"Too right I can!" I declared.

It was a rush to hand over and get my gear packed, but by mid-afternoon I was trudging along the path to the river. Ten minutes after I had started a terrific rain-storm commenced to flail the jungle. The walk to the river usually took three hours. This time I made it in seven hours — after wading almost half the distance. I heard, later, that thirteen and one-half inches of rain fell that afternoon and evening in eight hours! A big fall — but nothing unusual for that part of New Guinea, where the annual precipitation often reaches nearly three hundred inches, and more. Without exaggeration, the interior of the island can be termed a damp place. However, I caught the launch — a 30-foot, single-cabin cruiser, powered with an American 26 h.p. engine.

There were five of us aboard the little craft as we headed down the river an hour after sunrise — Percy Leigh, skipper and engineer, Charlie Lumley, myself, and two woolly-headed New Guineans.

The rain had ceased just before dawn, the sun was just level with the roof of the jungle, and the river gleamed like a band of gold between the shimmering green cliffs of the forest. Fully ten feet over the banks and running at a seven-knot clip, littered with huge trees, logs, and all the floating trash scoured out of the wilderness by the rains, the journey down the river was not without its thrills, especially when we raced 'round the bends, picking our way through hundreds of stranded trees. Leigh steered, Lumley and I took turns as lookout forward. The first seventeen miles were negotiated in an hour; then, as we passed a big tributary, the river widened, the current eased a lot, and we sped along at a more sedate pace. Flocks of white cockatoos, lories, green-and-crimson parrots, and parrakeets circled overhead, filling the air with their shrill clamor; pigeons boomed their silvery notes in the green depths of the forest, and far up in the blue sky hornbills and giant eagles made black pen scratches against the drifting cumulus clouds. Now and again we saw, drifting lazily in the current, the black head of a crocodile, or a row of sooty-plumaged water-fowl perched on a floating tree. Down long reaches fringed with towering bamboo or giant tree fern, past islands of drowned forest, and through miles of high verdigris-green sago palms, we sped, hour after hour; then, suddenly, we shot around a bend and entered a wide expanse of water that was bordered by walls of crimson — the whole front of the forest on both sides of us was ablaze with the blossom of D'Albertis creeper, and the river was carpeted with the fallen petals. It was gorgeous.

*The torrential rain had littered the river with debris*

Three hours after we started we reached the first native settlement — three shacks of sapling-and-thatch on a high red bank. Behind the houses, a ragged clearing full of banana palms, gaunt, fire-blackened stumps, and small patches of vivid green sweet potato vines, and moored to the bank, several canoes piled with nets, paddles, children, bunches of bananas and baskets of potatoes. Standing on the bank, whipping mosquitoes from their black bodies as they called to us to come ashore and barter Pittsburgh tobacco for fruit and vegetables and fish, were the dozen or so adults of the village.

We swerved in close to the bank, threw them a handful of tobacco, declined to trade, and went on downstream.

Twice during the next twenty miles we grazed destruction literally by inches as we corkscrewed our way through nests of snags that had almost closed the channel. But luck was with us — we got through without a bump, thanks to Leigh's marvelous steering.

It is about eighty miles from the Landing down the river to the sea. We romped the distance in twenty minutes short of seven hours, which was quite fast for the slow, heavy duty engine that drove us, and we would have made even better time if we had not stopped to shoot a few pigeons on the way. At two in the afternoon we saw the surf rolling mountain-high on the bar as we rounded the last bend and headed for the anchorage, just inside the river mouth.

Daylight next morning found us ready for sea. We had a package of gold with us, which, in case of accident, we had tied to a ten-fathom length of strong rope that was fastened to a float. On top of the cabin roof were two coops of fowls under a canvas cover. Our life-saving gear consisted of a leaky eight-foot dinghy. The cabin was filled with boxes and bags — some cargo and some baggage — and gasoline, so that there was no room inside for anybody; all hands slept in the tiny cockpit aft under the awning, crammed like sardines in a box. Cooking, when we had a chance to cook, was done with an oil stove, one man holding the stove while his mate operated the frying-pan or the kettle. And, if anything was required to add to the discomfort of the trip, the launch leaked like a basket. Coming down the coast, to the Lakekamu, Leigh had struck terrible weather and had had to jettison some of the cargo to allow him to get at the leaks and caulk them — with strips of his best clothing and towels.

"Weather's still bad, so I guess we'll get a dusting before we make home," Leigh told us as we headed for the bar.

I got an eyeful of the whitecaps beyond the breakers — and felt rather discouraged. "It doesn't look too promising," I said to Lumley.

He grinned. "I'm glad that gold's got a nice float on it," he said cheerfully. "The boys back there," he pointed to the mountains, "sweated hard to get it, so I'd hate losing it . . ."

Leigh laughed. "We'll get through — barring bad luck," he told us, and waited for the first breaker to hit the bobbing launch. It did — and filled the cockpit. All hands grabbed buckets and tins and bailed for their lives.

Twenty minutes passed while we bucked the surf, then, after the last long roller had missed overturning or swamping us, we found ourselves clear of the bar, but with a good deal of water inboard. This we promptly put back where it belonged, wrung the damp from our clothes, and sat down to dry out in the hot sunshine.

It was a slow trip against the heavy sea that was running, both slow and very uncomfortable, for the launch danced about like a mad thing, and the propeller raced every few minutes and added to our discomfort. All day we plugged against a head sea, sometimes only just holding our own against the westerly set, which

averages about three knots in the Gulf, but at last, just before sunset, tired and weary from bailing most of the day, we crept in behind a low point and dropped anchor.

"We've done twenty-one miles," Leigh announced. "The worst bit's still ahead of us . . ." he added, drily, as he tore up one of my shirts for caulking. "She's all opening up for'ard, so it looks as if soon we won't have anything to wear."

While he rammed the ruins of our apparel into the gaping seams, Lumley and I toted the gold, blankets and food ashore, built a fire, and got a hot meal underway. We decided to camp on the beach, as the launch was tossing and pitching so much in the shallows that sleep aboard her, crowded in her narrow cockpit, would be almost impossible. Soon a fire crackled merrily under a huge tree, the smell of hot curry tickled our nostrils, and we sat down to eat by the firelight. Then, with cigarettes glowing nicely in the sou'east corners of our mouths, we sat back, loosened our belts, and discussed the incidents of the day.

The moon came up over the ranges and turned the beach into a highway of burnished silver, beyond which we looked out on an ocean of heaving, glistening platinum; the long combers, breaking on the tip of the point, spouted fountains of milk-white froth high over the dark rocks. The heavy southeast trade droned through the coconuts beside the sands, their tossing plumes like swaying silver blades in the moonlight. And the sky was a diamond-encrusted upturned bowl of luminous pale-blue enamel. Far down the beach fires glowed red before a native village, and the throbbing beat of a snake-skin drum sounded above the booming surf. But we were too tired and full of food to admire the beauty of the blue and silver night for long. We parked our spare food and clothing in a tree, to prevent the native dogs from annexing it, and turned into our blankets on the warm, clean sand.

Shortly after dawn we were clear of the point, punching into a sea that was even heavier than the day before. We set a single-reefed jib and double-reefed mainsail, two pocket handkerchiefs that steadied her a lot but added only about a knot to our crawling progress. All day we staggered on, making long and short boards to windward, slowly working along the coast, bailing most of the time. Just after noon one of the natives, who had been taking a nap on top of the anchor chain down forward, came aft to tell us that the water was spraying in through the bow seams.

Leigh and I tore up some more clothes and rammed the rags into the seams, getting an impromptu shower bath while we did so. However, we managed to stop most of the biggest leaks, but the incessant pounding of the seas soon opened more seams, so we had more caulking to attend to — and less apparel to look after. Meanwhile, the bailing continued, all hands wielding cans and buckets to keep the water below the cabin floor, though the more water we flung overboard the more there seemed to be inboard.

We took the canvas off her and kept her in closer to the shore, a move that appealed to us all. Lumley voiced our thoughts in his usual droll manner.

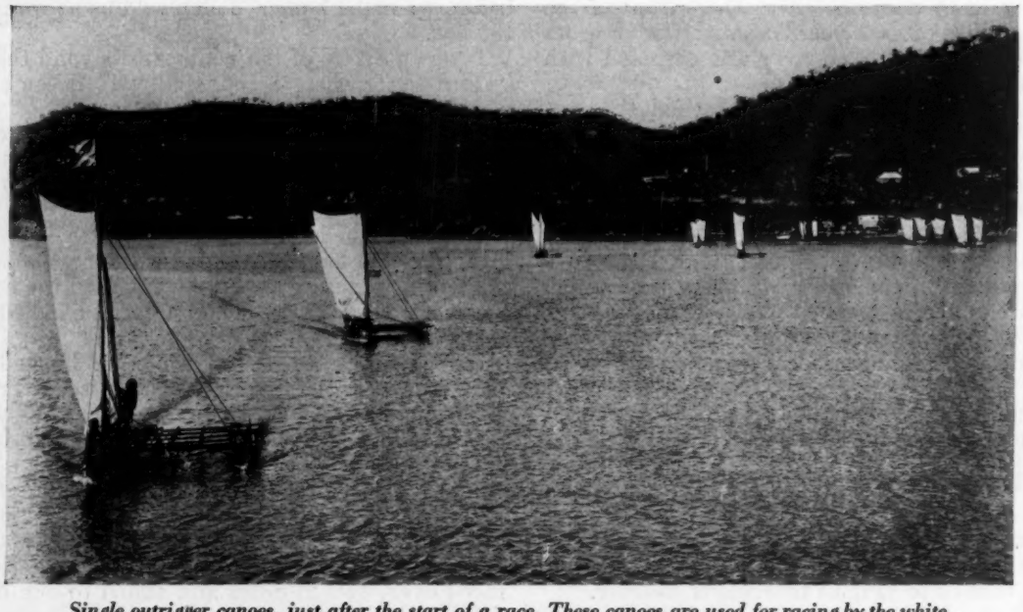
"I was never much of a long distance swimmer!" he declared. "And if we get left in the ditch somewhere close in, where there isn't more than eight or ten fathoms, that gold ought to be easily picked up later," he added very cheerfully.

Leigh grinned. "Five men in that rat box of a dinghy *might* get ashore through the surf — if it didn't swamp before it got that far," he told us. He lighted a cigarette, blew a cloud of smoke, and glanced at the shore, five miles away to leeward.

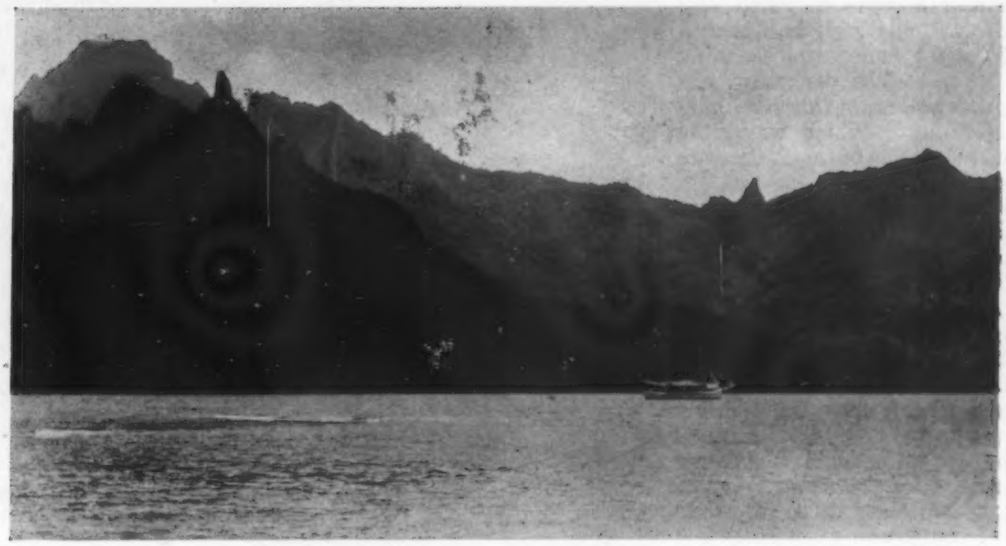
"If she looks like filling up, I guess I'll head for there and shove her on the grit," he decided. "Shooting the surf'll be better than tempting fate in that dish," he ended, indicating the dinghy.

We kept chugging along, punctuating our progress with much bailing and caulking. The sun dipped below the sea, the moon climbed up the sky and sank into the waters, while we bucked the gale, and in the early morning we found ourselves in smoother water under the lee of Yule Island. We made better progress then, and in the early afternoon, still bailing and caulking, entered Hall Sound and dropped the hook there. The roosters ashore were airing their voices as we rounded up in the harbor, and our cargo of fowls joined in the concert.

(*Continued on page 88*)



*Single outrigger canoes, just after the start of a race. These canoes are used for racing by the white residents of Port Moresby during the season of the southeast trades*



*"Nomad" in Oponahu Bay, Moorea*

# Westward from Lotus Land

## A Cruise from Tahiti to the Fijis in a Fifty-Foot Ketch

By THEODORE B. SMITH

WE HAD been hanging around Papeete so long that *Nomad's* bottom had grown whiskers. William, our Tahitian cook, could almost speak English and the girls were beginning to cast their smiles in other directions. In due time Jeannette returned from San Francisco with her new "permanent" and the cruise of the *Nomad* bade fair to get underway again.

"Tomorrow," said George, "we go on the ways and have our bottom scraped."

Came the dawn and, almost on its heels, the information that one of the island trading schooners had gotten in just ahead of us and it would be all of two weeks before we could be taken out of the water. This promised to cause us embarrassment as we had already attended two farewell dinners and the grand "blow-out" was down on the calendar for that night.

"Let's do it ourselves," I volunteered halfheartedly, only to be taken up immediately. There being no way out of it after that fatal remark, we stripped and went over the side with improvised Gillettes in the form of plane blades, chisels and anything with a sharp, flat surface on which we could lay our hands. The greater part of the morning was spent in chasing each other around the keel while interested spectators watched from shore and speculated on just what we were trying to do.

That afternoon we loaded twenty cases of gasoline, in spite of William, who kept pouring most of it over the deck. The fresh water tanks were filled and the canned goods safely stowed. There remained only the task of cleaning up, so George went to the club while I started to punch holes in the forty empty gasoline tins, with the sole thought of disposing of them over side. William caught me in the act and protested violently. According to him the tins were worth money in Bora Bora and if I would but let him take them along he promised to get us all the fresh fruit and vegetables we could use, in exchange for them. Accordingly, he gave up his berth in the fo'castle and the cans were stowed forward. Early next morning we went to the market and laid in our supplies for the trip to Bora Bora. Our departure was scheduled for nine, but nine-thirty found us still at the club where we were offering up our farewell toast.

Of course, the departure was scheduled to take place with the smoothness of planned perfection. So often had we recklessly sailed in and out of the pass through the reef, that nobody took us seriously. But this time we were determined to show them. *Nomad* was in apple pie order. Jeannette had put on her brightest beach pajamas. Louie, the mate, had attired himself in a new suit of whites for the occasion, while George and I had put clean covers on our caps. Even William was decked out in a brand new sailor hat which bore the appropriate stamp, "*U. S. S. Chicago.*"

At 9:45 we left the club and made our way to the *Nomad*. The shore was crowded with the many friends we had made during our long stay. Others were there, too, who doubted that we would ever leave Tahiti and had come to see for themselves.

I went below immediately. Safely out of sight, I took off my shirt and slipped into the old dungarees. On deck I could hear Louie and William scurrying about while Jeannette was poised at the rail, ready to break out the right flags at the right time. I had started up the faithful old Standard and was on the alert for the "full ahead" signal. All sixteen of the horses were straining at the bit, George was hauling in the stern line when — What was that? Were my ears deceiving me?

Not at all. George was using strong language, very strong in fact. And at such a time. Almost immediately I received the "finished engines" signal and went on deck to find every one leaning over the side and pointing to the inky waters of Papeete harbor.

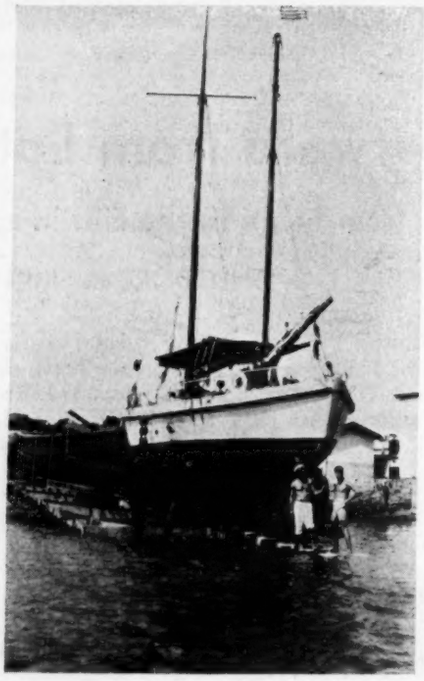
In heaving on the stern line, George's wrist watch had become loosened and had fallen into the water. It had been a gift from his wife; hence the seagoing language at its loss. The departure was immediately forgotten while William called to the *Mouette*, which was lying alongside, and asked one of the Paumotun divers to come over.

Fitting his diving glasses, he swam to the spot where the watch had last been seen and after hearing of its history from William, set about the business of recovering it. In a systematic manner, he disappeared under water from time to time. After the third attempt he stopped to inquire the make of the watch. William gave the required information. Nodding his head in approval, our diver slipped below the surface once again. This time success rewarded his efforts and he came up holding the watch aloft so all could see it. As the water was over forty feet deep, his neat bit of diving was rewarded with applause. In fact, he stole the show.

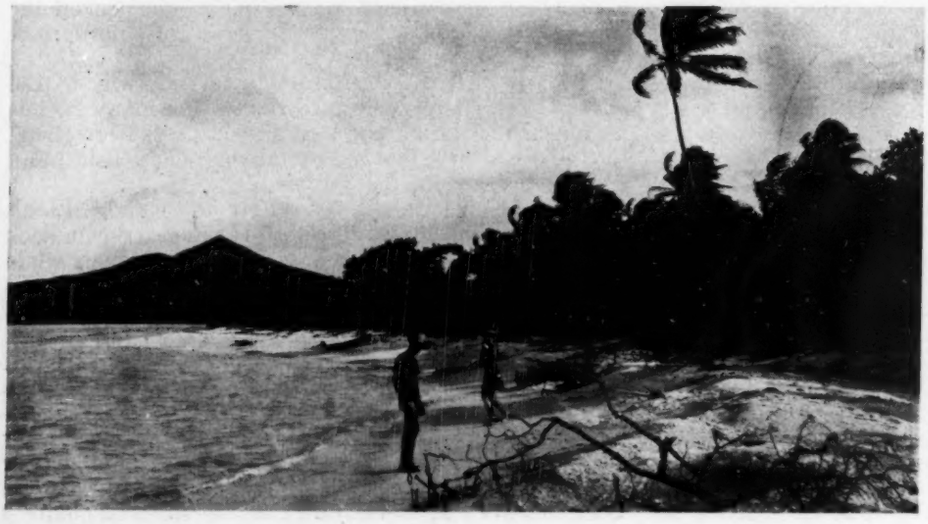
In the meantime, it had begun to get warm. George had started to disrobe. Louie followed suit — in fact, when I went below to start the *Nomad* on her way to Samoa, Jeannette, alone, was in her original costume. Whistles blew and the crowd shouted as we eventually circled the harbor in a final farewell. Putting her hard over, we came about and headed for the pass, rushing through it in a burst of speed which at times reached all of five knots.

Once clear of the reef, we put *Nomad* on her course and set all sail. In order to impress our speed upon those who might still be following our progress from shore, I kept the engine running until we were well abeam of Moorea. At this time, Louie, who was sick with what he claimed to be Black Water Fever, turned in.

*Seagoing tailors putting in a day's work*



*Right. High and dry on the ways. Below. Exploring uninhabited Motu Tabu, a wind-swept, picturesque isle*



The rest of us sat on the after deckhouse and watched the hills of Tahiti drop over the horizon. William, whose home was in Bora Bora, was the only one who seemed glad to leave. He kept reminding us that in Bora Bora the girls were better looking and that we could get the laundry done free.

*Nomad*, a 50-foot, gaff-rigged ketch was originally built in British Columbia. A double-ender, designed after the Norwegian pilot boat type, she draws 7 feet 6 inches and has a beam of 13 feet 6 inches. After cruising Puget Sound waters for some years, she was rebuilt in Seattle and fitted out for her South Sea cruise.

Completely equipped, *Nomad* carries 600 gallons of water and 500 gallons of gasoline. She was fitted to accommodate seven people and carried a 200-volume library to help while away the hours at sea. (Publishers please notice.) Auxiliary power was furnished by a 16 h.p. Frisco Standard which pushed her along at five knots.

The cruise started from San Pedro, and *Nomad* headed direct for the Marquesas, which were reached after 35 glorious days of sailing. Here our lazy wanderings started. In due time, Nukahiva, Taiohae, Takaroa and other islands of the Marquesas and Tuamotus were visited on the way to Tahiti. Papeete was established as a base and here I

*The charms of the South Seas*

joined the party to continue the voyage. The crew consisted of Skipper and Mrs. George W. Pease, Louie Lague, a Tahitian cook boy named William Buchin, and the author.

Towards evening the wind shifted and we picked it up dead astern. Setting her wing and wing, we rolled along towards that gem of the Pacific — Bora Bora. At 8:30 I was left alone to steer as straight a course as I could. William, who went forward to sleep among the empty gasoline cans saved for trading purposes, soon reappeared to inform me that it smelled "all same garage," and rolled up in a blanket on deck. Towards midnight the wind died down and when I turned in, we were making little speed. At six George turned me out to start the engine as we had struck a dead calm. We chugged along as best we could for the better part of the morning. From time to time the motor would miss and after a while it began to pound somewhat. As it had been recently overhauled by the best Tahitian talent in Papeete, I was soon convinced that we had better hoist sail again. In the afternoon we hauled to the north of Riatea and Bora Bora appeared dead ahead.

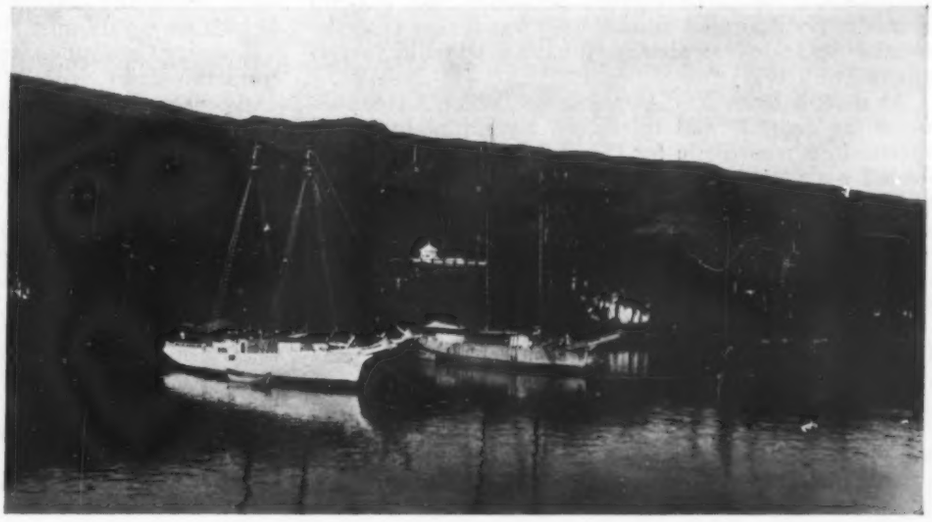
It was apparent that we would arrive at the pass after sunset, making it difficult to get in, so we shortened sail and leisurely skirted the reef in the twilight. Darkness descended with the suddenness of a curtain, and all hands turned to the interesting game of finding the pass in the inky blackness. As there are no beacon lights to mark it, the pass became somewhat elusive. William, who should have known his home town, pointed directly at the breakers. A great help. After several minutes of fun, we hove to, and taking in all sail except the jib, allowed the offshore breeze to keep us headed away from the reef. We then waited for the full moon to rise. When it came we could easily make out the pass in the bright moonlight and chugged through with engine pounding and backfiring, right up to the pier. We tied up alongside, to be greeted by William's family and many of our old friends.

I emerged from the engine room, covered with grease and oil from my struggle with the motor, and immediately dove overside to clean up. George joined me, much to the amazement of the natives who openly commented on our sanity. My own feeling was that no sharks would be out so late at night.

Early the next morning we turned to and put things in order. George and I examined the engine and found several loose parts, the bearings. Louie, who was rapidly getting no better, went ashore and discovered some liniment which he applied to himself for the next four days.

In the meantime George, Jeannette and I took the dinghy and explored Motu Tabu. Here we found many of the huts, still intact on this wind-swept isle, which were used in the filming of the picture "Tabu." The island itself is uninhabited, but there is no more picturesque spot in the whole South Seas.

Returning from this excursion, we ran full into a storm which all but swamped



*Left. "Nomad" is a husky 50-foot double-ended, gaff-rigged ketch. Below. Trading schooners make Papeete their headquarters*

the poor old dinghy. The movies and other pictures which we had taken were saved at the expense of our clothing, which we wrapped around the cameras. By the time we chugged alongside *Nomad* after our wet ride we looked like the advance agents for some nudist cult. On this occasion the outboard proved a life saver, one of the times in which it not only took us there but also brought us back.

In due time Louie pronounced himself well enough to start and the word was passed along. Early next morning I was awakened by what seemed like a first class fight taking place on deck. There were shouts, and the rattle and crash of tin resounded across the quiet lagoon. On deck I found William carrying on a thriving business in fresh fruit and vegetables. *Nomad* was surrounded by native canoes which were loaded to the gunwale with tropical fruits of all sorts. After much haggling in the best East Side manner, William would conclude the bargain and so many gasoline tins' worth of cocoanuts or oranges would be annexed to our larder. Before the morning was over, all of the cans were gone and the deck of *Nomad* resembled a green grocer's establishment.

The next day, after much delay, we departed for Samoa. William insisted on going to church before undertaking such a long voyage and there was nothing to be done except let him go. I am convinced that he went solely for the purpose of impressing his fellow natives, for he emerged from the fo'castle immaculately dressed in whites, and with his hair slicked down with olive oil from the galley. In his hands he carried the loudest pair of black patent leather shoes that I have ever seen. These he carefully carried until he had reached his mother's house, which was a few doors from the church. Sitting on the verandah, he carefully put them on and gave them a thorough dusting. The short distance to the church was then strutted by in grand fashion, and he burst into the church fully fifteen minutes late. He remained only long enough to be seen, and then emerged, bringing half of the congregation with him.

Clearing the pass, we hoisted all sail and, with a stiff breeze almost dead astern, we soon put Bora Bora in the distance. We enjoyed great sailing weather all next day. The wind was steady and *Nomad* plowed through the rolling waters like the veteran she was. Standing watch was a pleasure.

On the second day out we ran into a dead calm and drifted along most of the morning. We took advantage of it to enjoy some real swimming under the broiling sun. Around noon we sighted porpoises and William immediately informed us that this was a sign that the weather was due for a change. What a prophet he turned out to be!

At dusk a fresh breeze sprang up. When I came on watch at eight it had increased. By midnight I had turned in a record run for the watch, and *Nomad* was heeled over, with the spray flying. The waves were breaking in huge combers as I turned the wheel over to Louie. At four he came below to awaken me gleefully with the information that he had broken my record for distance and that, at the rate we were going, we would soon be in Samoa.

By this time *Nomad* was heeled well over. Even below decks we were conscious of the speed she was making through the dark waters. I poked my head out of the hatch to hear the wind whistling through the rigging and to see dark clouds gathering astern. We were running before the wind and it looked like trouble.

About six in the morning it came. We were awakened out of our sleep by George who was pounding on the ship's bell and shouting, "All hands on deck!" Rushing up, we found the leech rope on the mainsail broken and the outer cloth of canvas beginning to give way. George was trying his best to bring *Nomad* around and spill the wind, but so great was the pressure on the headsails, that she refused to answer the helm. She came around just sufficiently to make the boat rear and plunge into the huge waves. We were getting the full force of the wind.

To bring her around, we started taking in the jib. William let go the sheet as Louie started to haul the sail down. The downhaul became fouled and the jib began to thrash around. In the excitement, I sprang out on the bowsprit to haul the jib down with my hands. I got out on the end just as *Nomad* buried her nose in a huge wave. When she came up and shook herself free, I found myself in the water and hanging on with my left arm hooked around one of the stays. William came to my rescue and assisted me up by my foot. The jib was finally secured, but not before it had been rendered unfit for further service.

By this time, George had *Nomad* in the wind and we took in and secured the mainsail. The mizzen was reefed. Digging down into the locker, we broke out the storm trysail, set it, and rigged it on the boom. Everything having been secured on deck, we went below and left George at the wheel. There were intermittent squalls all night as we rode before the storm.

The next day it cleared. All hands turned to on the task of mending the mainsail, and two days were consumed in getting it fit for service again. There followed wonderful days and moonlit nights. We plowed along, basking in the sunshine. Only once did we sight another vessel. Five days out, William discovered a schooner on the horizon headed for Bora Bora. Ship's routine was broken only at bathing time when we would send Jeannette below and strip for the occasion. A line was trailed over the port side and we took turns going out on the bowsprit and diving off. As *Nomad* ambled by we would come up just in time to grab the line and allow ourselves to be dragged through the warm water. Fortunately, no one ever missed the line.

For days the Southeast Trades lived up to their reputation and we had very little work to do. We plugged along steadily and after eleven days sighted Rose Island dead ahead, much to my disappointment. I say "disappointment" because, for ten days, I had watched George and Louie taking sights and poring over books. Invariably they would agree on just where we were. They had become so sure of it that I was rather hoping we would miss the island.

Late that afternoon we passed Tau, rising majestically from the water, with Ofu and Olesaga in the distance. Daybreak of the twelfth day found us well in towards Pago Pago. At six I started the motor and we hauled up the rugged coast and into the beautiful harbor. Here we were given a royal welcome by the Naval personnel and everything possible was done to help us with our repairs. Three weeks slipped by all too quickly.

We stayed long enough to help celebrate the Fourth of July here, and then made speedy preparations for the resumption of the cruise. On July 12th we left for Apia which we reached the next morning. Here we were bumped by the pilot boat and charged our first pilot fee. Yachts are granted no special privileges in British Samoa.

We spent two days here, visiting Stevenson's tomb and enjoying ourselves at the sliding rocks. On the

*(Continued on page 74)*

# "Weldera"

## A 28-Foot Sloop of Welded Steel

By

EDWIN B. WHEELER

*"Weldera," a 28-foot week-end cruiser built of welded steel. She is trim in appearance and has proved a smart sailer*

*WELDERA* is one of the first, if not the first, steel-built welded yachts of small dimensions to be launched in this country. With the technique of welded construction well past its experimental stage, the practicability of building yachts of steel presents new and interesting possibilities, and so *Weldera* was built to investigate these possibilities as well as provide a small week-end cruiser for three people. She was built under the personal supervision of the writer at the yards of the Electric Boat Company in Groton, Conn. *Weldera* is 28 feet 5 inches over all, 22 feet 2 inches on the water line, has a beam of 8 feet 9 inches, and a draft of 5 feet.

Naturally, innumerable questions have been asked relative to the design and construction of this craft, many of which are important, and it might not be amiss at this time to answer these leading queries.

Is the cost of a welded steel hull more than that of one built of wood? It is difficult to make a definite cost comparison, owing to the great variety of materials and workmanship employed in wooden boat building, but it can be safely stated that this welded steel construction compares favorably with a high-grade wooden job.

Is welding safe for constructing this type of vessel? Welded steel construction for hulls and fittings is past the experimental stage to those who have been employing it for the past decade or more, and the ship and boat builders have been presented with a most useful tool for joining metals in the form of arc welding which is unquestionably safe.

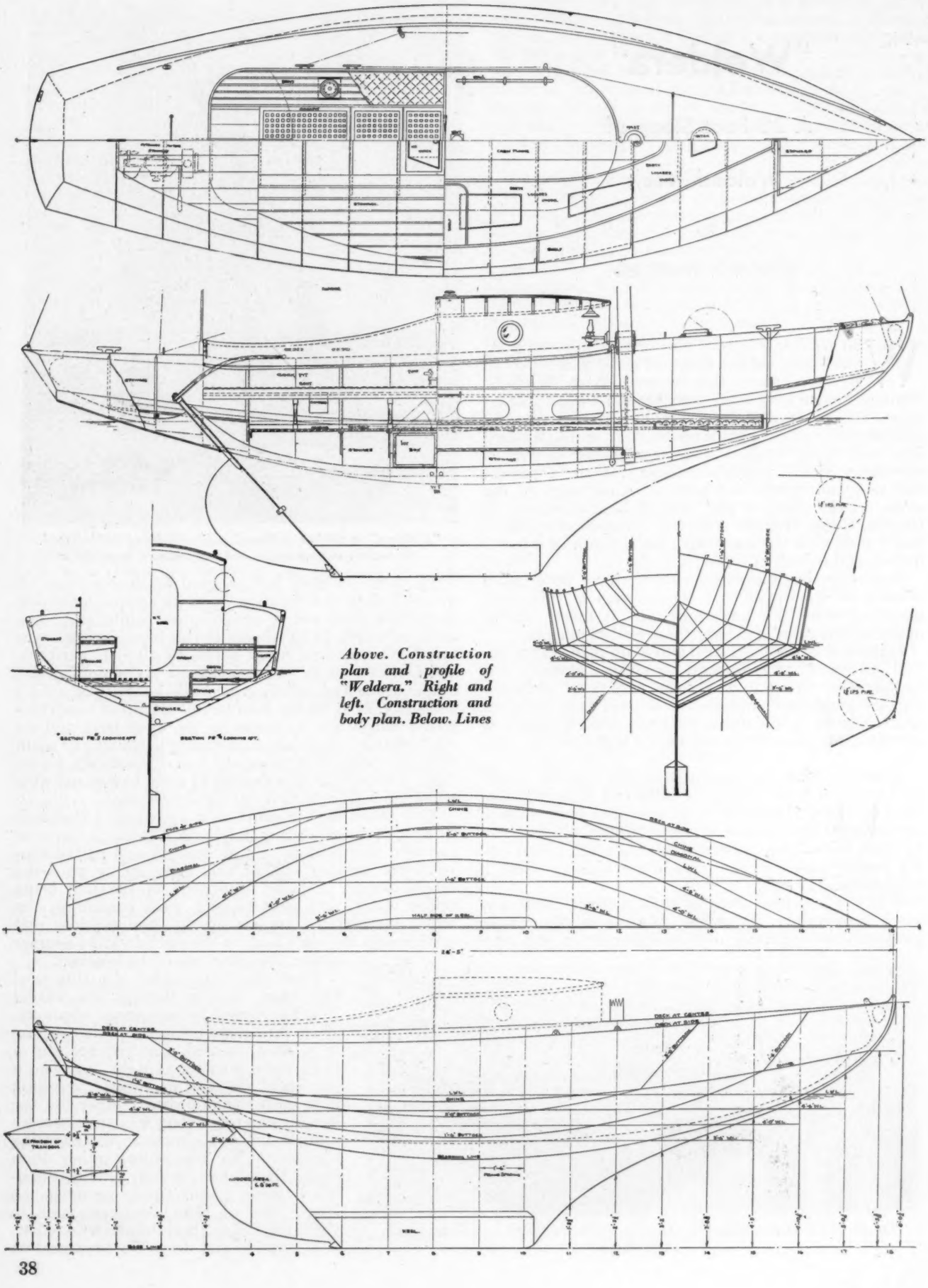
Will the boat rust away in a short time? Rusting of steel is certainly a menace, but given the proper preparation — painting during construction and after completion — a steel hull is good for many years of service before deterioration becomes serious, provided reasonable attention to maintenance painting has not been neglected. In the design of this boat, especial care was taken to allow ready access to all steel surfaces, and berths, lockers, floors, and seats are removable for examination and painting beneath as may be found necessary. It is timely here to call attention to several points which are favorable to the steel boat and its maintenance. There are no fastenings, caulking or seam composition to work loose; the hull is absolutely watertight, and there is no seasoning of wood to contend with when the boat is hauled out for the winter.

How about the temperature in and about a steel hull in hot weather? During July and August of the past summer, this boat proved at least as cool as the conventional wooden hull of this type sailing on Long Island Sound. A large proportion of the hull being under water, and steel being a good conductor, the water temperature travels up into the topsides and counteracts the sun's heat on the steel deck. In warmer waters this effect would be lessened.

*The fin keel of plate steel and the chine construction make for ease in fabrication and welding*

What about the sound of a thin steel hull when moving through the water? This has caused no annoyance whatever. There are occasional sounds, when sailing in a chop, caused, for instance, by a short wave striking at right angles to a portion of the after underbody, resulting in a short metallic drum; otherwise the hull is more quiet than was anticipated.

How will you overcome the sweating tendency? No precautions other than open, tight construction, readily ventilated, were taken. Open, meaning the elimination of closed compartments in the cabin and an absolutely leak proof bottom, topside and deck. No condensation



*Above. Construction plan and profile of "Weldera." Right and left. Construction and body plan. Below. Lines*

has been noticed to date, but with sudden changes of weather and temperatures, some might be expected.

What might happen when striking a submerged rock? The heavy steel keel extending well below the lighter hull plating would naturally strike first and form a submarine shock absorber which guards the less substantial structure above. While sailing at four-knot speed *Weldera* brought up almost standing against a large boulder, swerved off and proceeded on her course unaided and unharmed. The shock of striking was disconcerting, and the impact severe enough to warrant an examination. Upon hauling out a day or two later the damage was found to consist of scratched paint on the leading bottom edge of the keel.

The V-bottom model was chosen as offering the least difficulty in building so small a vessel of welded steel and at the same time allowing a reasonably fast and seaworthy hull. The line draft shown herewith gives a fair indication of how this hull might be expected to fulfill the above requirements, and the accompanying plans and photographs will illustrate the form, construction and general appearance.

Ample beam was chosen for reasons of comfort and stability. The cockpit is long and open, to secure ample stowage in the quarters under the deck, and its depth is sufficient to sit *in* and not *upon;* this also allows of reasonable standing headroom under the main boom with an awning over the cockpit. The cabin trunk gives 4 feet 9 inches headroom and is really intended more for a shelter deckhouse than a cabin; the accommodations from amidships forward, however, are ample for protecting a party of six in case of rain, and this cuddy contains two transoms 10 feet 6 inches in length, long shelves and small lockers in the quarters, rope and sail storage forward, a Sterno stove and icebox under the cockpit grating. It was not the intention to make an abbreviated cruiser in so small a hull, but to have a comfortable sailing craft of fair accommodations with the minimum of duffle and gadgets. Should power be carried, it will be in the form of an outboard motor, and a storage space for this has been provided in the open cockpit.

The general specifications are as follows:

The keel or backbone, including the stem and stern horn, is of steel plate shaped in profile only and the bottom of the fin section carries the outside ballast of about 1400 lbs. This backbone is carried well inside the beard-

*This stern view illustrates the neatness of the welded joints*

ing line throughout its entire length. The transverse floor brackets are slotted on the centerline, to be dropped over and welded thereto.

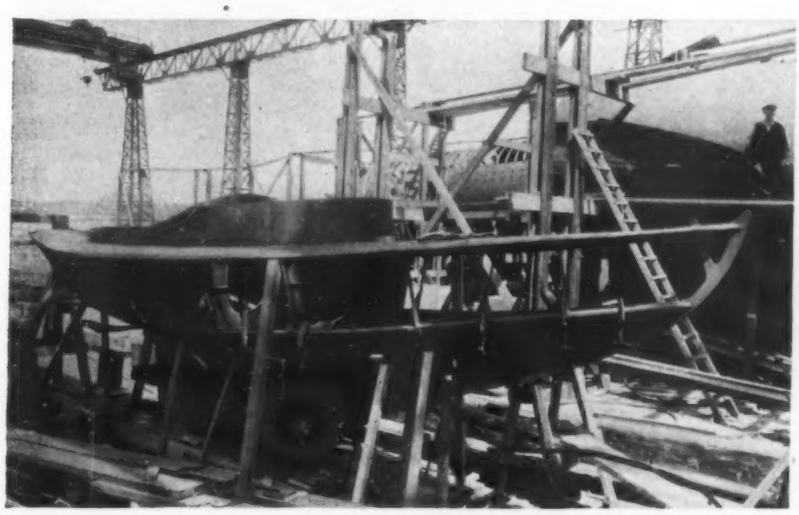
The transverse framing is spaced on 18-inch centers and is constructed of steel flat bars, flanged plates and angles. One complete steel bulkhead with watertight door is built amidships. The bottom center line of these frame floors notch over the vertical keel, and the bilge and sheer brackets are notched to receive the fore and aft stringers.

Longitudinal framing is made up of two sets of fore and aft stringers extending from stem to stern in single lengths of 1½″ dia. I.P.S. steel tubing. The sheer stringers are of 1¼″ I.P.S. steel tubing. These members are welded to each transverse frame and to the stem and transom. The fore and aft seams of topsides, deck and bottom plating land tangent to the entire lengths of these steel stringers and are welded watertight thereto.

The entire skin and decks are of ⅛″ steel. All butts or seams are strapped inside and the joints flush-welded watertight outside, while the straps are intermittent-welded to the plating on the inside. This plating is continuously welded to the keel, stem, stern horn transom and longitudinal tubes, and to the watertight transverse bulkhead, and intermittent welding connects this to all transverse frames and floors. All plating is pickled and protected with a special coating prior to erection.

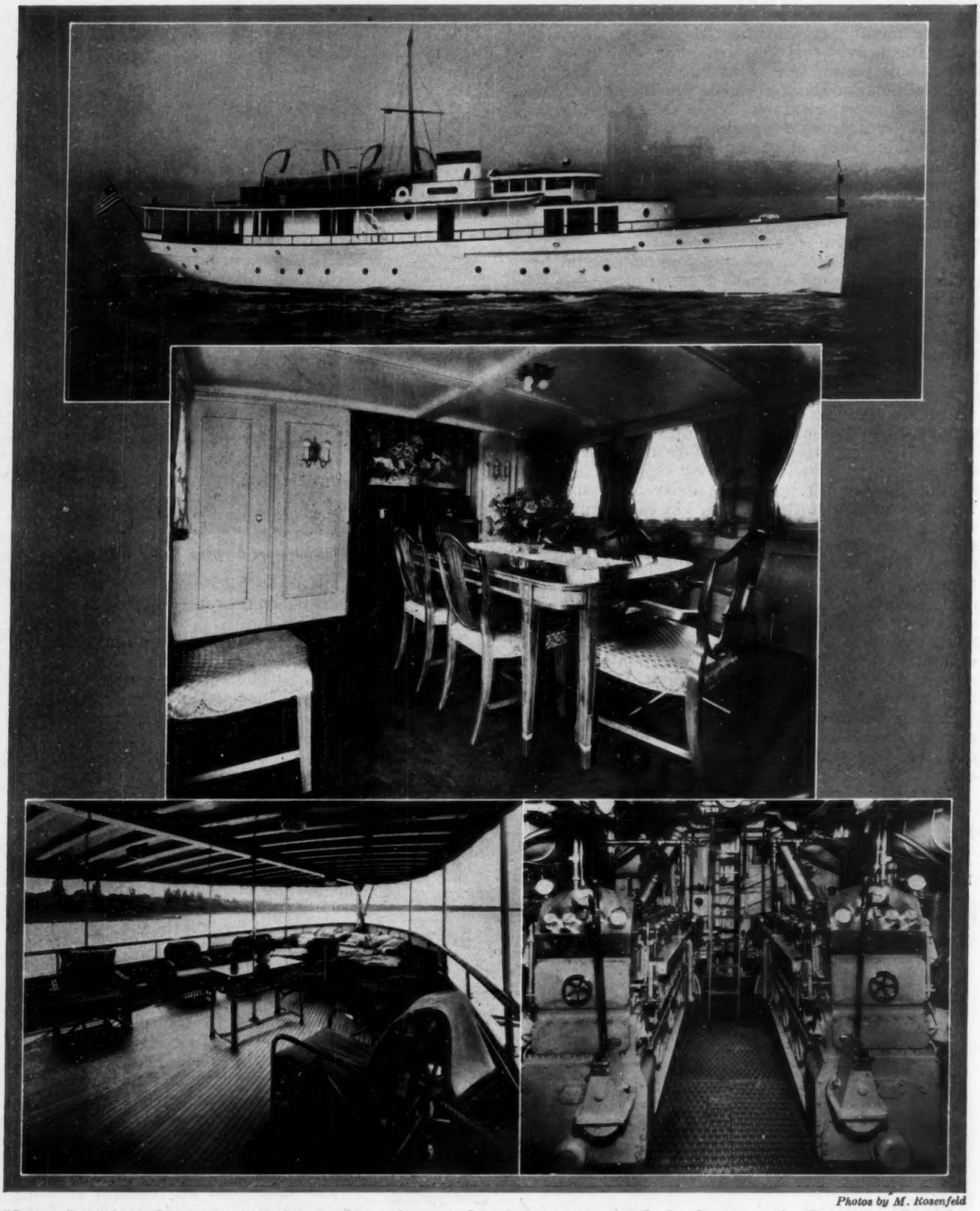
The deckhouse and cockpit coaming are of ⅛″ steel, welded watertight to the deck and adjacent members. The lower portion of coaming extends below the deck line a sufficient distance to form a support for the inboard ends of deck

(*Continued on page 82*)



*The construction view shows the method of plating over the frames, which are braced fore and aft by chine and sheer stringers of steel tubing*

# A Diesel Cruiser for the Great Lakes



Photos by M. Rosenfeld

*"Danora," 105 feet in length, is typical of the trend in moderate sized Diesel cruisers. She is owned by D. S. Eddins, of Detroit, and was designed by John H. Wells, Inc. Built of steel throughout, she is sturdy and able, and is well suited for Great Lakes or coastwise cruising. There is a continuous deckhouse, surmounted by a low pilothouse which in no way spoils the pleasing profile. The photographs of the interior show the dining saloon, forward, the roomy after deck, with deeply upholstered bamboo chairs, and the engine room, with its two 6-cylinder Winton Diesels. The Defoe Boat and Motor Works, of Bay City, Michigan, were the builders.*

# Exhaust Piping

## Avoid Future Difficulties by Careful Planning of Exhaust Lines

By GEORGE F. CROUCH

*Chief Naval Architect, Henry B. Nevins, Inc.*

IF THE designer of a boat will take the time and trouble to plan how and where the exhaust line is to be run, it will save the owner a considerable sum of money when it comes to installing the motor. Too many plans ignore the exhaust entirely and leave it up to the builder to find where he can lead the exhaust lines without interfering with the rest of the internal arrangement. And only too often the available space is entirely insufficient for a proper lead. Every well worked out plan should take account of the leads of all the piping and should show exactly how, and where, the controls of the spark, throttle, reverse gear, and steering gear are to be placed. All these take up space in the hull and, when they are omitted in the original plan, too often they are so crowded and so complicated that it costs more to make a fussy installation of these important details than it would to build a slightly larger boat and have simple leads.

How the exhaust should lead and how it should be cooled depends on the type of hull in which the motor is placed and on the type of motor used. An outboard runabout needs no exhaust piping, for the whole thing is self-contained and is fitted either with a muffler, which is part of the motor, or has an underwater exhaust. When an inboard motor is used in a runabout, whether the motor develops 30 or 250 h.p., then a cooled exhaust line must be carried from the motor to the transom. In every runabout the exhaust outlet at the manifold on the motor is so far above the waterline that a decided drop can be given to the exhaust pipe, the bend downward beginning at the manifold and swinging out to the side of the hull as well as downward in order to clear the after cockpit.

Some runabout builders place the bulkhead behind the motor so close to the end of the exhaust manifold that it is impossible to get a bend in the pipe sharp enough to bring the exhaust line forward of the bulkhead. In such a case it is an advantage to take the exhaust out of the forward end of the manifold and carry it in an easy curve down and out to the side, thence aft along the side of the hull and out through the transom.

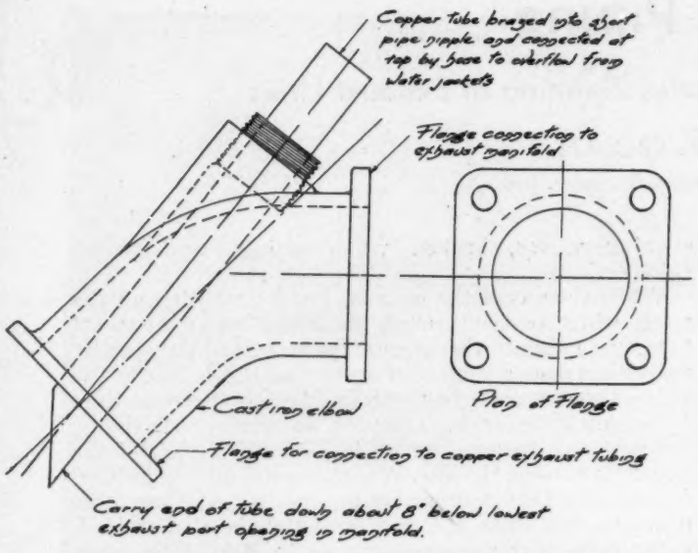
To keep the exhaust line cool, water is introduced into it just abaft the exhaust manifold. Care must be taken to have the water enter the exhaust pipe well below the manifold in order to prevent water blowing back up the pipe and entering the cylinders through the exhaust valves. Too many engine builders are blamed for poor motor construction when the whole trouble is due to the way in which water is introduced into the exhaust line. Water which backs up the line will rust the valve stems, the rings and cylinders. Broken valve stems and springs and scored cylinders will follow. A neat way to introduce the water into the exhaust line, and one which makes sure that no trouble will ever develop, is to fit a cast iron elbow on the end of the exhaust manifold and to have this fitting made to take the connection for the overflow from the motor. It is suggested that if the builders of motors which are used for runabout work would furnish such a fitting as a part of the equipment of the motor, they might save much in service charges because of sticking valves, broken valve springs, and scored cylinders.

Whether to cool the exhaust line by running all the water which passes through the motor into it or to attempt to regulate the amount passing into the line by valves has been a subject of much discussion. But to the writer there seems to be no ground for any such question. Every fire which he has traced to an overheated exhaust line was due to an attempt to use only a part of the water for cooling the line. When the amount is regulated for one speed it is not correct for another. And too often someone who does not understand exactly what he is doing plays with the regulating valve. Run all the overflow water from the motor into the line and there will be no trouble from overheated exhaust lines as long as the motor is getting cooling water. If one fears that the water and the steam cause back pressure, then use a half-inch more diameter for the exhaust line than would be used otherwise. And remember that the cooling effect of a lot of water reduces the volume of the exhaust gases and offsets the blocking effect of the water.

Another argument in favor of running all the water from the motor into the exhaust is that the large surplus prevents an accumulation of salt deposit in the pipe. If the amount of water is reduced to a point where it is all evaporated before it leaves the exhaust line, the salt which the water carries is separated out. Most of this salt is blown out with the exhaust gas, but some may remain behind and in time may build up to such an extent that it almost closes the pipe. The writer has seen an exhaust line two inches in diameter closed except for a half-inch hole by a hard salt and carbon deposit caused in this way. Naturally, the power of the motor had dropped almost to nothing, and yet there was nothing wrong with the motor itself.

When all the water from the motor is turned into the exhaust, the entire line from the manifold back to the outlet on the transom must slope continuously downward so there are no pockets in which water can collect. If there is a pocket, this will fill up, tending to choke the free passage of the exhaust, and then the water will blow out in a gush and start the cycle over again.

In laying out the lead of an exhaust line in a runabout — or in any boat — remember that it may be necessary to replace the line after the boat has had years of use. The line should be so placed that it can be removed and a new one put in without tearing the whole boat to pieces to do it. This will require a coupling in the line so placed that the long, straight part of the line can be taken out through the transom and the shorter curved part through the engine compartment. The coupling is sometimes of the flanged type, but it is better to connect the two parts of the exhaust line by a short length of high temperature rubber hose slipped over the end of each piece and held in place by clamps. When a flange coupling is used, it will be necessary to cut the pipe out of the flange in order to pull it through the hole in the transom and to put the flange on the new piece after it has been pushed into the boat. There is no danger whatever in using the rubber hose if all the cooling water is


Copper tube brazed into short pipe nipple and connected at top by hose to overflow from water jackets
Flange connection to exhaust manifold
Casting elbow
Plan of Flange
Flange for connection to copper exhaust tubing
Carry end of tube down about 8" below lowest exhaust port opening in manifold.

*Cast elbow suggested for use on end of exhaust manifold in runabout installations. Note that the elbow carries the water connection for cooling the exhaust line*

turned into the exhaust, but rubber should never be used when only part of the water is used for cooling. High temperature hose will last for years and gives the line a certain amount of flexibility which is an added advantage in reducing vibration as well as decreasing stress on the end of the exhaust manifold.

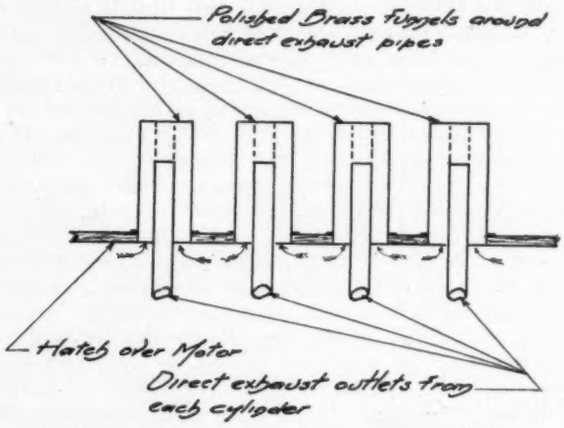
The proper material for the exhaust line in a runabout is copper tubing. Standard iron pipe is not at all bad and will last fairly well, but it is hard to bend into shape and is much heavier than a copper tube of the same internal diameter. It may be used when price is the first consideration and where it is installed so that it can be easily replaced. Copper exhaust lines should be fairly thick. The proper gauges are at least No. 14 for the larger sizes and not less than No. 16 for the smaller. Care should be taken when making the bends that the tubing is not flattened, for it is at the bends that the area of the cross section should be the greatest and any flattening would reduce it just where the area is needed most. Brass pipe is seen on some of the older boats, but it is almost never used today as it costs as much as the copper tube, is much heavier, and lasts no longer.

Pipe threads, even when iron or brass pipe is used for the exhaust line, are never satisfactory. The continual expansion and contraction due to heating and cooling make it difficult to keep the threaded joint tight unless it is set up so hard that it is almost impossible to loosen it in case one wishes to take the line apart. Rusting of iron and corrosion of brass pipes causes the threads to stick so they cannot be tightened even when they leak. The best way to connect pipe for exhaust lines is to thread them into flanges very tightly and then bolt the flanges together.

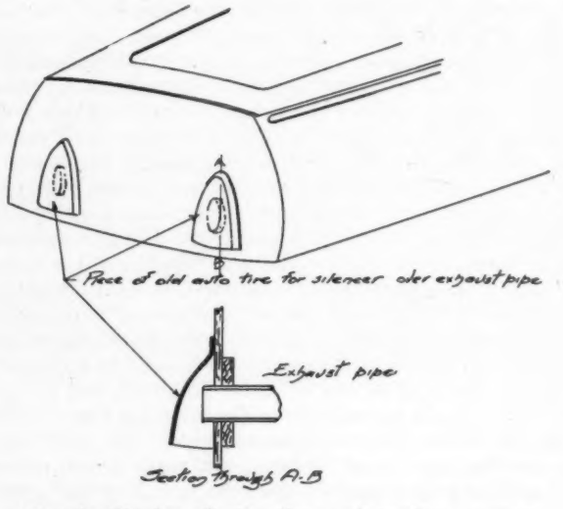
Avoid carrying the exhaust line in a runabout through the transom below the waterline when the boat is fully loaded and at rest. If the outlet is below the water when at rest, the exhaust will blow up a big fuss which will wet anyone standing on a dock behind the boat, or, if the wind blows the spray back over the boat, the passengers will be showered. It also tends to blacken the transom because any oil discharged through the line clings to the transom instead of blowing clear of it.

Trouble is sure to follow if the exhaust leaves the hull entirely below the waterline when the boat is at rest. After the motor has been running and is turned off, the cylinders and exhaust line are filled with gases at high temperature. These contract as they cool and produce a partial vacuum which sucks water up the exhaust line and may flood the cylinders. In case an underwater exhaust is used, it should, if possible, come above the water when the boat is at anchor. If such an arrangement is impossible, then an air valve should be placed at the highest point in the line and the valve opened after the motor is shut off.

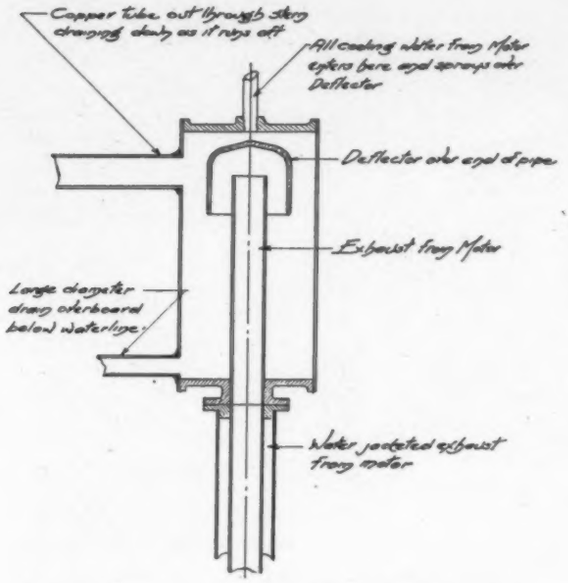
Steam formed when the cooling water is turned into the exhaust line has a decided silencing effect as far as the noise of the exhaust is concerned. But even with water in large quantities, many owners require a greater degree of silencing than such an arrangement produces. The ordinary muffler or expansion chamber takes up more room and weighs more than is desirable for the runabout. Within the past two years a novel form of silencer has been produced which slips into the end of the exhaust line and does silence the exhaust until it is hardly noticeable. This, like all mufflers which the writer has tested, does reduce the revolutions a little, but that is the price one pays for a silent exhaust. If the exhaust line is oversize — as it should be when the water is turned into it — a loss of about one hundred revolutions in 2500 may be expected when the device is properly




*If exhaust pipes are carried to tops of funnels there will be no ventilation, but if cut off well below the funnel tops, as shown by the solid line, a strong upward draft is induced*




*A make-shift but effective silencer observed on a rum-runner*


Copper tube out through stern dropping slowly as it runs off
All cooling water from Motor enters here and sprays over Deflector
Deflector over end of pipe
Exhaust from Motor
Large diameter drain overboard below waterline
Water jacketed exhaust from motor

*Vertical expansion chamber and muffler for the auxiliary cruiser. Place as far above waterline as possible*

installed. It does solve the problem for those lakes and harbors where the local authorities demand that all boats be provided with muffling devices.

One curious muffling device, which was observed on a high-powered rum-runner, consisted of a section of an old automobile tire casing fastened to the transom over the end of the exhaust line and extending down almost to the water. Evidently the rubber absorbed the greater part of the noise and deflected what was left downward, for she slipped along without a sound from her exhaust.

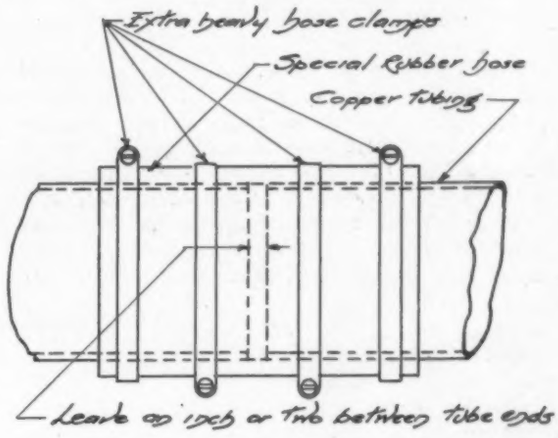
Exhaust lines on racing craft — with the exception of the Harmsworth Cup monsters — follow closely the principles and installation methods used for runabouts. The tubes are larger and of lighter gauge than in the more sturdy runabout, but that is the only difference to be noted. One is more apt to find that only a part of the cooling water is turned into the exhaust, but it is doubtful whether or not any gain results by so doing. It is far safer to put all the water into the line and refer to the temperature indicators to see if the water pumps are operating than to depend on looking over the side to see if the water is coming out of the overflow in sufficient volume. The large lines used on racing boats take up much space and should be allowed for in the original design if one wishes to get them into place easily and without interfering with any of the other parts of the installation. Gold Cup boats today are using exhaust lines four inches in diameter and the big motors used in the boats which raced in the 150-mile Sweepstakes in Detroit had two exhaust lines of this diameter.

Stacks exhausting directly from each cylinder into the air are seen very seldom nowadays. Years ago this was the accepted method of getting rid of the exhaust in any racing boat and it led to many a curious happening. Commodore Judson, a former President of the American Power Boat Association and a famous driver, was blinded for the rest of his life by a searing blast from the stacks of his hydroplane. Rappuhn, mechanic of one of the early *Dixies*, was overcome by the fumes from a deck exhaust while in a Harmsworth Cup race. Often the motor was covered with a hatch and the direct exhaust pipes were led up inside of sheet metal funnels. If the inner pipe was carried up to the top of the funnels, the heat radiated from the red-hot pipe would melt the solder on the funnels and perhaps set fire to the hatch, but if the pipe was cut short of the top of the funnels, then a strong draft of air was induced up each funnel, which not only kept it cool but assisted in ventilating the motor compartment. This suggests that a similar scheme might be used to advantage in ventilating the motor compartment of a runabout or even of a cruiser.

Express cruisers in which the exhaust manifold on the motor is well above the waterline have an installation similar to that found on runabouts, but when the motor is below or nearly at the waterline an entirely different scheme must be used. Water cannot be introduced into any exhaust line where there is the slightest possibility of its running back into the motor. There should be at least eight inches rise of exhaust line to the motor above the point where any water enters the line, in order to be on the safe side, and even that amount is not sufficient in special cases. All the water which is introduced into the line should run freely to the outlet on the outside of the hull.

Some years ago the writer had a battle which lasted a whole season with the exhaust installation on a deep-bodied cruiser. During that time many schemes were tried out and much was learned about how an exhaust line should *not* be fitted. At first an underwater exhaust was tried out, as it promised to give "two to three miles

*(Continued on page 84)*




*Exhaust lines connected by sleeve of high temperature rubber hose*

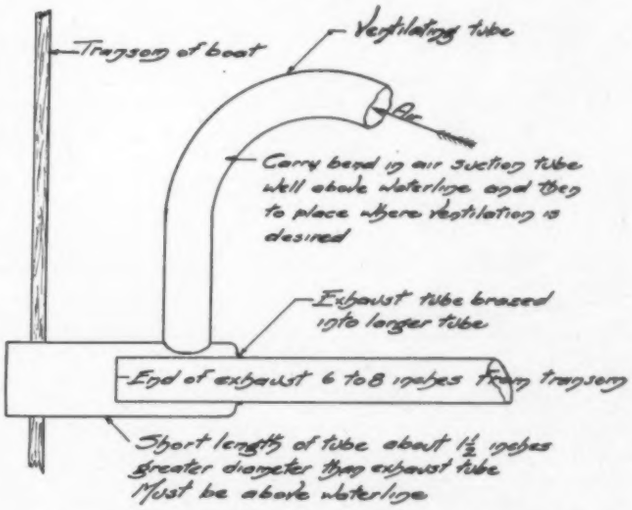

Transom of boat
Ventilating tube
Carry bend in air suction tube well above waterline and then to place where ventilation is desired
Exhaust tube brazed into larger tube
End of exhaust 6 to 8 inches from transom
Short length of tube about 1½ inches greater diameter than exhaust tube Must be above waterline

*Diagram showing suggested method of using exhaust to induce a draft in a ventilating tube*

# A Proving Ground for Theories

By GIDGE GANDY

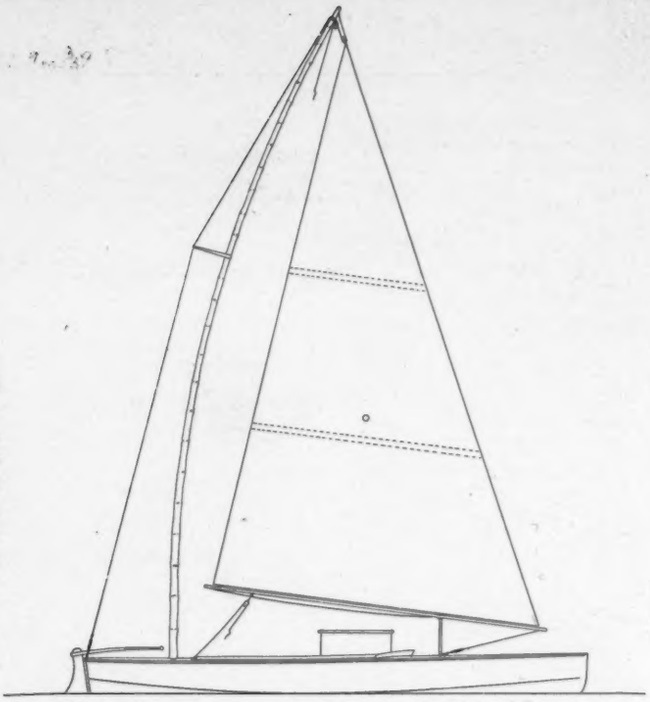
IN EVERY yachting port we're acquainted with these theoretical, analytical, left-handed sailormen who cannot follow a beaten path or enjoy the popular pastime of racing tailor-made craft of standard design — individualists who prefer to sail homespun products of their own imaginations or special creations from the boards of their favorite naval architects.

We also know more conservative fellows who do conform to one-design class racing, while they entertain private notions of naval architecture without suitable opportunity to express their schemes in concrete form.

Wherefore, countless original ideas, a percentage of which must have value, pass into the limbo of forgotten things.

For advancement of the ancient art, our seagoin' theorists need a clearly defined target at which to shoot with their pet ideas of hull form, sail plan, rig, construction, trick gadgets.

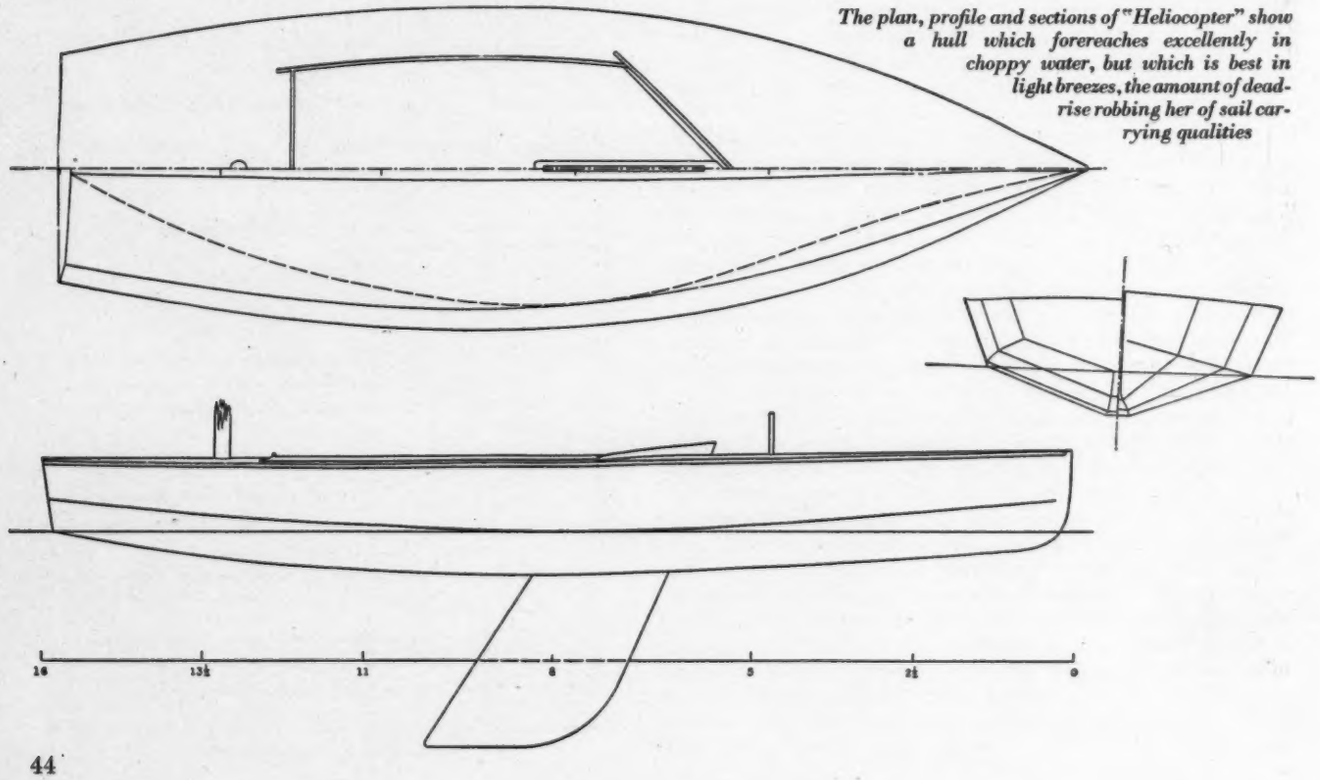
They need, the sport needs, a national development class of individual designs, restricted by an extremely simple formula which would: (1) Permit freedom of design, yet avoid ratings and handicaps; (2) keep construction and maintenance costs within the means of *anyone* keenly interested in racing under sail. Such a class would stimulate men of ideas, whether they be old timers at the game, or novices. It would afford a laboratory in which the theories of cabin-table discussion may be tested. No doubt, it would expose little fallacies which have become practice.



*"Heliocopter II," designed by Harold Parke, although radical in design, has proved successful in her class. She has a balanced staysail rig and a bamboo mast stepped aft*

Granting that the requirements mentioned above limit the size of craft in such a class, no experienced man will claim that the size of a racer has any relation to its sporty possibilities. Racing a small hull and rig of one's own design is every bit as sporting a proposition as sailing a beautiful schooner to Bermuda.

There now being in commission, down on Tampa Bay, a new class of small boats which possesses the above features, and others of interest, this article is for the purpose of introducing the Sain' Pete *Trailer*




*The plan, profile and sections of "Heliocopter" show a hull which forereaches excellently in choppy water, but which is best in light breezes, the amount of deadrise robbing her of sail carrying qualities*

*Sailers* and tendering a suggestion of national adoption of their class restrictions, which are as follows:

1. Maximum sail area, 100 sq. ft.
2. Maximum overall length, 16 ft. (measurement to include fixed trim, not to include projecting rudders or spars).
3. Outriggers, pontoons or similar devices prohibited.

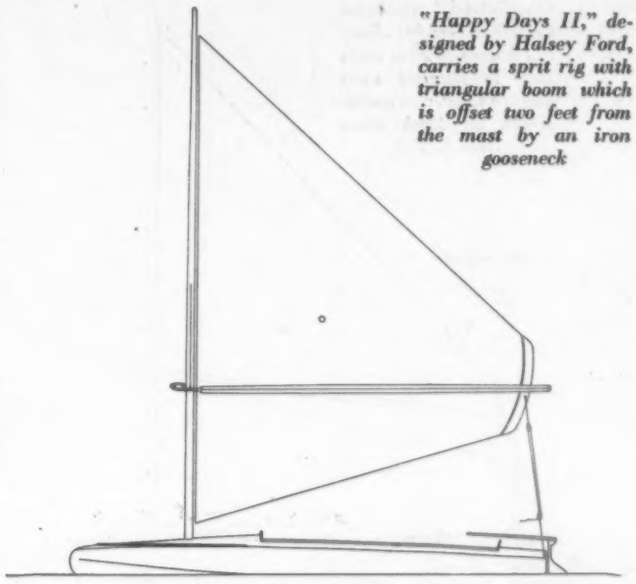
Could any set of restrictions be more simple or just? Or permit greater freedom of design than these?

Low construction costs have been a factor in the sudden popularity of the little fleet at St. Petersburg, where a dozen boats have been completed at costs ranging from $65 to $250 per boat, the majority costing something between $100 and $200 for hull, sail, spars, rigging, complete. The price variations were due to styles of finish and the amount of labor employed in construction, if any. At this writing word is received of several new craft being constructed to these restrictions, at Sarasota, Fla.

The class acquired its name from the fact that the restricted dimensions limit the weight of a hull to a few hundred pounds, at most, which means that a *Trailer Sailer* can be transported overland from one racing course to another, upon a trailer towed astern of her owner's automobile, a feature which offers possibilities for inter-club racing upon any bay, lake or river in the country.

Naturally, a fleet built to such broad restrictions exhibits many divergent ideas of hull design, details of construction, plan and cut of sails, style of rigging, types of rudders and centerboards. Furthermore, these items show change and improvement, from time to time. An observer of the St. Petersburg fleet never knows what marine spectacle may meet his eye of a Sunday morning; nor may an eavesdropper anticipate what technical or near-technical argument is to greet his ear upon the club veranda when the fleet is in.

Compared to one-design class racing, the experimentation and discussion of *Trailer Sailers* put the former in a category with golf! Sea lawyers are silenced by scientists!



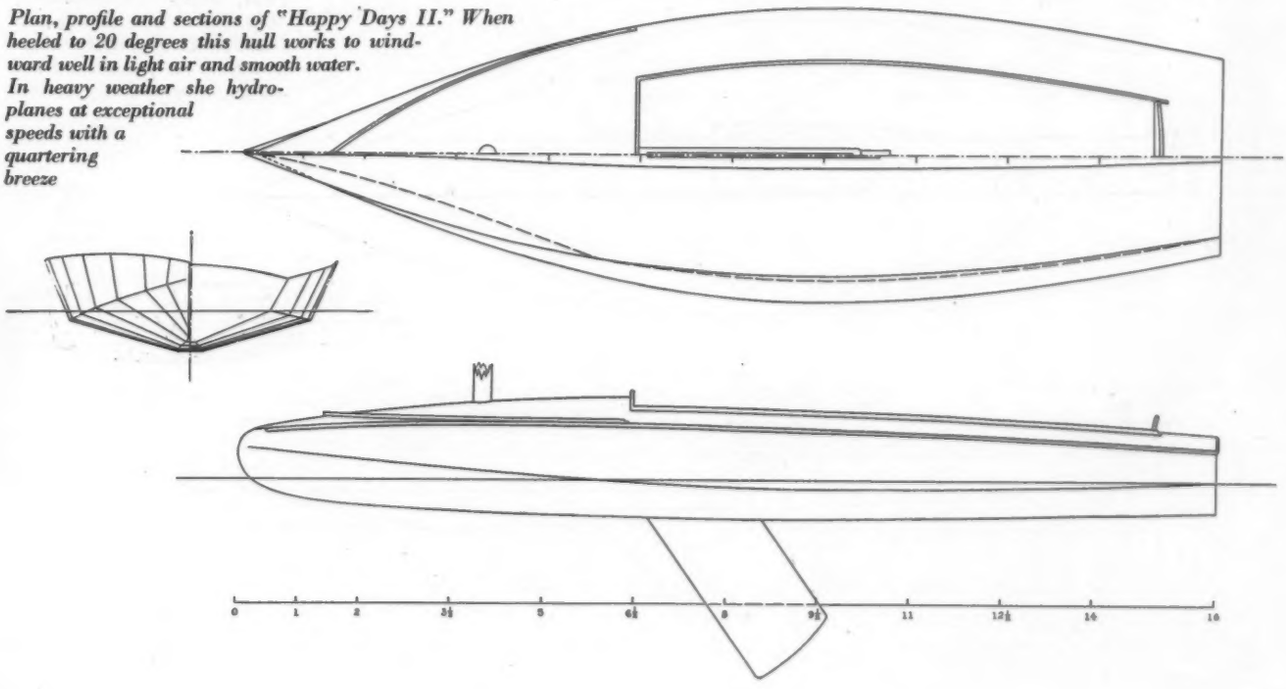
*"Happy Days II," designed by Halsey Ford, carries a sprit rig with triangular boom which is offset two feet from the mast by an iron gooseneck*

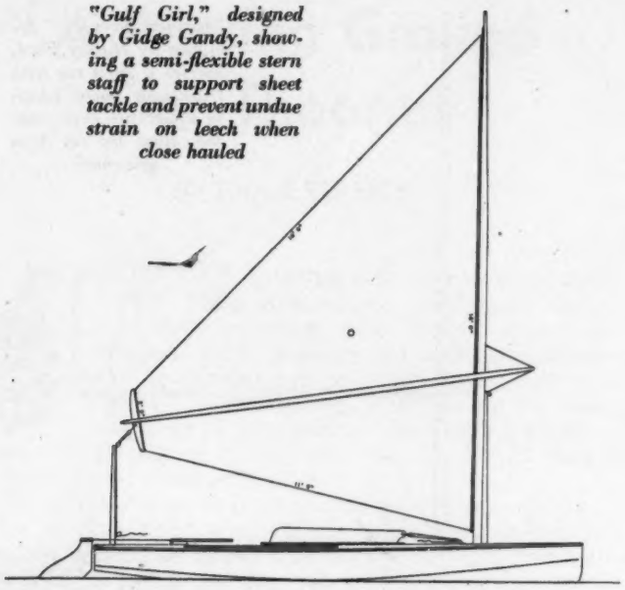
The St. Petersburg fleet, to date, includes two hulls of the rounded bilge type, the balance displaying wall sides, flaring at various angles, with bottoms of "V" or arc cross sections. Deadrise and depths of rabbet line vary and extreme beam dimensions run from 52″ to 60″.

Construction varies according to taste, planking thickness ranging from ¼″ to ⅝″, seams battened or not, caulked or not. Some of the craft are built with small frames, spaced 9″. Others have deeper frames, spaced 12″ or 15″. Fastenings may be galvanized boat nails, copper nails, rivets, brass or bronze screws.

Although the class is too new to afford many definite conclusions, several months of experimentation have convinced skippers of the fleet that a single sail is the essential plan for a boat of this size, if for no other reason than because of the mechanical difficulties encountered when quick action of live ballast is essential to speed.

*Plan, profile and sections of "Happy Days II." When heeled to 20 degrees this hull works to windward well in light air and smooth water. In heavy weather she hydroplanes at exceptional speeds with a quartering breeze*





*"Gulf Girl," designed by Gidge Gandy, showing a semi-flexible stern staff to support sheet tackle and prevent undue strain on leech when close hauled*

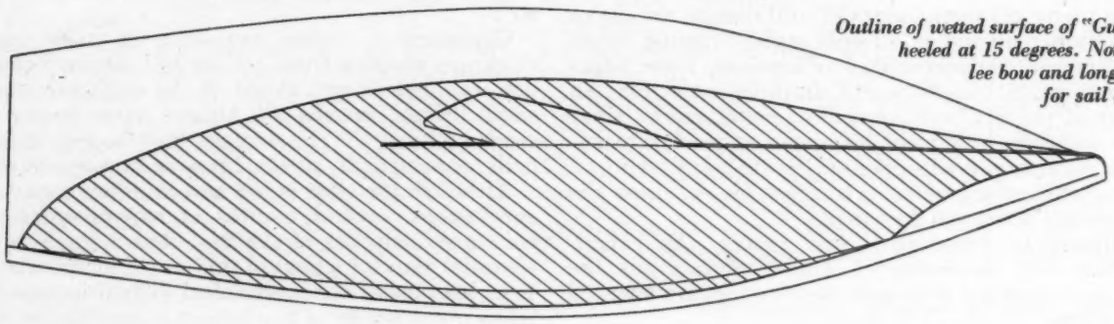
Surprising as it may seem to skippers of larger craft, the popular jib-headed sail has proved comparatively slow, except in very light airs.

With one exception, all the successful boats of the fleet now carry a modern version of the sprit leg-o'-mutton, once in use upon the Cricket and Mosquito boats of Atlantic City. Possessing no boom to ride up and permit the leech to fall off to leeward, this type of sail, being under tension, retains its draft throughout its area, upon all points of sailing. Furthermore, the draft of the sail is instantly adjustable when a change in strength of breeze is encountered or when the boat turns the windward or leeward mark of a course. The depth of belly of the sail is controlled by an outhaul tackle attaching the forward end of the sprit to the mast, the live end of the tackle leading to a cleat in the cockpit.

Without stay or shrouds, the mast turns in a soaped or greased step, permitting the track and, consequently, the hoist, to fall to leeward. This obviates a false luff which would appear with the track on the after side of the mast. Proper set of the sail is maintained by adjustment of draw cords in the leech and foot.

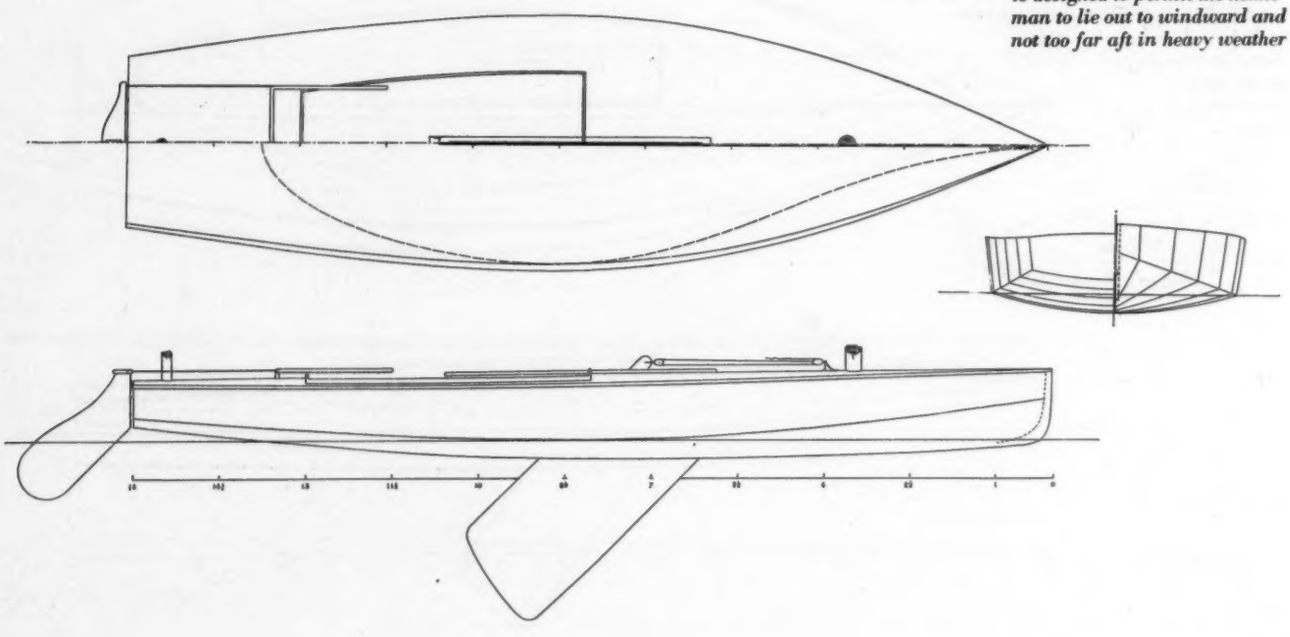
Many of the sails at St. Petersburg have been made by Al Gandy and Paul Reese, local amateur designers and skippers, who are responsible for much of the promotion and development of the class. In sprit sails of their design, the seams parallel the leech and are broadseamed for one-third of the seam length at each end. The curves of the sail outline are cut full near the top of the hoist, lower end of the leech and after end of the foot.

Halsey Ford, another amateur, constructed a success-



*Outline of wetted surface of "Gulf Girl," heeled at 15 degrees. Note hollow lee bow and long bearing for sail carrying*

*Plan, profile and sections of "Gulf Girl." The steering gear is designed to permit the helmsman to lie out to windward and not too far aft in heavy weather*



ful sail of this type upon a different principle. His seams ran almost at right angles to leech and foot and formed a "V" at a central seam which was approximately parallel to the sprit. Ford also constructed a hollow triangular sprit fitted with a curved metal gooseneck which offset the forward end of the spar some distance from the mast, thereby preventing the sprit, when to leeward, from dividing the sail.

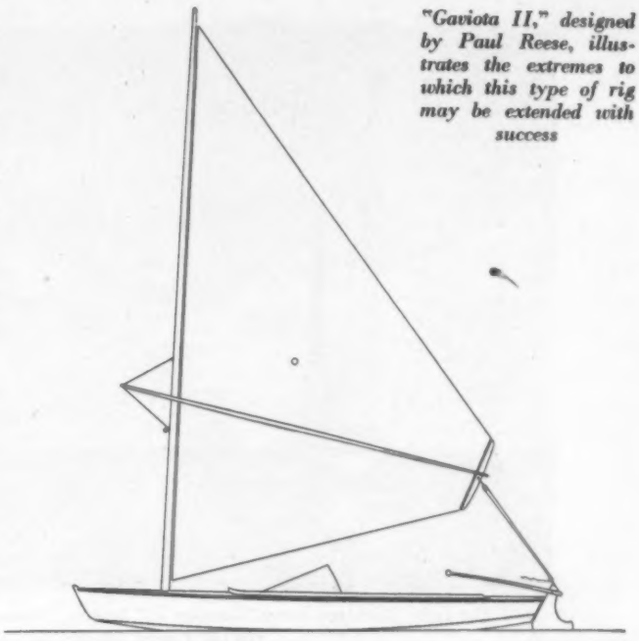
The exceptional and sensational sail of the fleet is a balanced staysail, the product of another amateur, Harold Parke. Being set to the head of a forward raking mast which is stepped near the stern of the boat, this rig presents a distant picture of a craft sailing stern foremost!

Although its appearance would give any good sailorman the jitters, this is the only design which has competed successfully with the sprit leg-o'-mutton, and, at this writing, is leading the fleet in moderate breezes, despite an area appreciably less that the 100 sq. ft. allowed. It possesses the above mentioned qualities of the sprit sails, plus a tendency to lift, rather than to depress, the hull, especially on a reach, its most efficient point of sailing. Another feature is the fact that its luff encounters air currents undisturbed by a mast.

The accompanying design on the first page of this article is of this sail in its present stage of development, Parke advising the writer that he intends to replace the flexible bamboo mast shown with a streamlined hollow mast and that he intends to double the number of battens shown when he makes up a new sail of 100 sq. ft. area. Originally constructed without battens, its efficiency was noticeably increased by the addition of the two flexible battens which extend from hoist to luff.

I find it difficult to paint a word picture of this sail without the description reading like a political platform, the danged thing being so unorthodox. Therefore, reference to the design is necessary to an understanding.

The outline of the triangle is rigid with tension established by strain upon the halliard. A wire hoist is used and the leech is fitted with a stout draw cord. The boom is a plank, laid flat, and reinforced under its afterpart by a tapered wood strip. The boom is held down at its pivotal point by an iron deck fitting. The forward end of the boom is held down by a short wire stay and turnbuckle which lead to the base of the deck fitting.



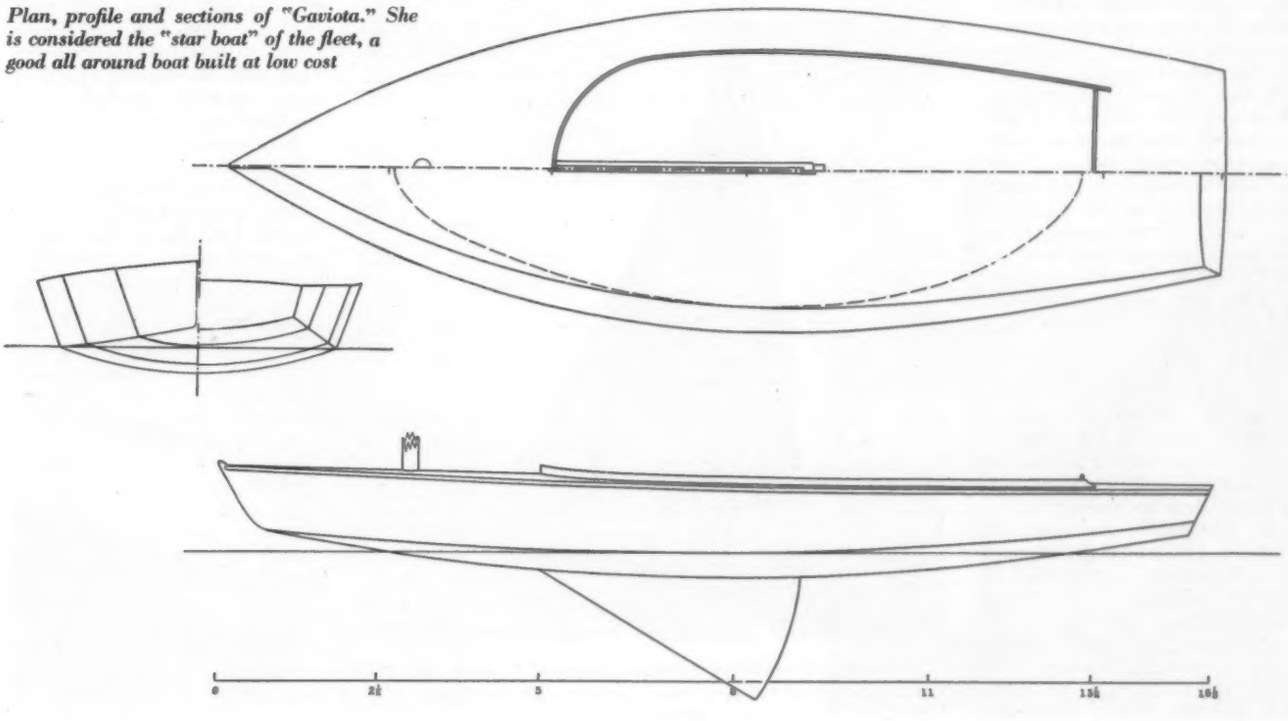
*"Gaviota II," designed by Paul Reese, illustrates the extremes to which this type of rig may be extended with success*

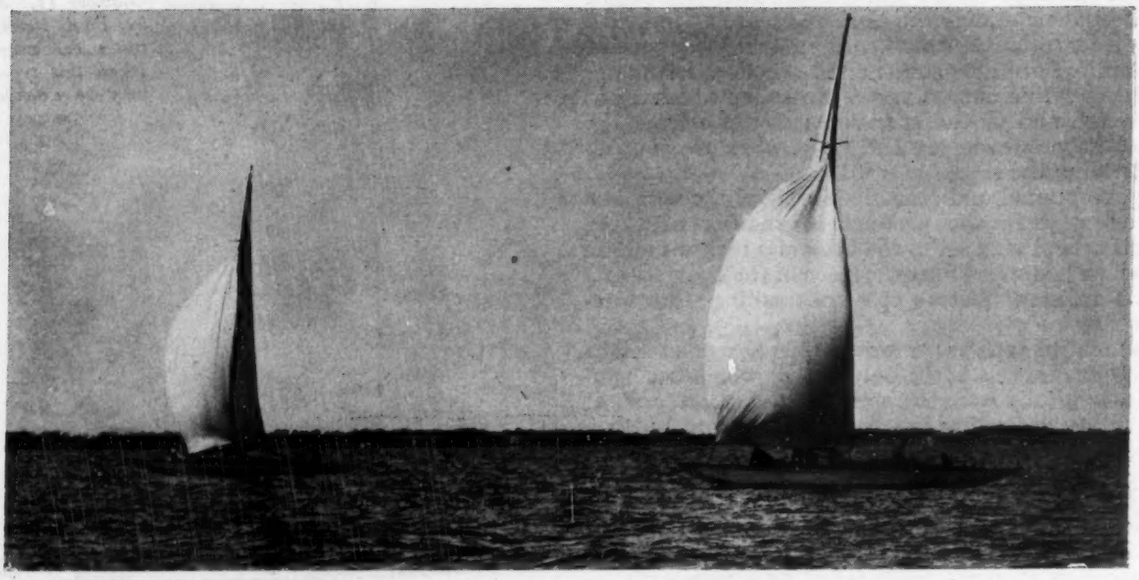
Proper set of the sail is obtained by adjustment of the draw cord in the leech and the turnbuckle of the short stay under the forward end of the boom. Draft of the sail is changeable by altering the tension upon the halliard, which causes the boom, the forward end of which is more flexible than the afterpart, to buckle or straighten.

This staysail luffs and fills quickly when brought about, and jibes easily, with a breath-taking sudden-

*(Continued on page 82)*

*Plan, profile and sections of "Gaviota." She is considered the "star boat" of the fleet, a good all around boat built at low cost*





*The Lake Michigan entry "Gossoon II" leading "Shadow," from Lake Ontario, in one of the races for the Yacht Racing Union Trophy on Lake St. Clair, sailed in September*

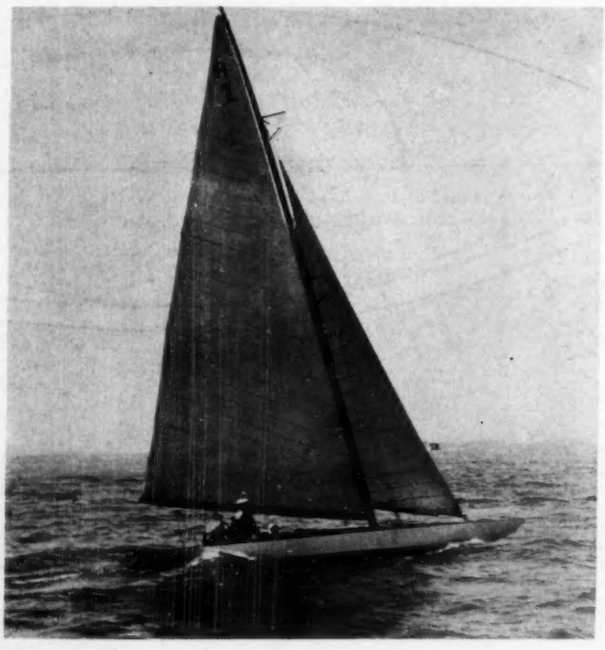
# The Yacht Racing Union Cup Goes to Chicago

By GEORGE EDWARD VAN

POSSIBLY, the Class R yacht *Gossoon II* felt jubilant when she returned to the waters of Lake St. Clair early in September. This proud lady found herself in familiar surroundings, having sailed there in 1928, 1929 and 1930. She was then sold to Chicago yachtsmen and returned to Lake St. Clair as the Lake Michigan Yachting Association representative in the races for the Yacht Racing Union Trophy, commonly called the Richardson Cup. The series was sailed September 6th to 9th, under the auspices of the Bayview Yacht Club, of Detroit, Michigan.

When sailing out of Detroit, *Gossoon* had cleaned up everything in sight, and those who gathered to see the series were confident that she would be the ultimate winner. In this they were not disappointed, for she took two out of the three races and scored eight points to six for the second boat. Although there was never any doubt in the minds of the spectators as to which was the best boat on the course, *Gossoon's* victory was far from being a walk-over. The Lake Ontario Yacht Racing Association had entered *Shadow*, owned by Kendall B. Castle, of the Rochester Yacht Club, the survivor of a fleet of twelve entries in the elimination races at Cobourg, Ontario. Representing Lake Erie was Elliot Mitchell's *Bob-Kat* which had won the trials at the Inter-Lake Yachting Association Regatta at Put-In-Bay.

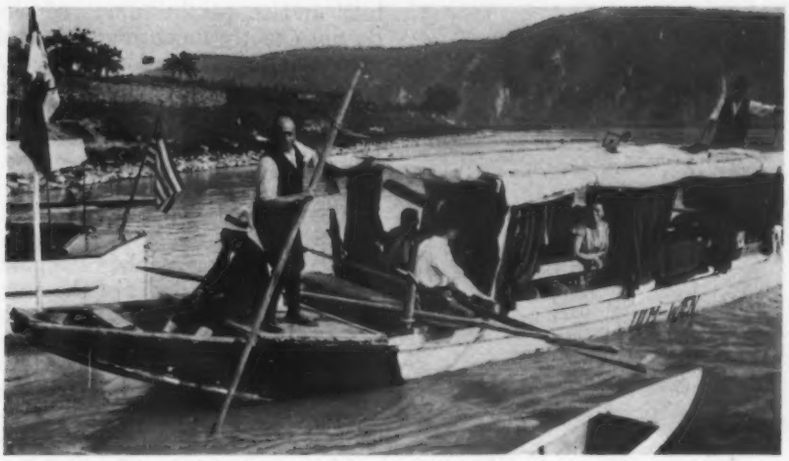
As Dr. Walter J. Vaughan's *Red Arrow*, flagship of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association, dropped her anchor at the starting line in Lake St. Clair for the first race, a northwest wind of approximately 25 miles kicked up a steep chop. The course was a 9-mile equilateral triangle, twice around. *Gossoon*, with "Bill" Faurot at the tiller, was over the line first, followed closely by *Bob-Kat* and *Shadow*. She reached down the three miles to the first marker in 21 minutes and 37 seconds — pretty good going in any man's sailboat. *Shadow* turned ten seconds behind, with *Bob-Kat* at her transom. The Rochester boat then pushed her nose up to windward and *Gossoon* followed suit, while *Bob-Kat* elected to hold her course on the broad reach to the next stake. *Gossoon* and *Shadow* both held so high that *Bob-Kat*, alone down to leeward, reached the next turn 63 seconds ahead of *Gossoon* and *Shadow*, who rounded together.



*"Gossoon II," sailed by Malcolm Vail and William Faurot, won two out of the three races to score eight points out of a possible nine*

But on the buck into the choppy head seas, *Gossoon* quickly showed her best sailing point. Five minutes after making the turn she made up what she had lost and stretched out a lead of 2 minutes and 36 seconds in completing the first round. As she started on her second 9-mile trip, she had first place tucked away nicely. Interest in the race now centered in the dispute which *Bob-Kat* and *Shadow* were having over second place. Neither gained any particular advantage on the run off the wind on the next two legs, both alternately holding the lead, and on the final thrash to windward they were bow to bow almost the entire distance. Just before reaching the finish line *Bob-Kat* worked up to weather of *Shadow*, and took second place.

(*Continued on page 86*)



*A "yachting" party drifting nonchalantly down the Danube to Vienna*

# The Cruise of the "Marco Polo"

## Part III. Down the Danube to the Balkans

By BEN AMES

KELHEIM is the Danube terminus of Ludwig's Canal. The Canal Master, surrounded by his cronies, spied us as we came up to the lock. "You want to go through?" he asked, and then in an awed tone, "Over there is the Danube! But you must have a pilot."

"No, we never take a pilot."

"But it is the police regulations — you must have one."

Then an old ruffian with gold earrings began shaking his finger at us. "The bridge — the bridge at Regensburg, you can't go through *there* without a pilot — the Danube is very dangerous." He was obviously the intended pilot.

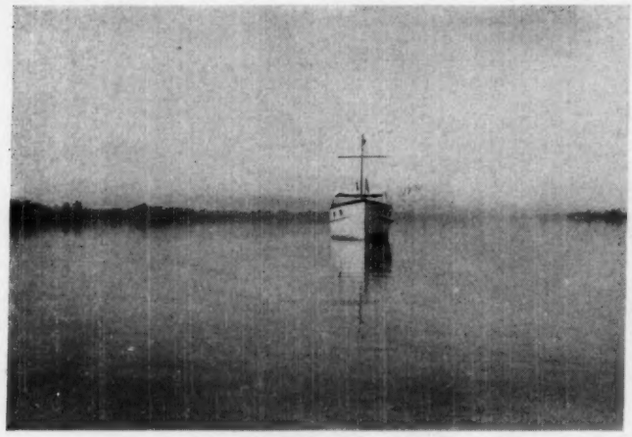
A man standing behind the Canal Master winked at us. We said again, slowly, "No, we will not take a pilot; we know the regulations." With a disgusted "Well, I won't be responsible," the gold-earringed one walked away.

The mighty Danube flowed past Kelheim in a broad, determined rush. The *coffee-au-lait* colored stream bounded us along at a terrifying clip. *Marco Polo* stayed right in the middle while towns tore past. In an hour and a half we had reached Regensburg, twenty-three miles from Kelheim. We had heard about the famous stone bridge before, and we thought it best to have a look at it first — from the shore. Looking down from the top of the bridge, the Danube presented a terrifying sight. Over half the arches are choked with sand, and the whole great river forces itself through the three remaining 15-foot openings. The prospect of taking *Marco Polo* through one of these was not alluring.

We dined that night in an old church, now turned restaurant, under high vaulted ceilings, on our first

*Left. The stone bridge at Regensburg of which we entertained grave apprehensions*

*Right. King Ludwig's memorial to himself — Valhalla — below Regensburg*



*Top. Hard aground in the middle of the broad Danube. Bottom. The Danube abounds in these crude, floating mills*

Danube fish, of which the proprietor had some thirteen varieties. After dreaming all night about hitting small holes in bridges, we started off at an early hour, first closing all the portholes. The bridge loomed ahead. At full speed we straightened out the boat, and headed for the middle opening. We couldn't possibly have missed it, for the current took complete charge. We rose on the swell and piled through into the whirling maelstrom below. A few momentary twists and it was all over. If we had not looked down from the top of the bridge the night before we would not have been so impressed. Boats going upstream are pulled through by an electric winch. This is the head of navigation for the principal commercial traffic of the Danube.

The Standard Oil Company has a large plant at Regensburg and there we took on almost enough gasoline to take us to Vienna. It was pleasant to know that the Danube not only increased our speed but, also, that it almost doubled our cruising radius.

King Ludwig of Bavaria apparently was very firm in his intention to be remembered. The crew of *Marco Polo* will never forget him. Not only did he build our favorite canal, but everywhere we saw monuments and memorials which he erected to himself. One can see for miles the great round *Befreiungshalle* which he built on top of the hill at Kelheim, and as we came around a bend in the river below Regensburg, Valhalla, the famous Greek parthenon replica, shone white in the sunlight. We would have been unpardonable sightseers had we not photographed it.

Here the Danube winds back and forth through the hills and in places curves so sharply that while you do not exactly meet yourself coming back, you do see, across a bit of meadow, a ship which you have just passed going in the other direction.

The Danube is sparsely and casually buoyed. They use tin signs stuck into great floating logs. An ordinary buoy would be washed under by the current. Farther down, the buoys are posts on top of which are a bundle of fagots for the black buoys and small trees for the would-be red ones.

We had almost reached Passau when we were stopped by the big black doors of the new Passau lock. We had passed through the first open doors and were inside, thinking that what we saw was some sort of harbor works, before we realized that we were in the biggest lock we had ever seen — 800 feet long and 80 wide. *Marco Polo* was alone in the big lake. The massive doors closed behind us, the lockmaster let out the 140,000 cubic feet of water, and we went on.

Passau is a beautiful town built on the peninsula between the big, cold Inn River, coming down from St. Moritz, and the Danube. The buildings crowded down on the end make the town resemble somewhat a ship coming down the river. So intent were we on getting a photograph of this effect that we ignored the well-known fact that two rivers coming together invariably form a bar, and ran hard aground in midstream. Overboard in the icy ten-kilometer current, we were swept off our feet trying to carry out the anchor. But we had other matters to occupy us. When we hit the bar our tiller rope snapped. We took out the innumerable small screws that fasten the cockpit ceiling in place, and spliced in a new length of wire — with wire clamps. In no time, the deserted river was filled with punts and soon we were surrounded by an army of advisors.

At Engelhardszell, on the Austrian border, the officer on duty did not bother to look inside the ship after we had assured him that we had no concealed weapons. The lead customs seal he affixed to the water pipe of the engine. At the office we paid a deposit of 200 Aus-

*The market at Budapest was varied and colorful, and had the advantage of cheapness*

trian shillings as a bond that we would not sell the boat in Austria. It would be returned when we left the country at the other frontier. We found that if we had had a triptych issued by an automobile club we would not have had to put up a bond. These are cards which automobiles carry when touring in Europe, and boats are treated in the same manner.

Jane had to return to America the first of August and so we proceeded with our crew materially weakened and the ship missing badly the best member of its company.

There has been much rain this year and we passed hundreds of small streams emptying into the already swollen, muddy Danube, which was at this time four feet above its average height. Unless we could find a protected place to anchor, our stockless anchor would not hold on the gravel bottom. All of the river boats here, as on the Rhine, use the old-fashioned anchor, with a stock. And all of them have excellent winches, for they anchor a great deal, even when they wish to turn around in the river. Large anchors of over 300 pounds are gotten in by one man with little effort. Well-oiled geared winches, with flywheels, are used, and the man cranking them stands upright. They always have chain tripping lines that lead through a sheave on a short bowsprit so that they can be broken out against the current without riding up over the anchor, as a barge without power would be unable to do.

Below Grein we entered the once feared rapids of the Danube. The narrowing river pushes through the hills in a rush of white water, surging and gurgling. Turning out of the turbulent Danube, we entered a quiet arm of the river. Just ahead, silhouetted a dull pink in the last rays of the sun, was the magnificent monastery of Melk. Here we lost another of our crew, Elo Paulsen, of Abeking and Rasmussen's, who had been spending the last few days of his vacation with us.

At Durenstein we saw the ruins of the castle where once Richard the Lion-Hearted was a prisoner. From the top of the steep hillside over which the ruins spread, we looked down on the Danube for miles as it entered the famous Wachau Valley. Aside from ruined castles, the most important industry of Durenstein is wine making. The hills are thickly covered with terraced vineyards clinging hard to the sharp slopes. It was at Durenstein that we encountered a jovial yachting party. In a large open scow, equipped with a kitchen stove and other household furniture, a party of twenty or so were drifting down the Danube. "From Ulm to Wien," read the sign painted on the side. They fired the saluting cannon in the bow, gave three cheers for Durenstein and its wine, and were off. A world depression had no horrors for them — they had apparently solved that problem and were floating serenely through it.

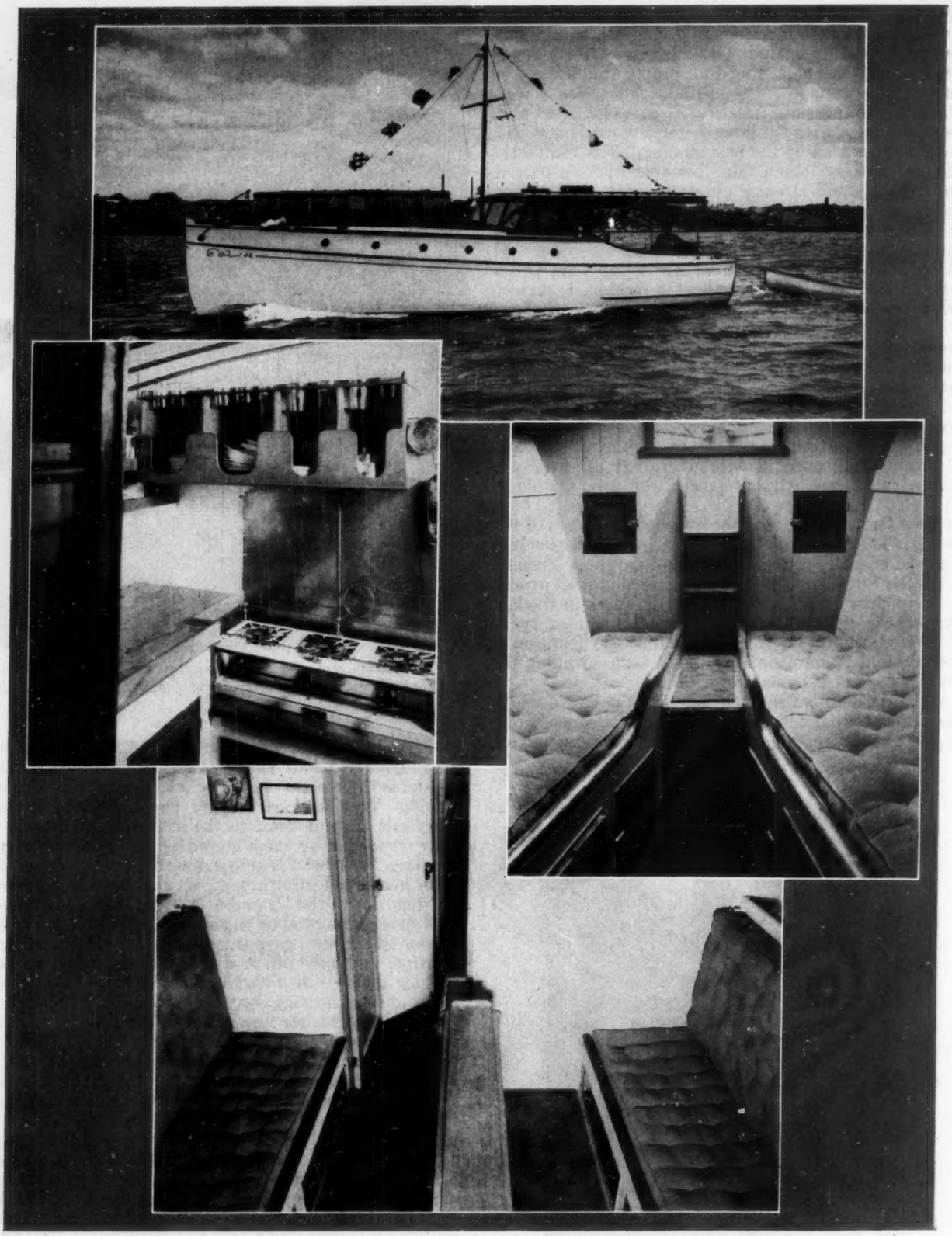
In high spirits, we turned out of the Danube to enter the Vienna ship canal, five kilometres from the heart of town. Vienna, more than halfway to the Black Sea, the last Western city on the way to the Levant! For a long time we had been dating things from Vienna — "When we get to Vienna — " We were expecting friends to meet us. We had cleaned up the boat, we had changed our clothes. Now we were ready to make a grand entry. The vicious backwash from the Danube caught us as we turned into the canal entrance, swinging us around. We put the wheel hard over to check our headlong rush for the sea wall. The strain was too much for the old tiller wire. It snapped. We twirled the wheel helplessly while the boat piled into the sea wall. Taking the after transom apart, and with one greasy hand on the tiller, steering, we limped into Vienna under jury rig. Next

(*Continued on page 76*)

*Top. Passau resembles a ship coming down the river. Bottom. The Budapest water police are proud of their American outboards*

*"Marco Polo" moored in the shadow of the monastery of Melk, near Vienna*

# "Ailenroc II," a Modern Raised Deck Cruiser



*"Ailenroc II" was designed by Winthrop L. Warner for Charles L. Killam, of New Haven, and was built by the Portland Yacht Yard. She is an excellent example of the modern raised deck cruiser, and, although the type has been displaced in recent years by the "bridge-decker," it still has much to recommend it, as is borne out by the trim and commodious hull of "Ailenroc II." The raised deck permits of a well-protected forward cockpit, spacious main and forward cabins, and roomy galley. She is 39 feet over all and, with a 90 h.p. Falcon motor, has a speed of 12 m.p.h.*

# The Cape Cod Catboat

## A Once Popular Type Which Has Much to Recommend It

By H. I. CHAPELLE

HE history of the American catboat previous to 1850 is a matter of conjecture, even the source of the name being shrouded in mystery. It is commonly believed that the cat is a descendant of some early Dutch type, but it is far more likely that the cat is a modification of the old centerboard sloops of the 40's, so common in New York waters in those days. These sloops were designed to work under mainsail alone, when desirable, so it was natural that a type should evolve that would require no headsail. Undoubtedly, the cat rig was a much older institution than the catboat, and may have developed from an early Dutch rig, but it must be remembered that the cat rig was used in other types long before the catboat, as such, was known. At any rate, in hull form, there was a close similarity between the cat and the centerboard sloop. The early sloops often had a cat rig in addition to the regular rig, and could race as either sloops or cats. The old sandbaggers were an example of this. From this, it is apparent that the two types must have been closely related.

That the catboat originated in the vicinity of New York is highly probable, and by 1850 the type was quite common there. The most famous of catboat builders of the period was Bob Fish. The influence of this man was marked, and two of his boats introduced the type abroad. In 1852, one of his cats was taken to England, where her qualities astonished yachtsmen. This boat was called the *Una*, and thereafter cats were called "Una-boats" in England. Later, another was sold to Germany, and there received the name "Bobfish." The plans of the *Una* appeared in Dixon Kemp's "Manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing." The early New York cats were small, low-sided boats, suitable for smooth water sailing only. They had a low, peaked sail, short gaff, long boom, and a rather great hoist. Judging by the drawings and half-models now in existence, they were apparently boats of slight sheer.

During the 50's the type spread to neighboring waters, particularly those of New Jersey and Connecticut, and by the end of the decade the cat was popular as far east as Rhode Island. Due to the more exposed waters in which they were used, the eastern cats were more able boats. Newport and Bristol, in Rhode Island, became building centers for this class. The Rhode Island cat was a well-formed boat, having moderate sheer, a straight keel and rabbet, with stem and transom nearly perpendicular to the bottom of the keel. They also had a good deal of deadrise, though there were some cats built on the sharpie model. The early Rhode Island cats appear to have been employed wholly as commercial craft, and were usually referred to as "Newport cats."

Until the late 60's a type of small sloop, usually a centerboarder, was employed by the fishermen of Cape Cod. In 1860 an Osterville boatbuilder, Horace S. Crosby, built the first cat on the Cape. Mr. Crosby had undoubtedly seen the Rhode Island cats, and had admired them. He seems, however, to have had ideas for improving the type. At any rate, his boat was so successful that copies soon replaced the earlier sloops.

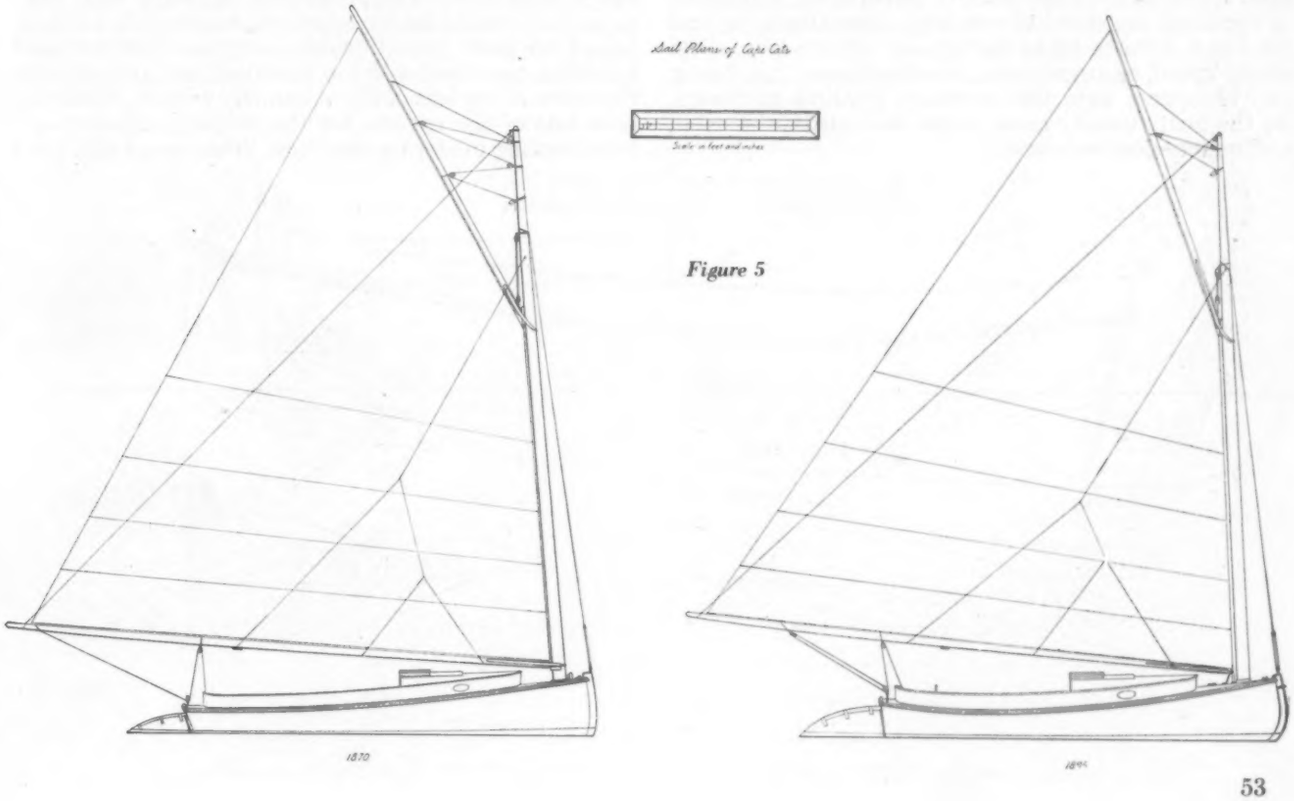



*Figure 5*

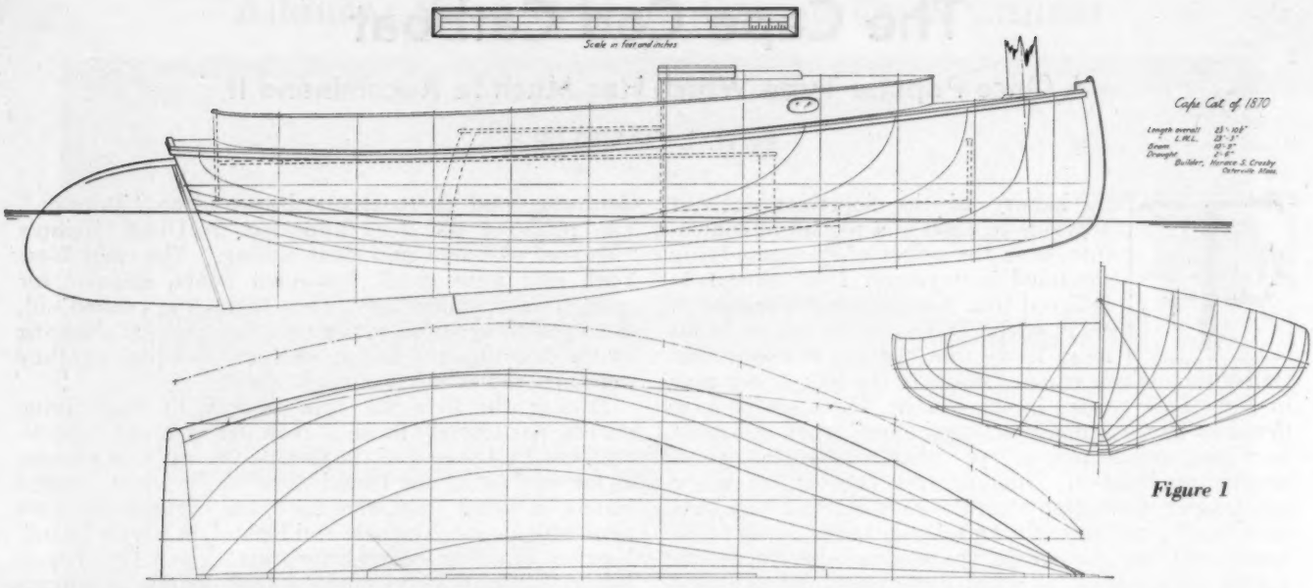



*Figure 1*

The type developed very quickly, and by 1870 the Cape cats were considered a separate type. The conditions along the Cape shore were far more trying than those with which other classes of cats had to contend. The Cape has always been regarded as a dangerous place for small craft. Most of the fishing was done out of towns on the south shore, Chatham, Hyannis, Osterville, and Falmouth. The Chatham fishery, in particular, was of large proportions. Chatham men worked off Pollock Rip, often going thirty miles or more offshore. Fully exposed to the sweep of the Atlantic, and with only shoal harbors for shelter, the Chatham boats had to be seaworthy and weatherly. The shoals are very extensive in this vicinity, and the tides are strong. It will be seen that the requirements of the fishermen in this section were quite difficult to meet. Furthermore, the crews of the boats consisted of not more than two men, and the boats were raced to market. In other words, shoal draft, speed, seaworthiness, weatherliness, handiness, and cheapness were the necessary features of design. As the boats usually came home each night, the cabin accommodations were small.

Most yachtsmen think of the cat as merely a smooth water boat, but it is evident that the fishermen did not consider it so. Like any shoal draft boat with a large cockpit, the cat required intelligent handling. That the cats were safe craft, ordinarily, is borne out by the fact that the loss of life, due to foundering, was not great along the Cape shore. Much has been written of the faults of the cats, their dangerous behavior when running before a heavy wind and sea, their reputed tendency to capsize, the difficulty in reefing, due to the overhang of the boom beyond the transom, and their tendency toward hard steering, particularly when reefed down.

While these objections may well apply to many cats, they do not apply to all. The chief difficulty with the catboat has been the over-development which has resulted in an attempt to procure speed. Many cats, built as yachts, carried far too much sail, and such boats were bound to have objectionable features. Inexperienced handling, combined with too much sail, was undoubtedly the cause of the loss of life at summer resorts, which has been one of the reasons for the prejudice against catboats among modern yachtsmen. Some years ago, after

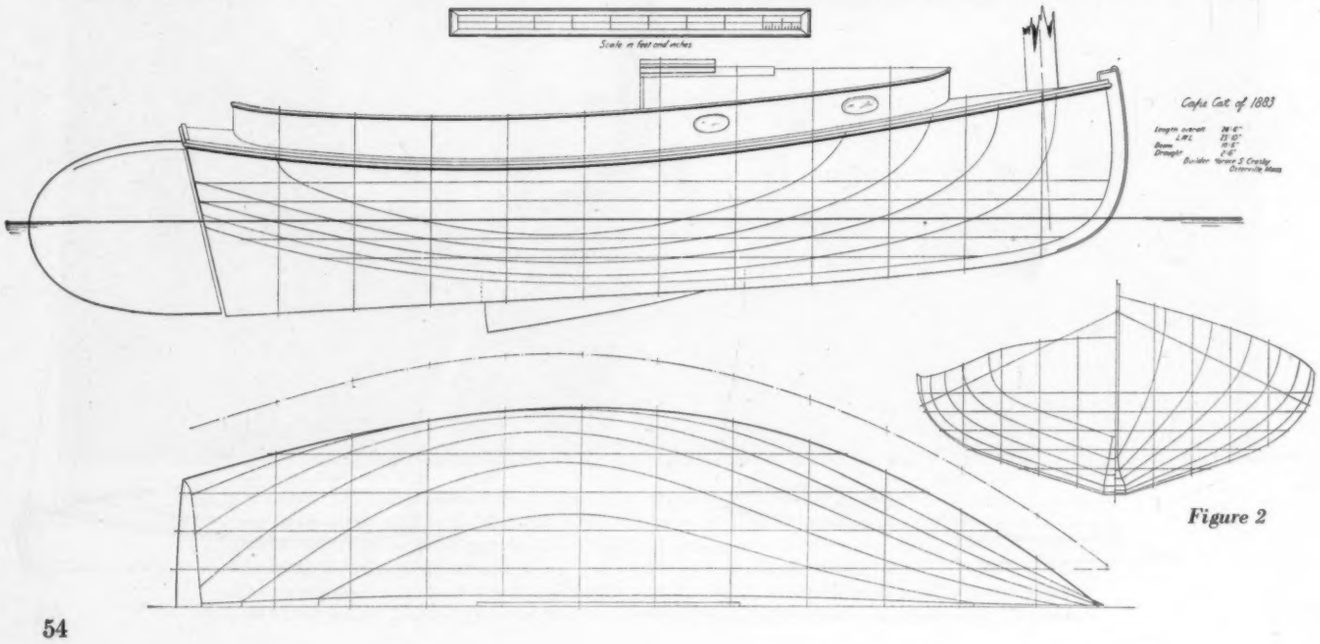



*Figure 2*

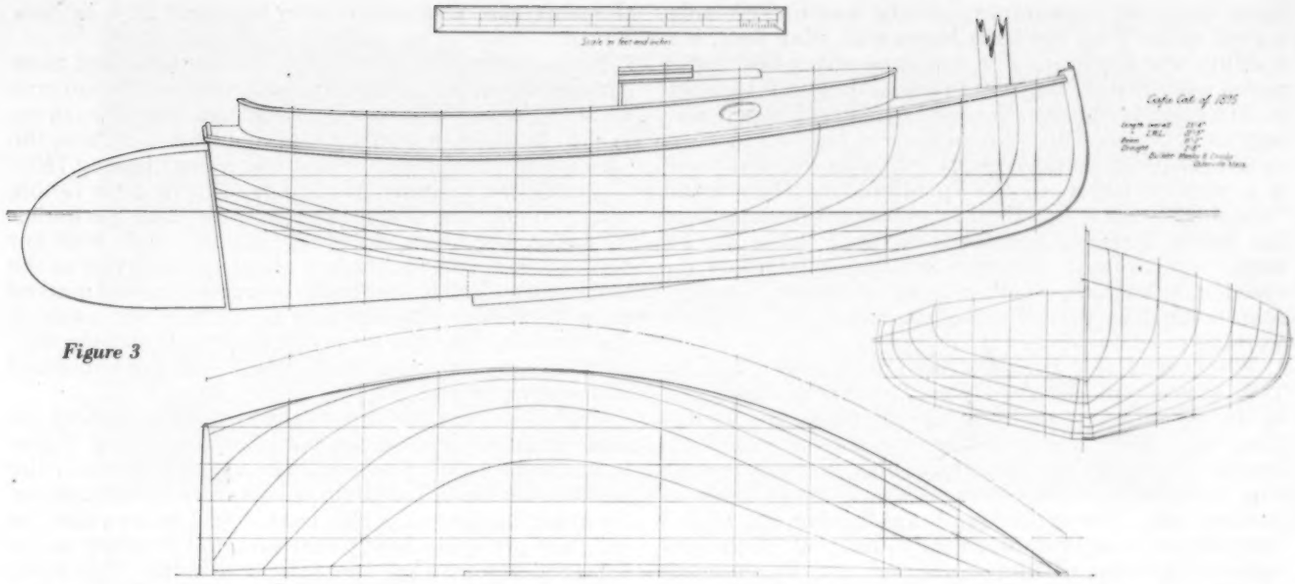


*Figure 3*

the big racings cats had come into favor, many yachting writers attacked the cat type, accusing it of all possible bad qualities, which could be illustrated by reference to that over-developed class. These writers were attempting to create support for deep keel craft, adherents of which most of them seem to have been. In spite of the claims of these men, it is possible to find cats that do not exhibit the bad qualities mentioned, which seems to indicate that the faults are not inherent in the cat, but rather, are the result of poor design in individual boats.

It must be admitted that the cat rig and hull are not desirable in boats exceeding 28 feet overall. This limitation makes full headroom out of the question, but such dimensions make full headroom impracticable in any type. Having listed the objections to the cat, it is only fair that the advantages should receive equal attention. The cats are relatively cheap to build and maintain, if the original form is adhered to; they are easy to get underway, due to the simplicity of the rig; there is a surprising amount of room in the cabin because of the great amount of beam for the length; the draft is small; they are usually fast and weatherly; they can be rigged so as to be handy and to be reasonably seaworthy for their size; they can be fitted to make rather good single-handers; and last but not least, they make good auxiliaries, as the hull form is such that it can be driven (at speeds not in excess of ten miles per hour), with small power, which means low first cost and operating expense in the power plant.

It has been said that the cat should be a "box," but this is not true. It will be shown that the Cape cats, at least, were well formed, and it will be seen that their lines are symmetrical.

Beginning in 1870 — to show the development of the type under discussion — Figure 1 was a cat built by Horace S. Crosby during that year. She is not as handsome as later cats, but her lines are good. The lack of

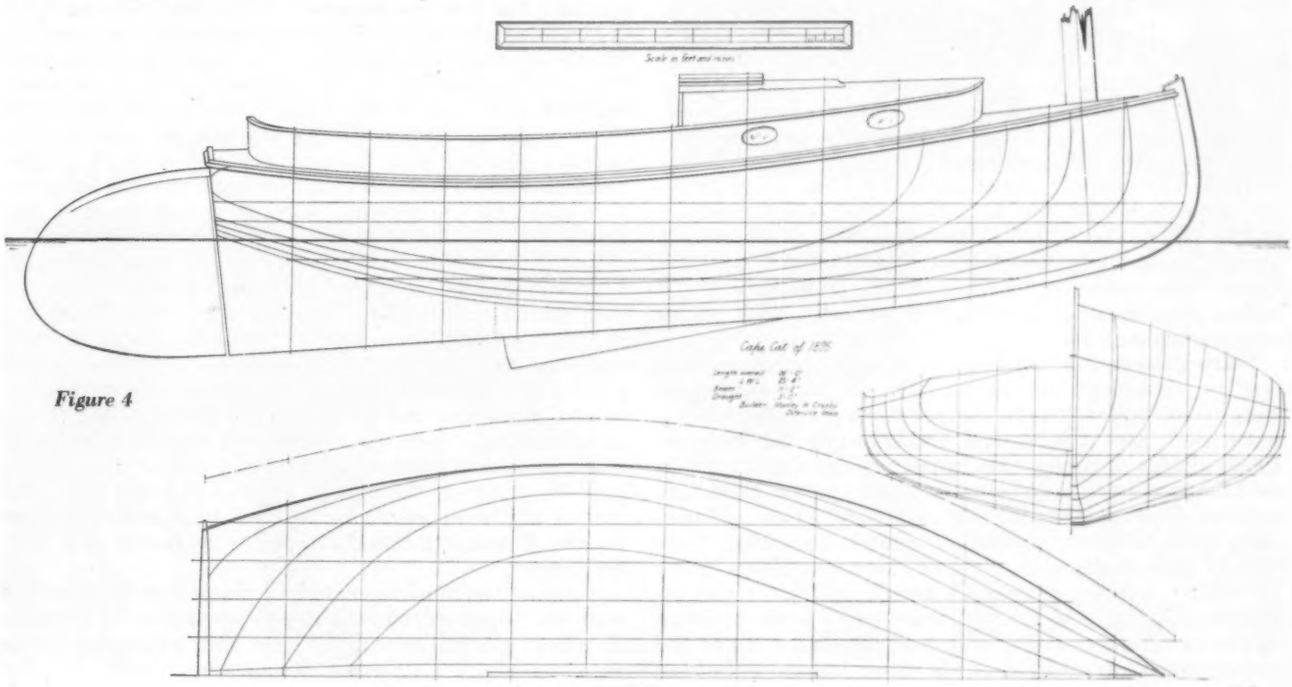


*Figure 4*

sheer spoils her appearance, yet she was undoubtedly a good sailer. With her slack bilges and rising floor, her stability was moderate. She would be rather fast under reefed sail; in fact, this hull required little sail to drive it. Attention is called to the raking midsection so necessary in a beamy hull; this permits a longer run than would otherwise be possible. It will be noted that there is a marked hollow in the entrance, but there is no "shoulder" in the waterlines. Some builders claim that the hollow increases weatherliness by creating a "lee surge" at the bow. The run is very well formed for speed; the buttocks show a good clearance. Twenty-four to 26 feet overall is the standard size of these working cats.

The cats of this period steered with tillers, but by 1880 wheels replaced the tillers. It is likely that many of the old cats were badly balanced and were brutes to steer with tillers. Up until the 70's, the corners of the cockpit and cabin trunk were angular, but this feature was replaced by the steam-bent coamings seen in modern cats. The centerboard was farther aft at this time than at a later date, as the lower peak of the gaff caused the center of effort to be well aft. This necessitated placing the greatest beam and the centers of lateral plane and buoyancy well aft, as well. Many of the Cape cats had their centerboards off center, dropping alongside the keel rather than through it. This was considered the strongest construction. The sail plan is shown in Figure 5. The spar lengths were noted on the half-model from which these lines were taken; details are from contemporary plans and photos.

Figure 2 shows the next step in the development of the Cape cats. This boat was built by the Crosbys in 1883, for Chatham owners. She was a handsomer boat than the earlier example, having a more graceful sheer. Her lines differ but little from Figure 1, except that power is even more reduced by more rise to the floors, and lighter quarters. Cats built on these lines were in great favor, as they required only a relatively small sail area to drive them, and hence were easier to handle. This represents a seaworthy type, as long as the boat is not over-canvased.

The good qualities of these cats of moderate power were responsible for the popularity of the catboat in later years. During the 70's and 80's a great many yachts were built on the Cape cat model. These usually had short counters, the transom being set at a great rake, as a rule. Some boats were built with the transom almost vertical, however. All these boats had inboard rudder-posts and the rudders were practically wholly submerged. The counter was thought, by some, to improve the appearance of the cat, but experienced catboat sailors claim that the flat transom and "barn-door" rudder made for a faster boat. Most of the counter-sterned cats submerged a little of their transom when in sailing trim, so no sailing length was gained, and rudder area was usually lost.

During the remaining years of the nineteenth century the "improvement" of the cat went on; long overhangs were tried, hollow floors and reverse curves in the run were used, and a large sail area became the fashion. Large classes of racing cats appeared, the Quincy Class on Massachusetts Bay being the best known. Such fast cats as *Harbinger*, *Scat*, *Varuna*, *Step Lively*, *Magic*, *Lazy Jack*, *Almira*, and other cracks, appeared. Fast though these boats were, their sail area was far too great for either safety or ease of handling. The Crosbys, Bacon, Hanley, and Babbit, were well known builders of racers. The increasing cost and dangerous rig of the racing cat caused the fall of the class, and the only fleet of racing cats now active is on Barnegat Bay, in New Jersey.

As the years went by, the cats became more and more powerful, their initial stability increasing as the sail area became larger. Not only did this change take place in cat yachts, but also in working cats. Figure 3 illustrates the increase of initial stability that had taken place by 1895. This cat was built by Manley H. Crosby as a fishing boat. Though she is somewhat shorter than the earlier examples, her beam is actually greater, and, with her harder bilges, she could carry about as much sail as the larger boats. The hollow in the entrance is not so marked as in the earlier cats, the bow being more cut away at the forefoot. The run is very well formed, and the buttock lines are pleasing. On the whole, this is a handsome and seaworthy cat.

Figure 4 is another cat of the same year and by the same builder. This boat is not only larger than Figure 3, but is also more powerful. The manner in which this increase of initial stability is obtained is interesting. By studying the run of this boat, it will be seen that the quarters are quite heavy and that the deadrise at the transom is somewhat less than amidships. This is the same type of run as that seen in modern displacement power boats, which accounts for the good behavior of the cat under power. The lines of this cat are very good, from the standpoint of speed, but she would require a large spread of canvas to obtain the desired results.

Figures 3 and 4 may be taken as examples of modern Cape Cod cats, as there has been practically no change in hull form since their time. The addition of a motor made no difference in their form, as the deadwood needed only to be cut for the propeller aperture. The motor is usually located under a box in the cockpit.

Figure 5 illustrates the changes in rig that took place between 1870 and 1895. It will be seen that the chief change was in the peak of the gaff, which increased as the type developed. In late years the sail has almost taken the shape of the sliding gunter. The early cat was cheaply rigged; there were no special fittings. There were no shrouds and only one stay, which set up to the stemhead with a lanyard. The cat sailors claim that a cat does better with this stay slack rather than when set up taut. For this reason some of the small cats omitted the forestay altogether. The running rigging consisted of the throat and peak halliards, the main sheet, topping lift, and, in some boats, the lazy jacks. The main sheet had few parts; most boats had to be luffed before the sheet could be flattened. The topping lift was an important piece of gear. It rove through a block at the masthead and a fairlead block on deck, the fall belaying to a cleat on the cockpit coaming within reach of the helmsman. Due to the overhang of the boom beyond the transom, a reefing tackle of some sort was necessary. This was usually a pennant with a hook spliced into one end, which was hooked into the reef cringle, the fall reeving through a cheek-block and belaying on a cleat on the boom. This was a heavy line as it was often under great strain; in rough water it was sometimes impossible to pass the outer reef points, so the pennant had to act as an outhaul. Since the boom overhung the transom as much as twelve feet in a 26-foot cat, it was often necessary to stand on the sheet to reef. On some boats the end of the boom could be reached by standing on the rudder. It was the custom to reef some racing cats from the tender.

Some of the working cats had plank bowsprits which were short and served only to give spread to the forestay and as a cathead, no sail being set on the forestay. Some

(*Continued on page 76*)

*Start of the first heat of the President's Cup Regatta on the Potomac*

# The President's Cup Regatta

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

ANYONE in search of material for a comedy of errors would have found this year's President's Cup Regatta a fine offering. The Washington committee of the Corinthian Yacht Club and the Chesapeake and Potomac Power Boat Association functioned long, laboriously and efficiently. The night before the race a vast committee of experienced American Power Boat Association officials arrived from Detroit, Florida, New York and way stations to assist the local committeemen, who have become experts after five runnings of this important affair.

Came the dawn, with perfect weather to whet the appetites of ten or fifteen thousand people for a two-day program of 29 assorted motor boat events for which sufficient entries had been received to ensure the keenest kind of competition among some of the best drivers of the Atlantic seaboard.

The first day passed off peacefully, in fact, a bit too peacefully. The first heat of the President's Cup race revealed only three starters out of the six Gold Cup boats in commission this year, of the 17 or so available. The races for Classes A and B outboards caused no heart attacks among the spectators and the runabouts and "125" hydroplanes jogged around in parade-like fashion, with little in the way of real competition. But the second day, Saturday, September 17th, promised excitement — numerous big league entries for Classes C and F outboard divisions and two possibly exciting heats of the President's Cup race itself.

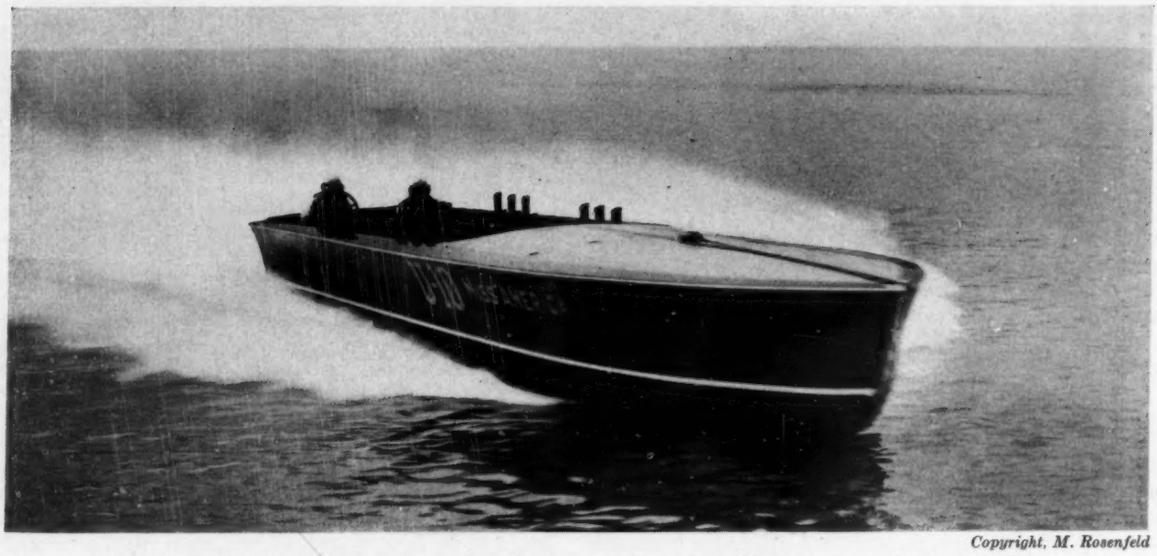
In the Friday heat of the President's Cup there appeared at the starting line only three boats — the two-year-old *Delphine V*, owned and driven by Horace E. Dodge; the eight-year-old *Delphine IV*, formerly *Solar Plexus*, owned by Mr. Dodge but driven

*"Delphine IV," owned by Horace E. Dodge, won the President's Cup, without competition in the second heat*

*A close start in the 225 h.p. runabout class. The event was won by Lewis Luckenbach, of New York*

by Bill Horn, which now holds the Gold Cup; and the ten-year-old *El Lagarto*, born *Lady Mary*, owned and operated by George Reis. The start was perfect. *Delphine V*, with a 24-cylinder Duesenberg engine and an internationally designed hull of

*(Continued on page 80)*



Copyright, M. Rosenfeld

*"Miss America X," which recently established a new speed record of 124.91 m.p.h. on the St. Clair River*

# Racing News of the Month

## "Miss America X" Establishes World's Record

THE reign of Gar Wood as monarch of the speedboat realm has been reëstablished, but only after a three-year offensive over waters in both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres in which the speed of the world's super-hydroplanes has been increased by more than 31 miles an hour.

Toppled from his throne back in June, 1930, by the late Sir Henry Segrave, Wood's new record of 124.91 miles an hour established by *Miss America X* on the St. Clair River, at Algonac, Mich., last month places the American veteran again in possession of the world's speed crown.

With the record apparently safe for some time to come, Wood returns to the position he held on March 23rd, 1929, when, in his *Miss America VII*, he created a new world mark of 93.123 miles an hour down in Florida. This record was the average of six runs over the nautical mile course, and for more than a year the record remained unbroken until Segrave made his fateful run on Lake Windermere, in England.

Driving his *Miss England II*, Segrave averaged 98.760 miles an hour in two runs, but in a succeeding dash for greater speed, the craft overturned and Sir Henry was killed. The International Motor Yachting Union, meeting the following fall, changed the mile-trial rules by cutting the required number of runs from six to two, and accepted the Segrave two-run mark as the new world's record.

Unexpectedly shorn of his title, Wood took his *Miss America IX* to Florida and on March 20th, 1931, gained the distinction of being the first man officially to drive 100 miles an hour over the water. Taking advantage of the new two-run rule, Wood set a new record of 102.256 m.p.h. which touched off a duel between the American champion and Kaye Don, of England, that lasted for eighteen months and saw the hydroplane speeds raised on five occasions.

This marine speed battle was waged on five different fronts in Florida, Argentina, Italy, Scotland and Michigan, and reached its culmination at Algonac when Wood's *Miss America X* outstripped the best mark of *Miss England III* by more than five miles an hour.

It is unlikely that England will make an immediate bid to surpass the new Wood record now that Lord Wakefield has announced his intention to withdraw from his quest to take the Harmsworth Trophy back home to England.

## George Cup May Become Six-Metre Emblem

STEPS to develop a fleet of six-metre sloops on Lake Ontario for 1933 large enough to warrant the changing of the deed of gift of the George Cup, making it the Lake championship emblem of the class, are now under way.

There are, at the present time, but two "Sixes" on Lake Ontario, the *Merenneito* and the *Aphrodite*, owned in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto; but the Crescent Yacht Club of Watertown, New York, is planning to obtain at least five of these little sloops by next spring, the Rochester Yacht Club is considering the acquisition of several more, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club will probably add to the two it now has. It is said that the Kingston Yacht Club will go into the class, while the Oswego Yacht Club and the Buffalo Canoe Club may each purchase one craft.

The George Cup was placed in competition 25 years ago as a perpetual challenge trophy in Class R, its donor being Silas L. George of Watertown. The deed of gift is controlled by the Crescent Yacht Club, of which he was a member, and the trustees are now prepared to have the deed changed from the "R" to the Six-Metre Class as soon as sufficient boats have been acquired to warrant this.

The trophy has been out of competition since it was won at Rochester in the summer of 1928 by the *Kathea II*, then owned by Jean R. Stebbins of Watertown, and the cup is now retained by the Crescent Yacht Club, the colors of which *Kathea* flew. Up to the time of the 1928 competition at Rochester, the George Cup was considered the Class R championship emblem of the Lake, but since then the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup, won this year at Cobourg, Ontario, by the *Shadow*, of Rochester, has supplanted it, and there has been no challenge for the George Cup.

Interest in the 20-raters has waned on Lake Ontario, and through the leadership of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, always a progressive and outstanding exponent of wholesome types in the field of yachting, freshwater yachtsmen have turned their attention to the metre classes. If a good-sized fleet of "Sixes," representative of the active yacht clubs of the United States and Canada on Lake Ontario, is built up, the George Cup probably will go to that class and become the symbol of supremacy in the Six-Metre Class on the Lakes.

D. F. LANE

## An Intersectional Sailing Canoe Match

THE racing team of the Nissequogue Boat Club, of Smithtown, L. I., proved victors over the skippers of the Associated Canoe Clubs of Sheepshead Bay in a dual series of canoe sailing races held during the latter part of September. These races were unique in that they constituted the first intersectional match ever run in this territory and mark the establishment of the first permanent racing trophy — the Sheepshead-Nissequogue Challenge Cup — for canvas sailing canoes in Long Island waters.

The first series of races was held September 18th, in Smithtown Bay, off Long Beach. Nissequogue supplied six of their fastest boats, all of similar rig, and of 55 square feet sail area. The racing teams were made up of six, two sailing in each boat. Crews changed boats after each race to offset the effects of any inherent superiority of the rigs. Five races were sailed, over a two-mile leeward and windward course. A moderate northwest breeze and ideal sailing weather prevailed. The Nissequogue team took five straight firsts and garnered two seconds, smothering the Sheepshead Bay contingent to the tune of 65 to 40. Superior teamwork on the part of the Smithtown skippers was in evidence during the series.

The return match was sailed on September 25th, over a 1¾-mile triangular course in the waters of Rockaway Inlet. Sheepshead supplied six boats, three similar in rig to those raced at Smithtown, and the rest of widely divergent sail plans. The races were sailed in a light and puffy northwest wind. Sheepshead started well, taking the first race on points. In the second race the Nissequogue team worked into the lead and took first, second and third. The third race proved to be a drifting match, and on the beat back to the finish two of the Sheepshead boats fought it out for first place. At the conclusion of this race Nissequogue was leading by 96 to 65, an unbeatable margin, and as the breeze showed no signs of picking up, the remaining races were cancelled.

\+ + +

## The Jeffrey's Ledge Race

TWENTY-TWO boats were entered in the Jeffrey's Ledge race of the Cruising Club of America, starting September 10th, but only fourteen started, as a stiff northeaster that blew itself out only the day before the race held several of the entries at the Cape Cod Canal. The race was postponed five hours in the hope that some of these boats might get to the start, but the head wind and sea were too much for them and they were forced to turn back.

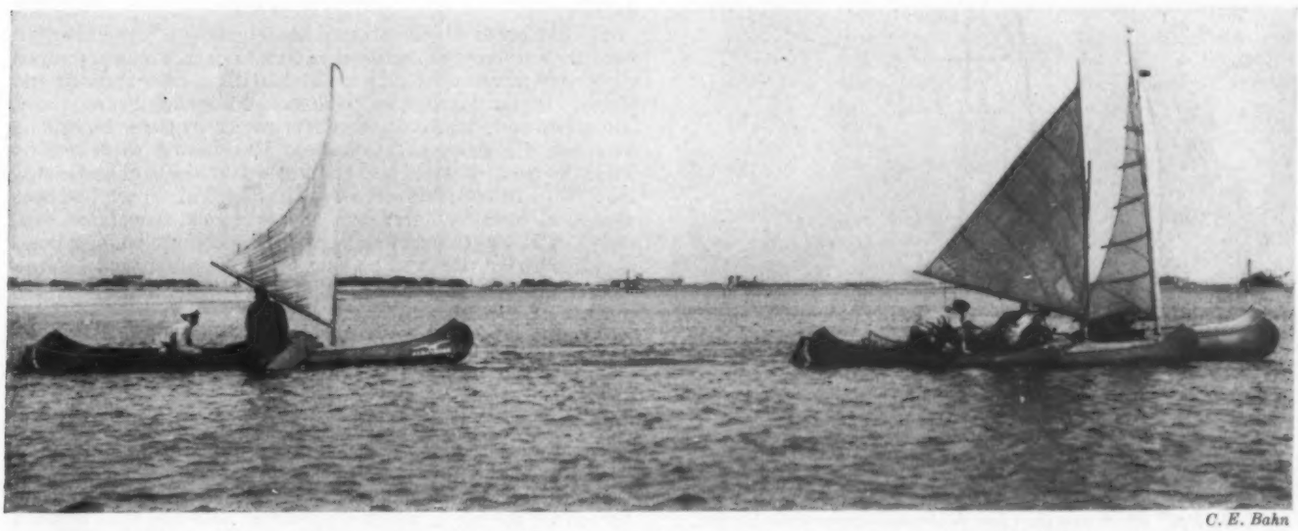
The smallest boat started after the committee had decided to reverse the course, sending the yachts first to Jeffrey's Ledge and then to Peaked Hill Bar.

Shortly after the start of *Retriever*, the smallest boat, at noon, the wind came in from the southwest making a reach out for the first boats. However, the larger boats starting later found the wind hauling to the northwest and most of the Class A boats had very light going until sundown. The northwest wind held during the night and by sun-up most of the boats had rounded Peaked Hill buoy. The leg from there was done a great part of the way under power, with light variable winds which eventually settled at south. *Retriever*, which had saved all her gas until the end, did the entire last leg of the 138-mile course under power, with sails in stops. The work of *Lizzie M* was particularly remarkable as almost an hour was consumed in the first leg in going into Rockport to leave a member of the crew who, the following morning, was operated on for appendicitis. In Class A the race between *Volante* and *Black Goose* was especially keen as they are practically sister ships. *Volante*, being behind *Black Goose* at Peaked Hill bar, decided to split tacks and went offshore in search of wind, while *Black Goose* held inshore with the aid of power and caught the southerly first.

*Hostess* was disqualified for failing to identify Jeffrey's Ledge buoy by passing close aboard or reporting to the committee boat. Failing to find the buoy when she first arrived in its vicinity, she started searching and, later, having identified the Coast Guard searchlight, she took her departure from a distance without returning to report. The committee was forced to rule her out for failure to comply with the rule of reporting to the stake boat. It was unfortunate that this action had to be taken, as *Hostess* would have been the first to finish, but as other contestants had spent hours in making a positive identification, no other course was open than to disqualify her.

The summary follows:

| | *Jeffrey's* | *Finish* |
|---|---|---|
| **Class B** | | |
| *Retriever* | 12:41 | 7:45:14 |
| *Lizzie M* | 1:13 | 8:07:40 |
| *Mary C* | 3:20 | 8:13:15 |
| *Blackbird* | 1:44 | 9:38:10 |
| *Leonore* | 4:04 | 11:30:00 |
| *Lode Star* | — | Withdrew |
| *Cypamar* | 3:13 | Withdrew |
| *Hostess II* | — | Disqualified |
| **Class A** | | |
| *Black Goose* | 1:44 | 7:23:10 |
| *Volante* | 2:33 | 7:58:29 |
| *Tioga* | 5:37 | 9:53:10 |
| *Mahdee* | 3:20 | 9:54:45 |
| *Amberjack* | 2:34 | 10:45:0 |
| *Zoilita* | 3:12 | Withdrew |



C. E. Bahn

*Start of the first race on Sheepshead Bay in the intersectional series between the Nissequogue and Sheepshead Bay canoe sailors, which was won by Nissequogue*

## "Lady Pat" Again Wins Sir Thomas Lipton Trophy

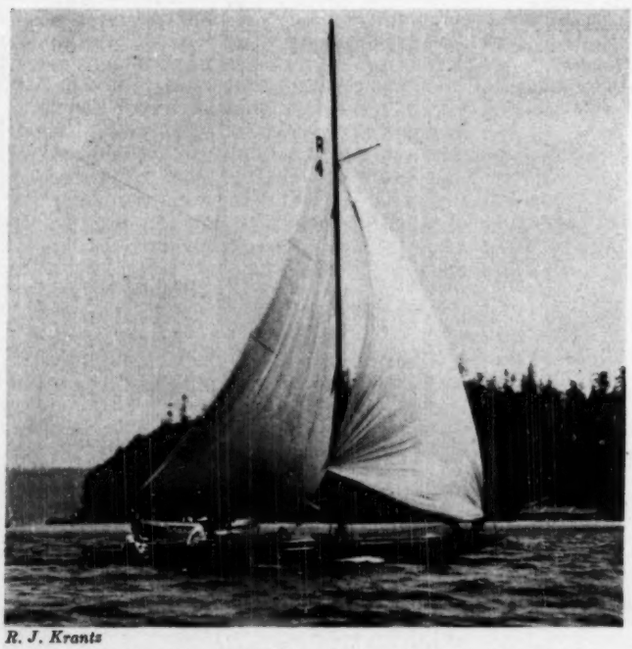
VICTORY in decisive form was registered by the Class R sloop *Lady Pat* of the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club, when she beat the Seattle Yacht Club's challenger, *Sir Tom*, in two races out of three which were sailed recently as a part of the annual regatta of the Pacific International Yachting Association. The races were sailed on Puget Sound, off Shilshole Bay, near Seattle. Through her victory, *Lady Pat* retained for the second year in succession the Sir Thomas Lipton Trophy which is emblematic of R Class supremacy among Pacific Northwest yacht clubs. The Vancouver sloop was ably skippered by E. F. Cribb, and a crew of four junior members of the same club, Douglas Maitland, H. W. Ackhurst, H. D. Cleveland, and E. F. Macauley.

The first race was not prophetic of the final result, for *Sir Tom*, with Ted Geary at the tiller, won by one minute and 16 seconds over the 12-mile course. *Lady Pat* was second, and *Lady Van*, another Vancouver "R," was third. On the second day, however, on a three-mile windward-leeward course, *Lady Pat* evened the score when she won with *Sir Tom* second, and *Lady Van* third. Excellent work to windward figured strongly in the Vancouver sloop's victory in this race.

With one first each, *Lady Pat* and the *Sir Tom* went out to battle to a finish on the last day. *Lady Pat* was not to be denied, for she negotiated the 6-mile triangle twice to lead to the finish line, with *Lady Van* and *Sir Tom* following, in the order named. Some time ago the *Sir Tom* broke a mast and damaged her stem as a result of a collision with another yacht, and it is claimed, no doubt with some justification, that the Seattle sloop was not at her best for this year's series, as her crew did not have a great deal of time for tuning her up for the races. *Sir Tom* was later defeated by *Lady Pat* at Cowichan Bay, B. C., both boats being sailed by junior crews.

There is some talk, among Seattle yachtsmen, of building a new "R" class sloop, but nothing definite has been done as yet.

RAYMOND J. KRANTZ



*R. J. Krantz*

*"Lady Pat," which won the Class R championship of the Pacific Northwest and the Lipton Trophy for the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club*

*H. W. Reynolds*

*The Edgartown crew, winners of the Women's sailing championship at Cohasset. Left to right. Dorothy Morrell, Clara S. Dinsmore (skipper), and Jeanne Sargent*

## Women's Championship Won by Edgartown

CLEVER tiller work, excellent timing, and an almost uncanny ability to pick up vagrant zephers, won for Clara S. Dinsmore of Staatsburg, N. Y., the ninth Women's Sailing Championship at Cohasset early in September. With her as crew were Dorothy Morrell, of Montclair, N. J., and Jeanne Sargent, of Wayland, Mass., who helped her to carry back to the Edgartown Yacht Club, where she learned the game, the Mrs. Charles Francis Adams bowl, held during the past two years by the Indian Harbor Yacht Club. So delighted was the old whaling port over the victory, that the club was temporarily recommissioned, and a few days later, when Vincent Astor's *Nourmahal* carried the Dinsmores home, she flew a championship pennant all the way to the Hudson.

Yet Miss Dinsmore modestly attributed her success over her old friend and rival, Lorna Whittelsey, of Greenwich, Conn., who had won the title four times and had taken two legs on the present Adams Cup, to luck. This can readily be understood by the fact that all five races in this year's series were sailed in the flimsiest of breezes, which, however, never faded away completely, although at times it looked as if the boats were merely drifting.

The five crews which gathered at Cohasset on September 6th were the survivors of sectional eliminations in which seventeen clubs were represented. Edgartown had disposed of Quissett and Cotuit; Indian Harbor had beaten Cold Spring, Seawanhaka, American, and Stamford; Duxbury, headed by Helen Hunt, had overcome Hingham and Cohasset; Manchester, captained by Mrs. George S. Patton, had vanquished Annisquam and Sandy Bay; while Bristol, skippered by Miss Sara Tillinghast, had been successful over Saunderstown and Warwick. The races were sailed in 17-foot knockabouts, with the crews changing boats after each race, the whole affair being ably managed by Vice Commodore Charles Higginson.

In the first race, a mile and a quarter beat to windward in a fading breeze, Bristol led at the turn, but in the slow slide to the finish, first Indian Harbor and then Edgartown nosed out ahead, the latter getting the gun by 25 seconds, with Duxbury fourth and Manchester fifth.

In the second event Miss Dinsmore had not only to beat the other four crews, but Father Time as well, and while she got a long lead on the former early in a run around a 4-mile triangle, the sand in the old chap's hour glass was running out fast as she turned for the finish, which she reached with less than ten minutes to spare over the time limit. Duxbury was second, Indian Harbor third, Manchester fourth, and Bristol fifth.

Even ocean liners hugged Massachusetts harbors during the following two-day northeaster, but when the crews gathered for the final races, the gale had passed out to sea. Miss Dinsmore won the starting honors over Miss Whittelsey in the third race on the morning of the twelfth, a mile and a quarter beat to windward and return, but both were passed at the turn by the other three, and trailed all the way to the finish, with Duxbury winning easily, Manchester being second, Bristol third, Edgartown fourth, and Indian Harbor fifth.

After a 5-hour wait for a new breeze, the yachts were sent over the same course in the fourth race, this time to leeward, with Miss Dinsmore and Miss Whittelsey again battling for the lead and warding off Duxbury and Bristol to keep down their point score. In the meantime, Manchester, playing a lone game, took a long board offshore in the beat to the finish and won over Edgartown by 22 seconds, and 46 seconds ahead of Indian Harbor, with Duxbury fourth, and Bristol in last place.

The sun was far down in the west as the final race was started, around a 4-mile triangle, giving a run, a reach and a beat, with Miss Dinsmore staging a thrilling spinnaker start two seconds after the gun. Then the breeze for the first time shifted to Indian Harbor, and at the first turn Edgartown was in fourth place with Bristol threatening all the way to the second mark. In the last leg, long after sunset, but under a full moon, Bristol, by a long hitch away, slipped into second place, while Edgartown beat out Manchester for third position.

The final point score was Edgartown, 19½; Indian Harbor, 16¼; Duxbury, 15¼; Manchester, 13¼, Bristol, 12.

WM. U. SWAN

+ + +

Leslie R. Jones

*"Fraeth," owned by Frank Weisgerber, winner of the 22-Square-Metre season championship of Lake St. Clair*

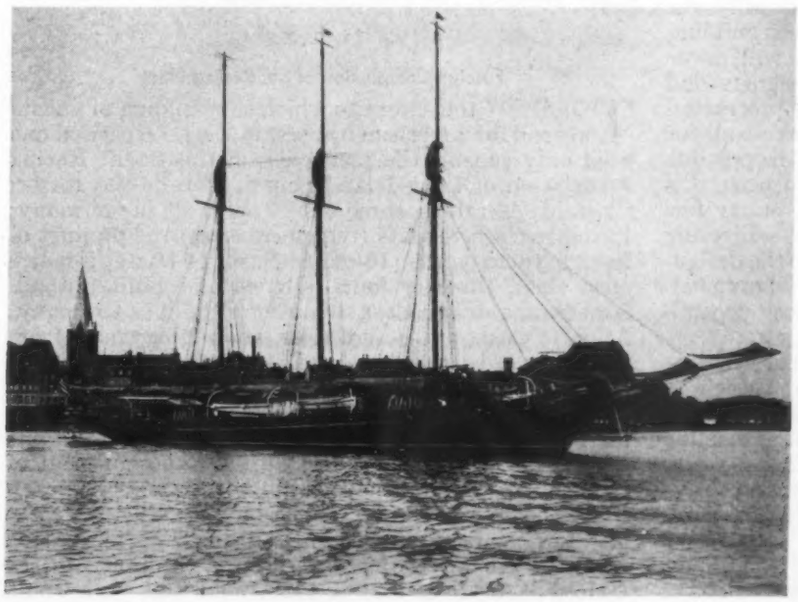
## "Fraeth" Wins 22-Square-Metre Series at Detroit

WHETHER or not the 22-Square-Metre Class ever makes a hit anywhere else in the country, it has found a home in Detroit. Speaking in the current manner, Detroit may be said to have "gone 22-Square-Metre." The little foreign sloops were introduced in that city in the spring of 1931 when eight of the craft were brought from abroad. This season the number was brought up to fifteen, of which two are American built.

Up to this time class racing has been confined to open catboats and to Class R. The "one string" sailboats are still popular as club-owned racing craft, but the private owners are swinging to the "22's." The Class R boats have given some difficulties in the shallow water of Lake St. Clair and require considerable work in beating out of the river, and their numbers have shrunk until only two remain. The "22's" fit the local conditions better, hence their popularity.

After an all-season struggle for supremacy, Russell Alger's *Gypsy II* dropped four points below Frank Weisgerber's *Fraeth*, in the end-of-season series, breaking the tie and giving *Fraeth* the season title. These craft, the largest of the fleet, are the two which made the excellent showing in the East, in August.

A. J. Grundy, a catboat sailor until this year, came up from well down the list to finish third for the season. He won the final series of three races, sailed late in September, and the coveted Cock of the Walk flag, put up each fall by the Grosse Pointe Shores Yacht Club. Herbert Woodall's *Luchs* was fourth, which place she held approximately throughout the season. *Water Witch*, owned by David Sloss, placed well up throughout the season, but a disqualification in one race and a collision, in which she was dismasted, at another time, cut heavily into her totals. Ten of the fourteen boats which competed through the summer sailed in 80 percent of the races.

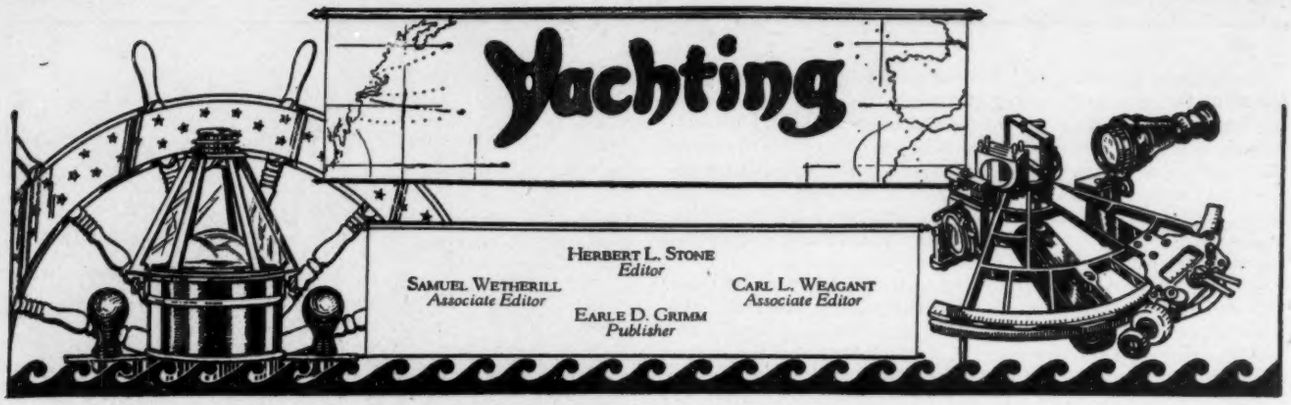


*"Vema," formerly "Hussar," which recently completed a European voyage of over 14,000 miles, under charter to George Vetlesen, of New York. She made the run from Montauk Point to Bishop's Rock in 10 days, 21 hours, using sails and engine*

Final standings of the class are:

| *Yacht* | *Owner* | *Club* | *Points* |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Fraeth* | Frank Weisgerber | D. Y. C. | 182 |
| *Gypsy II* | Russell Alger, Jr. | G. P. C. | 178 |
| *Joal IV* | A. J. Grundy | D. Y. C. | 173 |
| *Luchs* | Herb Woodall | G. P. Y. C. | 168 |
| *Water Witch* | David Sloss | B. Y. C. | 147 |
| *Sturm Vogel* | Seward-Suzalla | E. B. C. | 122 |
| *Yvonne* | G. A. Persson | G. P. Y. C. | 117 |
| *Alg* | A. H. Rzeppa | B. Y. C. | 112 |
| *Heintut* | Reichle brothers | D. Y. C. | 70 |
| *Nialro* | A. B. Rogers | D. Y. C. | 57 |

WALTER X. BRENNAN




# EDITORIAL

### Build Here, and Now!

THERE is considerable agitation in Long Island Sound yachting circles for several new one-design classes for next year. This is good news. One or two new classes will stimulate interest in the sport as nothing else can. Some of the older classes on the Atlantic Coast are about done, after doing valiant service for 25 years or more, and need to be replaced. Barring a few junior boats, there have been no new small one-design classes since the Long Island Sound Interclubs in 1926 and the Atlantic Coast Class some two years later. Both of these classes are still going strong but are about the only ones that are now really popular. Of course, talk alone does not produce new classes, but with the clearing up, to a considerable extent, of the economic uncertainty, it looks as if it would be possible to promote one or two classes of small-sized racers.

Among the new classes proposed is one of about 30 feet waterline length to fill the place of the old N. Y. Y. C. 30-footers which are becoming somewhat scattered after 28 years of hard racing. It appears, however, that the backers of this particular class are proposing to have the boats *designed and built* in Germany, so that they will be in no sense American except in ownership, and will not reflect the progress or experience of American yachting. If this should come to pass, it will be a blow to American naval architecture and yacht building that the majority of American yachtsmen will never forgive or forget. As a class, our yacht designers and builders have been extremely hard hit by the protracted depression. Many of them have had no work at all for the past two years. And now, when it might be possible to get from eight to ten new boats built, to place this work out of the country merely to save a paltry few hundred dollars on each boat is to deal a staggering blow to those who have devoted their lives to the designing and building of our yachting fleet, and to show a callous lack of appreciation of the needs of those dependent for their existence upon American yachting.

Yachtsmen must be aware that the success of yachting as a sport in this country is dependent upon those who design and build boats. Well equipped yacht yards must be maintained, not only to care for the large existing fleet, but to build our new boats as well. *The industry is indispensable to the sport.* One cannot exist and thrive without the other. To run an efficient yacht yard requires skilled boat builders and mechanics. It is exacting work, calling for a high degree of skill. Yet it is impossible to train such a force without the work that comes from the building of boats. An organization cannot be kept together on five or six months' work during the summer season alone. Skilled boat builders will seek work in other fields, and the product of any organization the activities of which are curtailed for six months of the year must necessarily suffer.

Yet this is what will result if our yachtsmen keep turning to foreign designers and builders for their new yachts. The saving, under present conditions, in building any but the largest yachts abroad is not great, after duty, transportation charges and alterations usually found necessary on the boat's arrival here, are paid. An American yachtsman who spends his money on a foreign luxury in these times of stress, when our own shipyards and shipyard workers are struggling for existence, failing thereby to support in its time of need that very industry which makes his yachting possible, is short-sighted, and lays himself open to severe criticism.

Already we have the spectacle of several large American yachts, owned by men high in the financial life of the United States, which are being kept out of the country whose flag they fly in an effort to dodge the customs duties at a time when most of us here are hard hit by the taxation necessary to balance the budget. If it now comes to the point when even the owners of small one-design and open class yachts go abroad for their boats, we might as well close up shop and call American yachting in American yachts a thing of the past.

\+ + +

### Foreign Complexion of our Racing Fleet

TO SHOW the extent to which the building of yachts abroad for American ownership has been carried one need only consult the racing list of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Here is the roster: Class M, 46-raters, three out of six built in Germany; 12-metre class, 8 boats (the entire class) the product of foreign yacht yards; 10-metre class, 14 boats; 8-metre open class, three or four designed and built abroad; 8-metre one-design class, 10 out of 11 built in Germany; Atlantic Coast one-design class, about 100 yachts from German yards. In all, nearly 140 of the racing fleet of this one locality are foreign built. In New England and on Lake St. Clair a sizeable fleet of 30- and 22-square-metre boats have been imported from abroad, while several of our ocean racing skippers have gone out of the country to build their boats.

The boats enumerated here were all built within the last few years, many of them being possible as the result of the wave of prosperity that obtained in the United States from 1926 to 1929. What this work would have meant to American yacht builders during that period, to enable them to carry through these lean years now upon us, does not need demonstration.

# IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

*Copyright, Kirke, Cowes*

## ROBERT B. MEYER

*ROBERT B. MEYER, better known as "Bob," was captain of the American Six-Metre team which did such a fine job on the Solent this year in the match race for the British-American Cup. In spite of the fact that this was his first metre class racing abroad, his team won the series by the overwhelming score of 99 points to 45 for their opponents, and his own boat, "Bob-Kat II," was high point scorer with a total of 29¼ points to her credit.*

*"Bob" Meyer comes of a yachting family, his father, the late Cord Meyer, having been prominent in Long Island Sound racing in the early years of this century, when he owned the Herreshoff-built 45-footer "Altair." Later, he sailed in the N. Y. Y. C. 30-Foot Class, then starting its famous career, as owner of the "Atair." So "Bob" got his training and his tutelage at an early age. We believe he owned and sailed one of the Bayside Birds as a youngster. Later he was prominent in the 20-rater "R" Class on Long Island Sound, and he had the first "Bob-Kat" built to that class in 1926, when it was going strong and the competition was keen. After selling her, he raced as crew in the 12-Metre and "M" Classes, and in 1931 he had "Bob-Kat II" built, his first International Rule boat.*

*He was the first secretary of the North American Yacht Racing Union when that body was formed a number of years ago, and he has been active in organized yachting affairs for the past ten years or more. His present yacht club affiliations are the New York, Manhassset Bay, and Larchmont Clubs.*

# Motor Boating Moves Indoors

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.

IT IS the motor boat world, not the sailboat world, which has held the first Frostbite regatta of the season, and a quite unintentional one on their part. The leading outboard drivers from all over the country went to Bay City, Michigan, on October 6th to hold the National Championships, which were to take place on the 8th and 9th with, possibly, a shot at nautical mile world's records on the 10th. This is being written four days later and the national championships have not yet been held. Wind, rain and more wind delayed them until Wednesday, the 11th, then came a howling snow storm, and the editor wants his copy. Apparently all of the officials and drivers who led the wagon trains into Michigan are all snugged down for the winter there and will miss a lot of motor boating excitement around here and, possibly, down in Florida.

+ + +

This blizzard at the national championships has caused a mix-up in something else I wanted to write about—the American Outboard High Point Trophy.

A year ago, L. V. Head, managing editor of *Yachting World*, in London, had an idea that he thought was worth passing on to your correspondent. The result has been the successful creation of two interesting new contests, one in England, the other here, whereby, for the first time, it is possible to obtain a rating on the accomplishments of outboard racing drivers in much the manner in which ratings are obtained in other sports. Why this system wasn't thought of years ago I do not know. Or, possibly, some one thought of it and was staggered by the amount of work entailed.

*Jack Maypole who will be the first recipient of the High Point Trophy*

Over in England the twelve most important racing events were designated for the securing of points for the *Yachting World* Outboard Drivers' Championship. With three events still to go, Mr. Head has tabulated the points earned by all drivers who took part. The total number of contestants has been 39, with J. Palethorpe leading with 2965 points and our old friend, C. H. Harrison, second with 1519.

How different has been the job over here! Although in tabulating points for the George H. Townsend medal, offered by the president of the A. P. B. A., we counted only those drivers who finished fifth or better in all regattas sanctioned by the A. P. B. A. and the National Outboard Association; we have already made out approximately 500 cards, and kept track of each driver as he or she progressed from regatta to regatta. Since May first, 42 sanctioned regattas have been supervised by the two organizations and competed in by approximately 1600 drivers. Truly, this is a major sport, especially if one considers the uncounted thousands who have taken part in the hundreds of unsanctioned regattas throughout the country.

It is a matter of satisfaction to Mr. Townsend and the officials of the National Outboard Racing Commission that the trophy has been won by a 15-year-old amateur driver. This is Jack Maypole of River Forest, Illinois, the son of John Maypole, an outstanding outboard pilot of other years.

Young Maypole, in his second year of important competition, has acquired a wonderful record during the season just closing. Racing his boats in Classes A, B, C and F, he has taken part in fourteen regattas and has defeated some of the best known amateur and professional drivers in the country. Exclusive of whatever points he may by this time have won in the snowbound championships, he has acquired 11,738 points, according to the A. P. B. A. point system of 400 for first, 361 for second, 324 for third, 289 for fourth and 256 for fifth. On his card there are already sixteen first place victories, nine of them in Class B, five in Class A and the other two in Class C. In no race has he finished worse than fourth and in only three of the regattas has he placed in less than two races. No matter how the national championships come out, nobody can touch Maypole on points. We shall have to leave comments concerning the 500 drivers who have achieved lower totals until next month. It appears, however, that Arrell Reinking, of Indianapolis, who went professional in the middle of the season, will finish the season in second place; Paul B. Sawyer, Jr., amateur of Pocono Lakes, Pa., third; Horace Tennes, amateur of Chicago, fourth; Herman Wright, Lodi, California, professional, fifth; and Guy P. Ellsworth, amateur, of Big Moose, N. Y., and Paul Sawyer's running mate on the Yale outboard team, sixth.

This High Point Trophy contest has been one of the most interesting features of a most interesting season. Next year it will be organized on a somewhat more stable basis so that the number of regattas available to drivers in the various parts of the country will be determined at the beginning of the season so they may be kept informed throughout the year of their progress in the collection of points. The trophy will be presented to young Maypole at the forthcoming Motor Boat Show at New York in January.

+ + +

Plans for next year's Harmsworth race are more ambitious than they have been for more than a dozen years. In England they are urging the creation of a team of three challengers, despite the fact that Lord Wakefield has officially retired from further quest of the trophy. The talk here is that, in such an event, three American boats will face them. Announcement has been made that there will be a Canadian challenger built by a syndicate of Orillia, Ontario, sportsmen, to be dubbed *Miss Canada I* and to be driven by Bert Hawker who did things to Gar Wood's peace of mind in the 1930 race before *Estelle V*, which he was driving for Marian Barbara Carstairs, fell apart. And in Italy there are rumblings of a Harmsworth racer, sponsored by Mussolini, powered by Fiat and driven by Prince Ruspoli, who has just established a world's record, confirmed by the International Motor Yachting Union, of 66.06 miles per hour in his Bugatti 8-cylinder supercharged 6-Litre boat *Niniette*.

With eight hugely powered Harmsworth racers representing four countries coming down on the starting line those of us who have waited all these years to see a real race probably could not stand the strain. And if all eight boats should finish!!

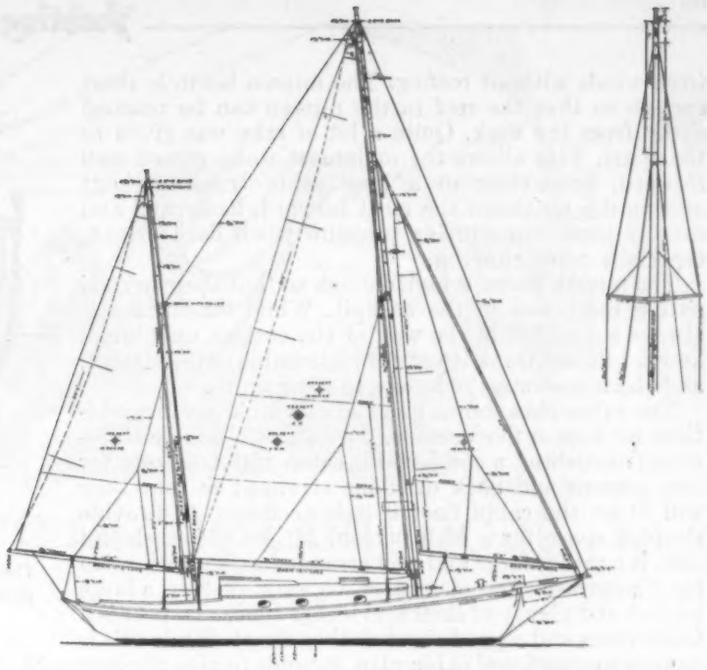
+ + +

Next year is going to see the reëntrance of George F. Crouch, designer of *Baby Bootlegger*, *Delphine IV*, *Teaser* and a host of other successful boats, into the racing world in a big way, unless my guess is all wrong. And frequently it is.

# A Small Ketch For Inland or Offshore Cruising

By

RALPH E. WINSLOW



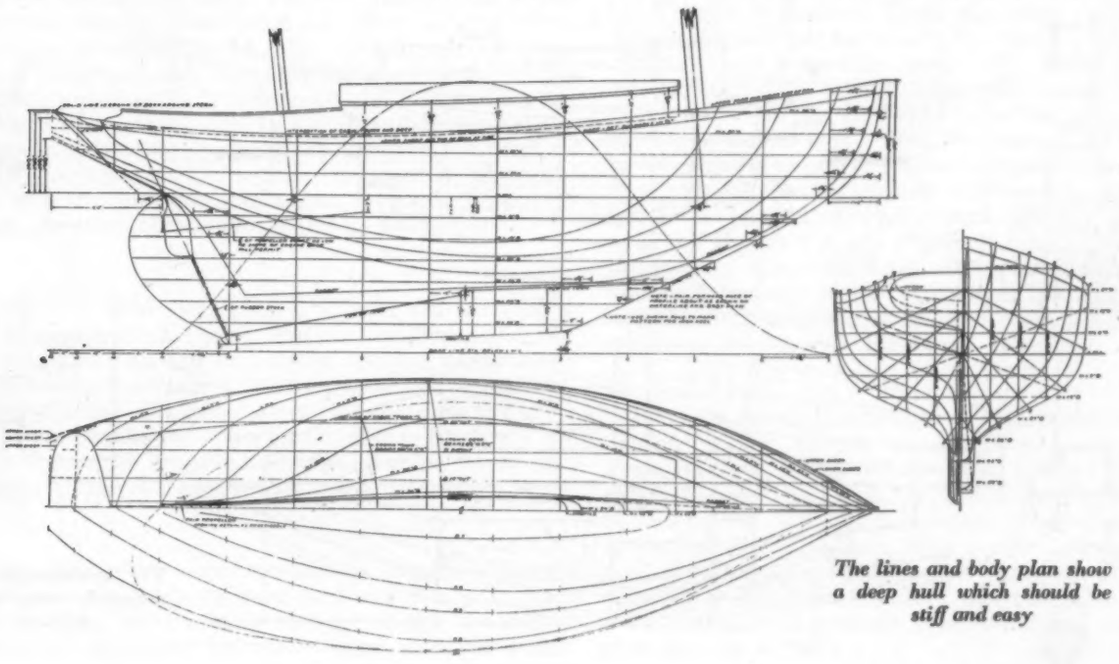
*The ketch rig was chosen for ease in handling*

THIS little ketch was designed for YACHTING in an attempt to provide a design for a small boat suitable for an extended cruise, such as a West Indies, Bermuda, or like trip, and at the same time one that will be useful for general cruising and week-end sailing alongshore or in protected waters.

The lines show a deep hull, with considerable deadrise, that will be exceedingly stiff, but one that, also, will be easily driven with a small sail plan; a quite hard and deep bilge, hollow waterlines forward about 15 inches above and below the waterline; a long run with rather straight buttocks aft and quite deep bow lines forward; very easy diagonals and with the immersed waterlines streamlined. These features should produce an easy seaboat — one that will not heel excessively and yet will reach, run or go to windward well.

The jib-headed ketch rig was chosen because *ease of handling* is a large factor on long cruises where sailing is almost always done short-handed. Even if four persons are carried, this leaves only two to a watch and, with many duties to be attended to, often only one. As it is frequently impossible to get more than two persons for an extended cruise, a hull and sail plan that can be handled single-handed was thought most desirable.

The ketch rig shown should provide excellent balance under whole sail, jib and mizzen, or mainsail alone. The mainsail can be lowered without interfering with the helmsman. Heaving to in a not too heavy breeze and sea can be accomplished under a double reefed mainsail, or, in still worse conditions, under a reefed mizzen, or, preferably, a heavy mizzen trysail and sea anchor. The jib-headed rig gives plenty of height for such light sails as a masthead spinnaker, balloon or reaching jib, Genoa jib, mizzen staysail, etc. Therefore plenty of sail can be carried in light weather, though the working sail area is moderate enough so that whole sail can be carried in



*The lines and body plan show a deep hull which should be stiff and easy*

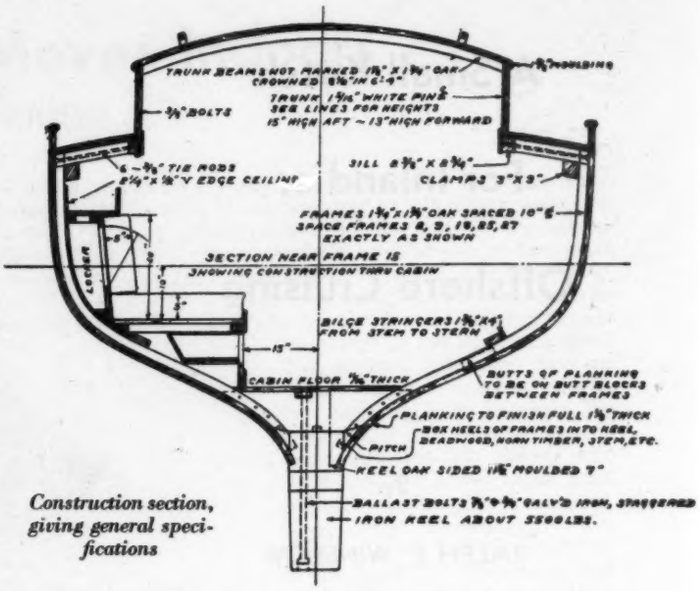
fresh winds without reefing. The mizzen boom is short enough so that the reef in the mizzen can be reached easily from the deck. Quite a lot of rake was given to the spars. This allows the mainmast to be placed well forward, permitting of a long cabin trunk without getting the weight of the mast forward, looks well and usually gives some lifting pressure when hard driven, especially when running.

The mizzen boom is high enough so that there is good sitting headroom in the cockpit. While the mizzen is always somewhat in the way of the cockpit on a small ketch, I do not think it very objectionable in this design, and the mizzenmast is handy to hang on to.

The cabin plan shown gives comfortable accommodations for four or five persons. Forward is a double stateroom; amidships, a comfortable cabin with transoms for two persons and back cushions arranged so that they will fit on the cabin floor if it is necessary to provide sleeping space for a fifth person. Aft, on the starboard side, is a rather large and well arranged galley with room for a large size two-hole coal stove, sink, dresser, a large ice box and plenty of shelf and locker space. To port is a toilet room and a good-sized clothes closet. While this is a quite conventional cabin plan, it tends to give the best plan for the space occupied, and is an arrangement difficult to improve upon. The galley keeps the living quarters from getting wet, and two can sleep forward without being interfered with by anyone using the galley or cabin. The serving of food to either cockpit or cabin is a convenient matter, and the stowing of galley supplies simplified.

The motor is below the bridge deck and forward end of the cockpit, easily accessible, but entirely out of sight. One of the 4-cylinder, 3½″ bore and 4″ stroke motors that develops about 12 to 16 h.p. at about 1000 to 1200 r.p.m. is recommended. Either direct drive or a 2:1 reduction gear would be suitable. A direct drive motor of the type stated will give a speed of 6½ to 7 miles, and one with the reduction gear will give 7½ to 8 miles' speed.

Fuel and water tanks are on either side of the cockpit and hold 30 gallons each. The cockpit is 5′ 10″ long,


TRUNK BEAMS NOT MARKED 1⅝" X 1⅝" OAK CROWNED
TRUNK 1⅛" WHITE PINE SEE LINES FOR HEIGHTS 15" HIGH AFT ~ 13" HIGH FORWARD
⅝" BOLTS
6 - ⅝" TIE RODS
⅝" X ⅛" V EDGE CEILING
SILL
CLAMPS 3" X 3"
FRAMES 1⅛" X 1⅜" OAK SPACED 10" C
SPACE FRAMES 0, 2, 19, 25, 27 EXACTLY AS SHOWN
SECTION NEAR FRAME IS SHOWING CONSTRUCTION THRU CABIN
LOCKER
BILGE STRINGERS 1⅜" X 4" FROM STEM TO STERN
15"
CABIN FLOOR ⅝" THICK
BUTTS OF PLANKING TO BE ON BUTT BLOCKS BETWEEN FRAMES
PLANKING TO FINISH FULL 1⅛" THICK
BOX KEELS OF FRAMES INTO KEEL, DEADWOOD, HORN TIMBER, STEM, ETC.
PITCH
KEEL OAK SIDED 11½" MOULDED 7"
BALLAST BOLTS ⅞" & ⅝" GALV'D IRON, STAGGERED
IRON KEEL ABOUT 5500 LBS.

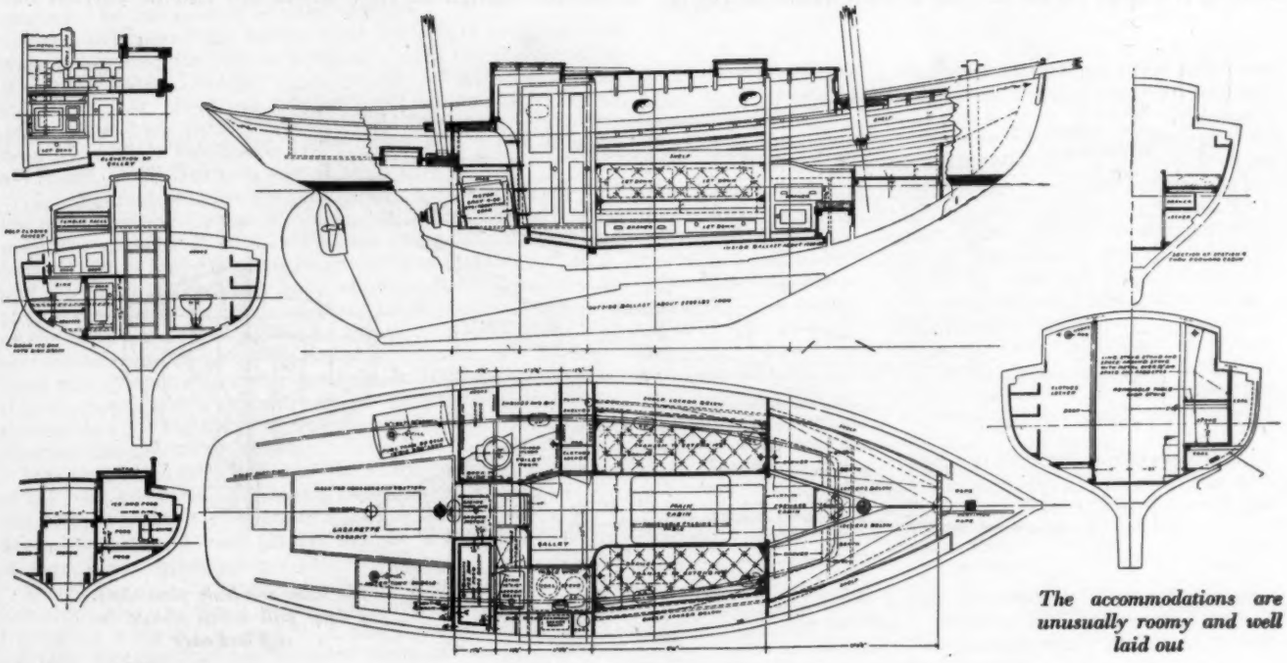
*Construction section, giving general specifications*

and bridge deck 18″ wide, so there is about 7½′ of usable cockpit length.

The principal dimensions are: Length over all, 29′ 9″; length waterline, 23′ 11″; beam, 9′ 2″; draft, 5′ 3″; overhang forward, 1′ 10″; overhang aft, 4′ 0″; freeboard, bow, 4′ 2″; freeboard, least, 2′ 2″; stern, 2′ 11″. Displacement, 14,300 lbs. Ballast outside, 5500 lbs. of iron; inside, about 1000 lbs. Sail area: jib, 110 sq. ft.; mainsail, 244 sq. ft.; mizzen, 128 sq. ft.; total, 482 sq. ft.

The construction plan shows that the scantlings are amply heavy to stand all sorts of punishment, and I would not advise that they be made heavier.

This is the third of a series of designs for small auxiliary sail boats of less than 30 feet. A 26-footer appeared in the June issue of YACHTING, and a 29-footer in the August issue. These three designs have pretty well covered about all the types of small auxiliary cruisers.



*The accommodations are unusually roomy and well laid out*

# Under the Lee of the Longboat

## by Cap Stan

RECEIVED a postal card a couple of weeks ago from Alain Gerbault, the intrepid Frenchman who sailed around the world alone in his cutter *Firecrest*. It read: "Hurrah! I am outward bound!" Not a long message, but to one who can read between the lines it spells volumes. For he's away in his new double-ended cutter, *La Belle Fille de Soleil*, wandering across the bounding main, bound for his beloved South Seas and the primitive life which he loves so well. Well, good luck, Alain. Many an office slave will envy you your roving existence. If you see these lines, drop me a couple in return when you arrive somewhere or other.

+ + +

Frostbite Dinghy activities are already well under way around New York, Boston and way stations, the Larchmont Y. C. alone having scheduled ten races for the coming season. Unfortunately, everyone seems bent on developing the fastest possible dinghy, with scant consideration of the letter or spirit of the rules requiring the little craft to be *genuine utility dinks*, which will row well, tow well, and so forth. The committee of the North American Dinghy Association has done nothing whatever towards enforcing the rules, though various members of the committee are well aware of certain dinks which do not qualify. However, around Boston they are making towing tests, and this will probably start the ball rolling in other localities. If the North American Dinghy Association isn't going to enforce the rules, then who is? Get busy, boys, and clear up a situation which is getting quite chaotic and unsatisfactory.

+ + +

It took nothing more than a 42-mile southerly blow to create considerable havoc early in October among the yachting fleet moored in various harbors along Long Island Sound. Dragged moorings, chafed pennants, broken chains — broken bowsprits, boats in the mud and on the beach, and some on the rocks. When will we learn to put out proper moorings, and to renew our pennants in the fall, and put on plenty of chafing gear?

+ + +

Lorna Whittelsey may have lost the Women's Championship in what I have been told was a pretty fluky series of races, but she came through to win the championship of the Sound Interclub Class, an outfit which has dissipated the ego of some of our best racing helmsmen. Don't let anyone tell you that Lorna can't hold her own against the best of the sterner sex. Just get up against her in a dinghy, a Star, an Atlantic, or an Interclub, and you'll soon find that she knows every angle of the racing game, and doesn't need to ask odds from anyone. Natural aptitude, plus study, application and hard work, is the answer.

+ + +

The winner of the British designing competition under the Ocean Racing Rule of the Royal Ocean Racing Club is a fine-looking cutter-rigged craft, and typical of the type of boat which the Britons consider best suited to their average sailing conditions — narrow and deep. Yet last summer the Yankee cutter *Highland Light* chased the British cutter *Patience* around the Fastnet course and finished something like a minute and a half behind, due entirely to a bad landfall on the Fastnet on the part of *Highland Light*. Both boats were designed 50 feet water line, and were new, up-to-date creations — *Highland Light* designed by Frank Paine, and *Patience* by Charlie Nicholson. Their rigs were quite similar. Yet *Highland Light* has nearly two feet more beam than *Patience*, and somewhat less draft! Which made the American craft far more roomy and comfortable on deck and below. To windward there was little to choose between the two. Down wind the Yankee was decisively faster. Yet in the face of this and other comparisons, our English cousins cling to their narrow, deep hookers. As for the jib-headed cutter rig on a cruiser of this size — well, ask the crew of the *Highland Light*. The fact that the smaller schooner *Water Gipsy* led *Patience* three-fourths of the way around the course, 200 miles of which was to windward, seems to have made no impression whatever. Hi-ho. Pass the cigars, James.

+ + +

Big boat racing shows signs of picking up during the coming season, despite present economic conditions. From England comes the word that a new Class J boat will be designed and built by Nicholson, while over here there seems an excellent chance that two or more Twelve-Metre boats will be built, with a view to international racing in that class, a matter which has been agitated for some time in certain circles. I like that idea of an international match between Twelve-Metres, and hope it goes through in 1933.

# Proposed New One-Design Class for Long Island Sound

MANY racing yachtsmen feel that the time is ripe for a new one-design class of small craft for racing on Long Island Sound. It has been some years since such a class has made an appearance, the Sound Interclubs and Atlantic Coast classes being the most recent. While both of these are "still going strong," some of the older classes are gradually losing their popularity, leaving the gate open for the introduction of a newcomer. A committee composed of Percy F. Weeks, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., R. N. Bavier, Larchmont Y. C., and Kingsley Kunhardt, American Y. C., is now considering several new designs, and hopes that the final selection will meet with the approval not only of Long Island Sound yachtsmen, but those of Chicago, Marblehead, Gibson Island and elsewhere, thus paving the way for intersectional competition.

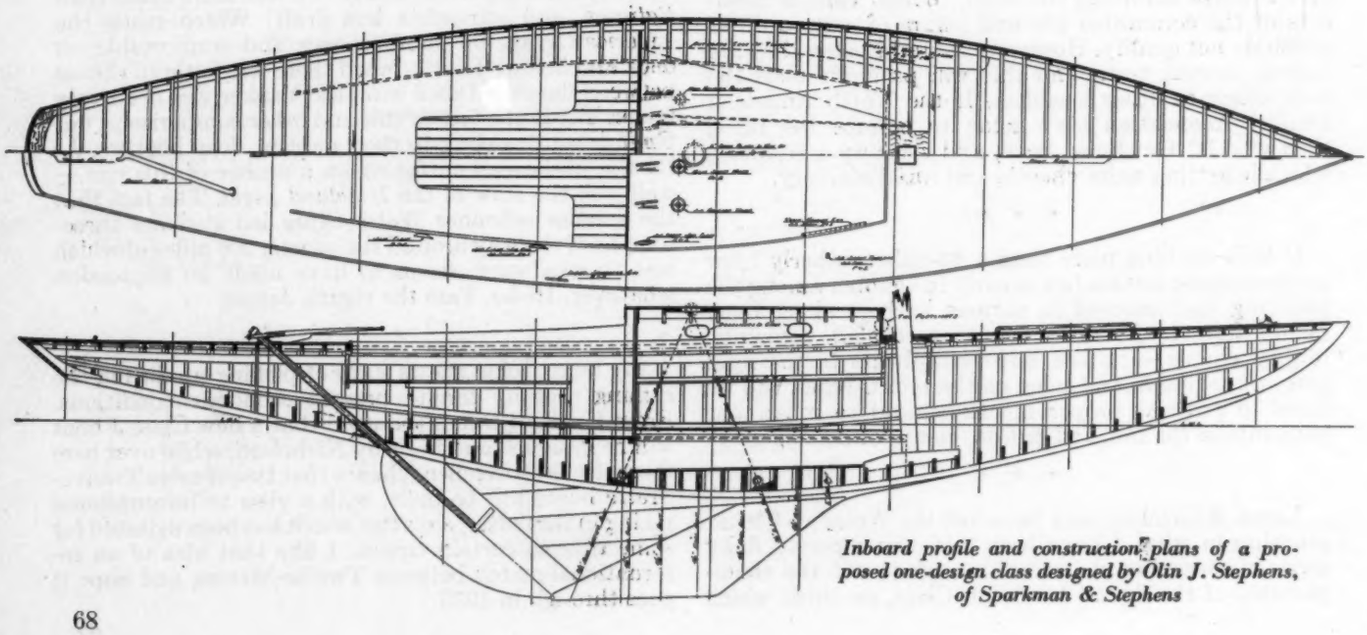
One of the designs submitted to this committee is reproduced on this page. It is from the board of Olin J. Stephens, of Sparkman & Stephens, and shows a craft of light displacement and small sail area whose principal dimensions are as follows: l.o.a. 34′ 4″; l.w.l. 23′; beam, 7′; draft, 4′ 7″; sail area, 434 sq. ft. The displacement is 6100 pounds, of which 3600 pounds is in the lead keel.

A glance at the plans will show that the newcomer is a fairly long-ended and narrow craft with easily-driven form, with easy entrance and exit. The freeboard is a shade higher than in most of the existing small classes. The construction has been kept as simple as possible, in order that the cost might be kept down without in any way cheapening the quality of the work.

The rig is decidedly simple, with permanent backstay to the taffrail, double jumper stays taking the strain usually handled by runners, and the headstay being eliminated. The small cabin is roomy enough to contain two berths and leave plenty of stowage space for sails and gear. The cockpit is well laid out for a racing crew of three or four. Lifting bolts in the keel assure ease of handling for transportation purposes.

One of these boats is already under construction at a City Island yacht yard, and will be out sailing before the end of the year.

*Sail and deck plans*



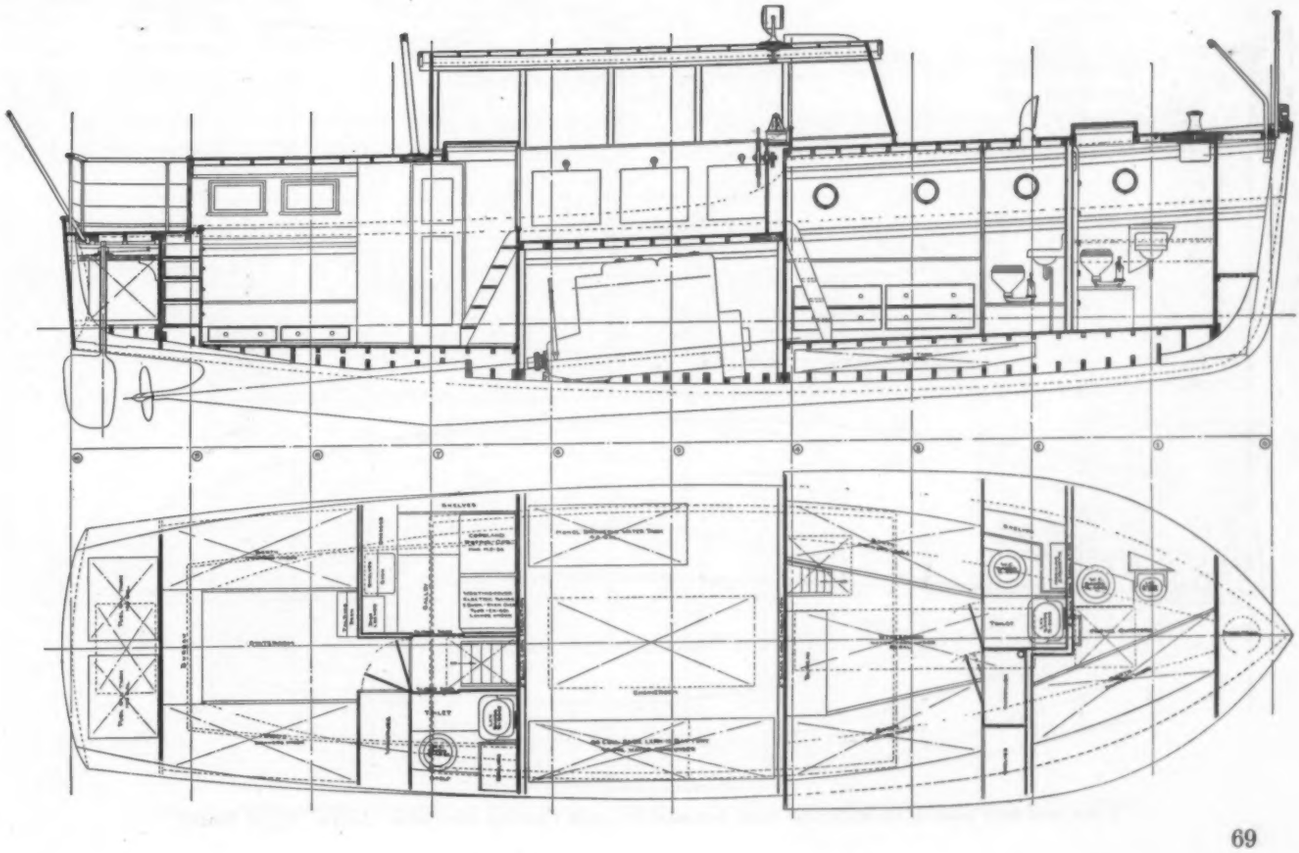
*Inboard profile and construction plans of a proposed one-design class designed by Olin J. Stephens, of Sparkman & Stephens*

# A 41-Foot Cruiser with Minimum Fire Hazard

MANY yachtsmen interested in reducing the fire hazard to an absolute minimum will be interested in the accompanying plans of a handsome 41-foot cruiser from the board of Leonard M. Richards, Philadelphia naval architect. For not only is this craft powered with a Diesel motor, but cooking, heating and refrigeration are all carried on by means of electricity, thus eliminating any dangers which might accrue from the use of liquid fuels, bottled gas, coal or other solid fuel.

The power plant is a 100 h.p. Winton Diesel motor, which drives the boat at 14 knots cruising speed, and to which is connected, by means of a V-belt and clutch, the main generator, of 12 k.w. capacity, the main batteries being 15-plate Exides. While the original installation cost of motor, generator, etc., is somewhat larger than usual, the cost of operation for cooking, heating, etc., is said to be far under what it would be ashore at the usual electrical rates.

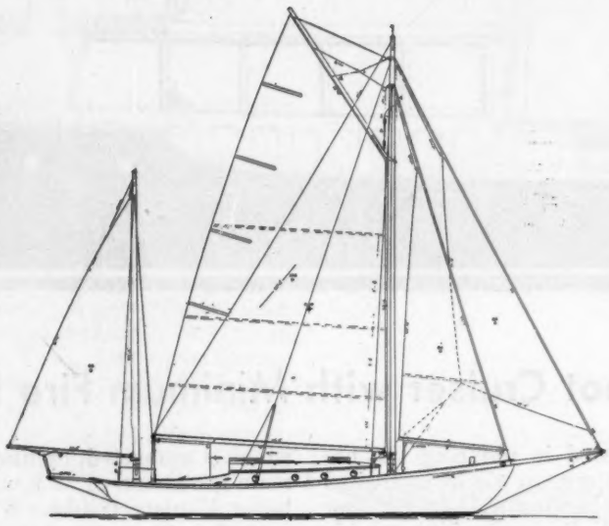
There is plenty of room inside, including two staterooms, large deckhouse, crew's quarters forward, etc. The dimensions are: l.o.a. 41′; l.w.l. 40′; beam, 10′6″; draft, 3′4″.



# An Able Auxiliary Yawl for Use on the Pacific Coast

ON THIS and the next page are the plans of a small cruising yawl designed by a Pacific Coast architect for a Pacific Coast yachtsman, which should soon be under construction in a Pacific Coast yacht yard. She comes from the board of Leigh H. Coolidge, naval architect of Seattle, a former "down easter" who sailed New England waters for many years before moving West, and will be owned by Falcon Joslin, Jr., also of Seattle. The principal dimensions are: l.o.a. 32′ 9″; l.w.l. 24′ 6″; beam, 9′; draft, 5′ 3″; sail area, 640 sq. ft.

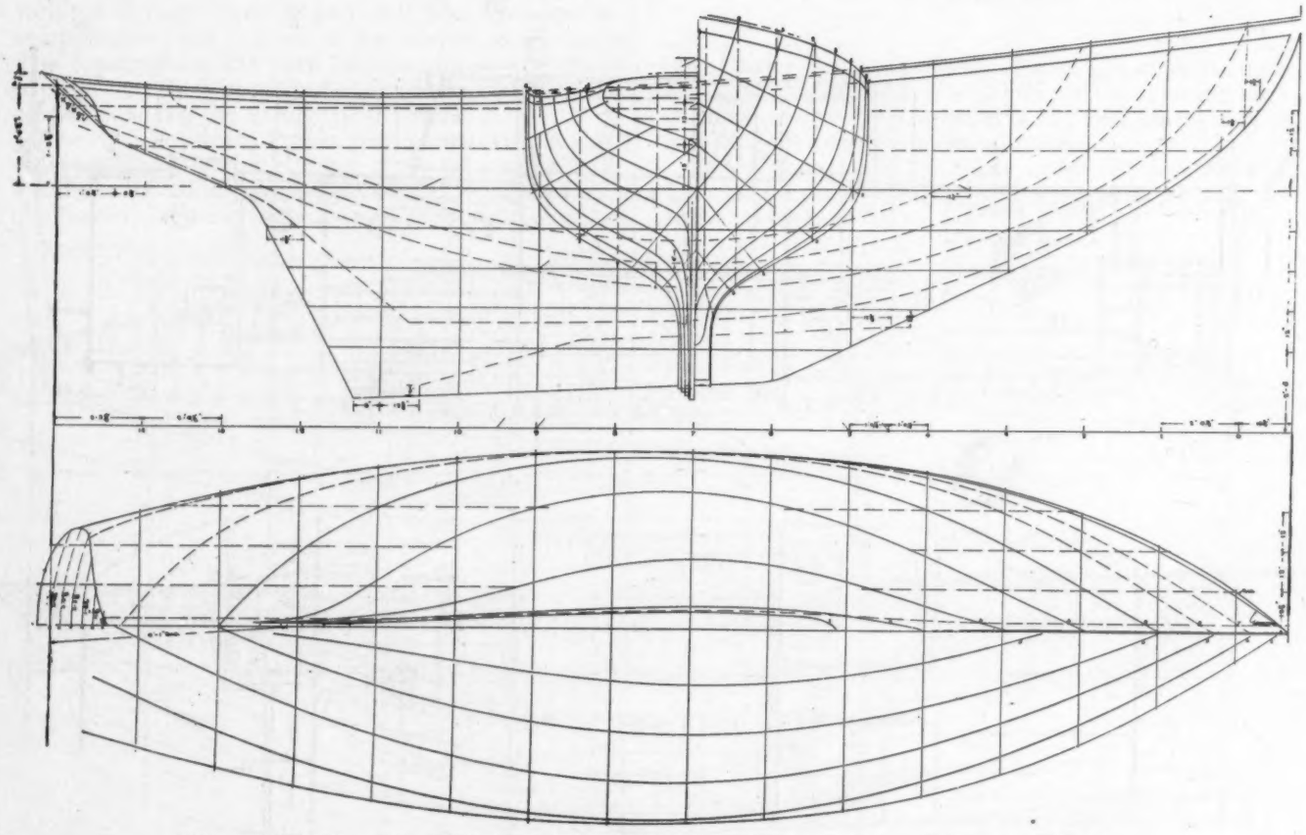
In developing the boat, the designer had to take into consideration the peculiar conditions in the Pacific Northwest, where tidal conditions vary somewhat from those found on the East Coast. Such waters as the Strait of Juan de Fuca, where a short, choppy sea makes up on short notice, with other ugly tide rips in various localities, make necessary an able, powerful craft with good windward ability. The plans show a well proportioned craft of nice sheer and freeboard, easy entrance, moderate beam and a 5700-pound lead keel to assure plenty of stability. As the architect comments: "She is a well balanced craft for all-round cruising purposes."



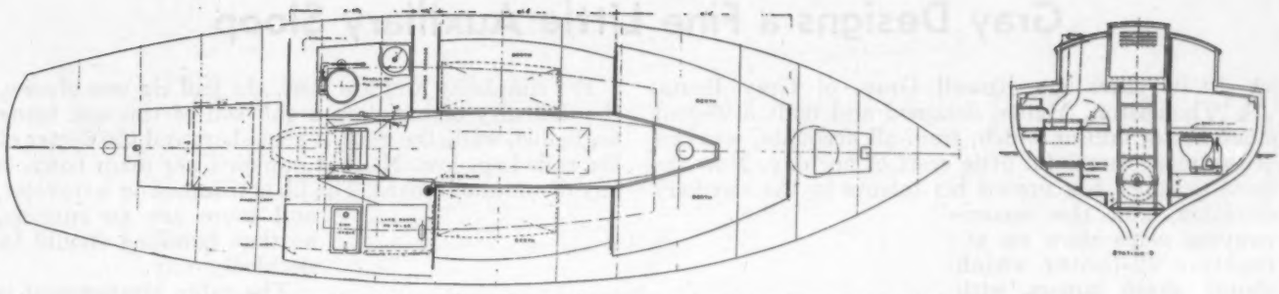
*Sail plan*

The gaff mainsail has a "seagoing" appearance, while the jib-headed mizzen is a simple sail to handle. Double headrig was adopted to assure plenty of sail combinations in all weathers, it being anticipated that reefing will seldom be necessary. A 2-cylinder, 8 h.p. Halling engine should drive her 5½ miles an hour. Tankage for 30 gallons of fuel and 60 gallons of water is provided.

The interior arrangement shows berths for four people, with an open cabin for average use, though the two forward berths may easily be curtained off to make a small stateroom. The galley, ice box, etc., are aft, to starboard, with toilet room opposite, and good storage space available in forepeak, lockers, shelves, etc. Construction will be moderately heavy, with oak frames, yellow fir planking, white pine decks, and stem, stern and deck framing of Alaskan cedar. Spars will be solid spruce.



*Lines and body plan of the able little yawl designed by Leigh Coolidge for Falcon Joslin, Jr., of Seattle*

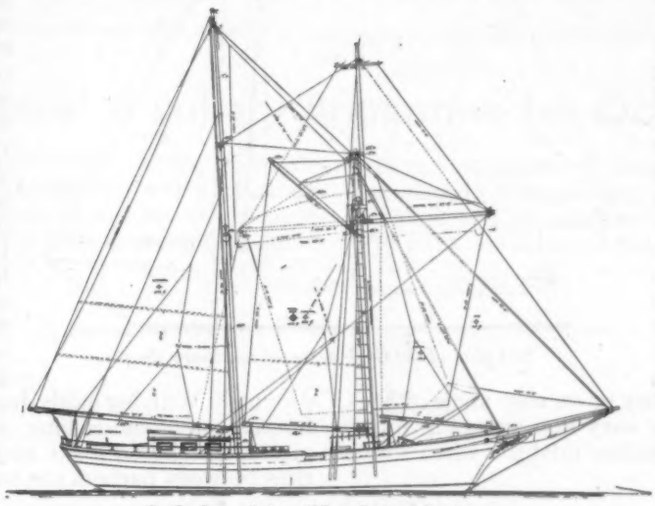


*Accommodation plan of the Coolidge-designed yawl for a Seattle yachtsman, described on preceding page*

# An Unusual Small Schooner for Seagoing Work

AN INTERESTING addition to the ranks of small seagoing cruising craft which are "somewhat different" is shown in the plans below of a schooner of unusual type. We don't know just what the type is, but it might be termed "coasting schooner," or perhaps "commercial." At any rate, she is from the board of John G. Alden, and is now being built in an Eastern yard for Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers, of Boston. Her principal dimensions are: l.o.a. 48′ 4″; l.w.l. 40′ 1″; beam, 14′; draft, 6′; sail area, four lowers, 1075 sq. ft.

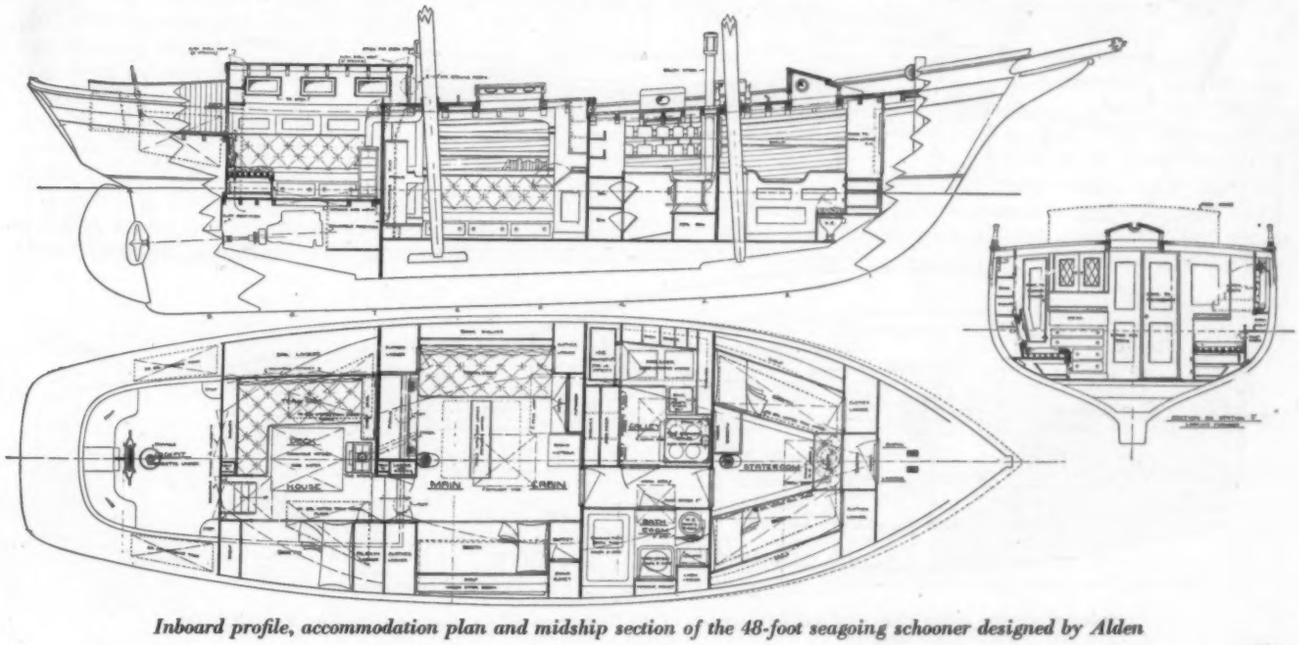
This flush-decked craft has a tremendous amount of room both on deck and down below. As no paid crew will be carried, the owner's party of seven people may be comfortably accommodated, with large double stateroom forward, three berths in the main cabin, and two more berths in the sunken deckhouse. In addition, there is a good bathroom and large galley abaft the stateroom forward, and the deckhouse contains, besides the berths, a stove, chart case, lockers, etc. A small 4-cylinder reduction gear motor is installed under the floor of the deckhouse, and will be used only in the lightest weather for getting into port.



*Sail plan of the Alden-designed schooner*

The clipper bow is somewhat unusual, but was advocated by the designer where the freeboard was so high, although he does not favor it in the usual type of yacht. The rig is short, with small jib-headed mainsail, gaff foresail, two headsails, and squaresail and raffees for use when the wind is well aft.

Here are some of the designer's comments: "This little ship should be able to go anywhere, sailing on her bottom, and should be most liveable on long trips at sea."

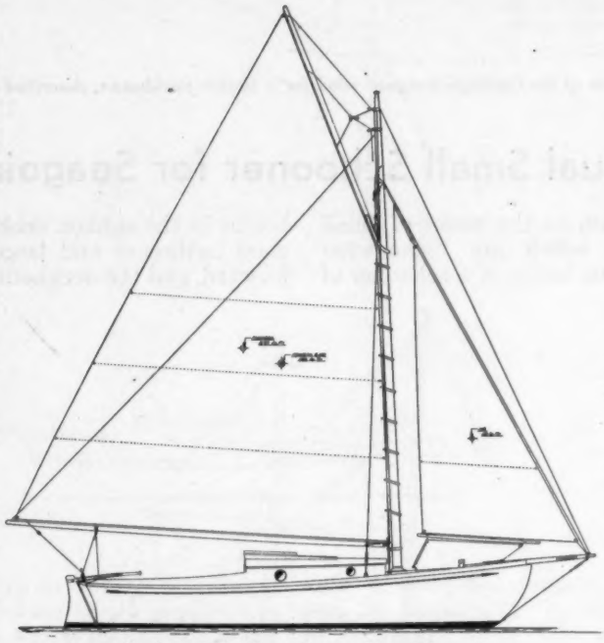



*Inboard profile, accommodation plan and midship section of the 48-foot seagoing schooner designed by Alden*

# Gray Designs a Fine Little Auxiliary Sloop

A FEW years ago Russell Gray, of Gray Boats, Thomaston, Maine, designed and built a 28-foot stock motor cruiser which, from all accounts, was one of the most successful little craft of her day. Now the same designer has turned his talents in the auxiliary direction, and the accompanying plans show an attractive 22-footer which should share honors with her older sisters. She is sloop-rigged, with 306 square feet of sail, and is of the following dimensions: l.o.a. 21′ 10″; l.w.l. 18′ 11″; beam, 7′ 6″; draft, 3′ 11″. Practically all the ballast is outside, as it should be in so small a sailing craft, with a bit inside for trimming purposes.

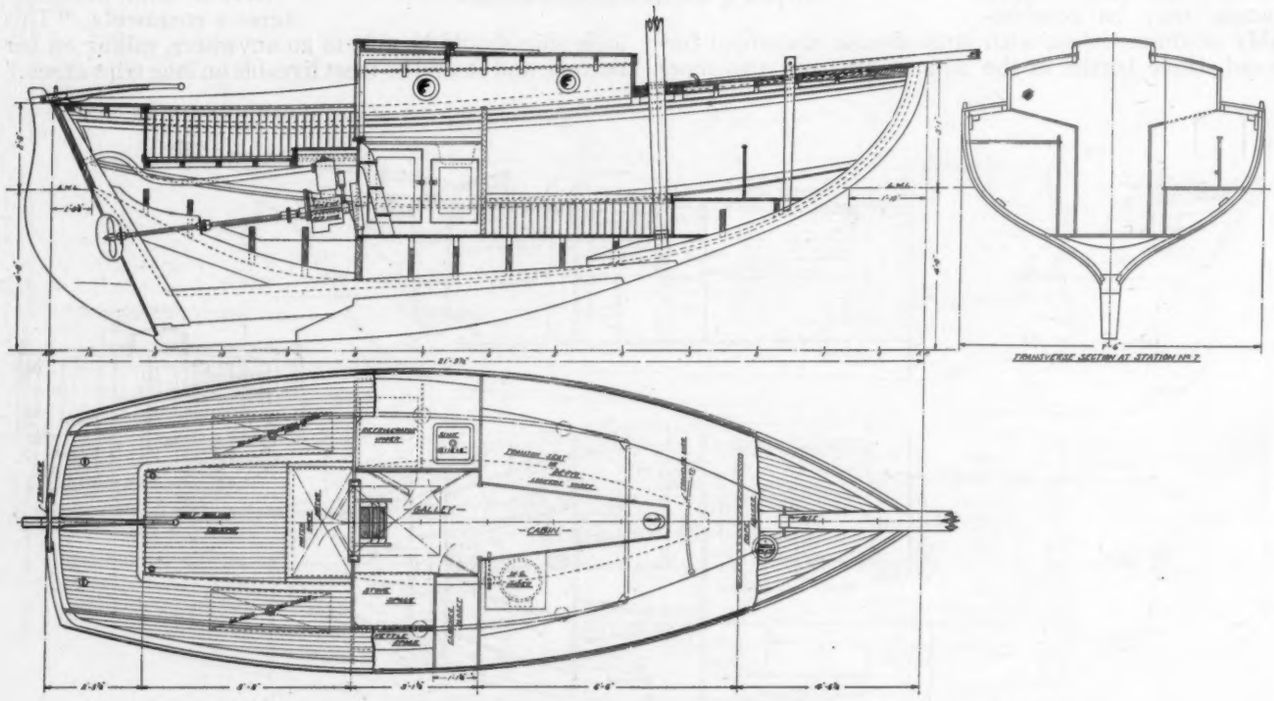
The line plan, and body plan, shown on the following page, reveal a nicely-turned hull of normal dimensions. Moderate sheer, short ends and ample freeboard are blended so as to produce a pleasing profile, with the rudder hung "outdoors," where inspection and repairs are easily made, besides which the rudder port, so often the cause of grief, is done away with. The bilges have a touch of hardness, for stability at an easy angle of heel. The buttocks are unusually easy and sweeping for so small a craft, ensuring fine sailing qualities when sheets are slacked.



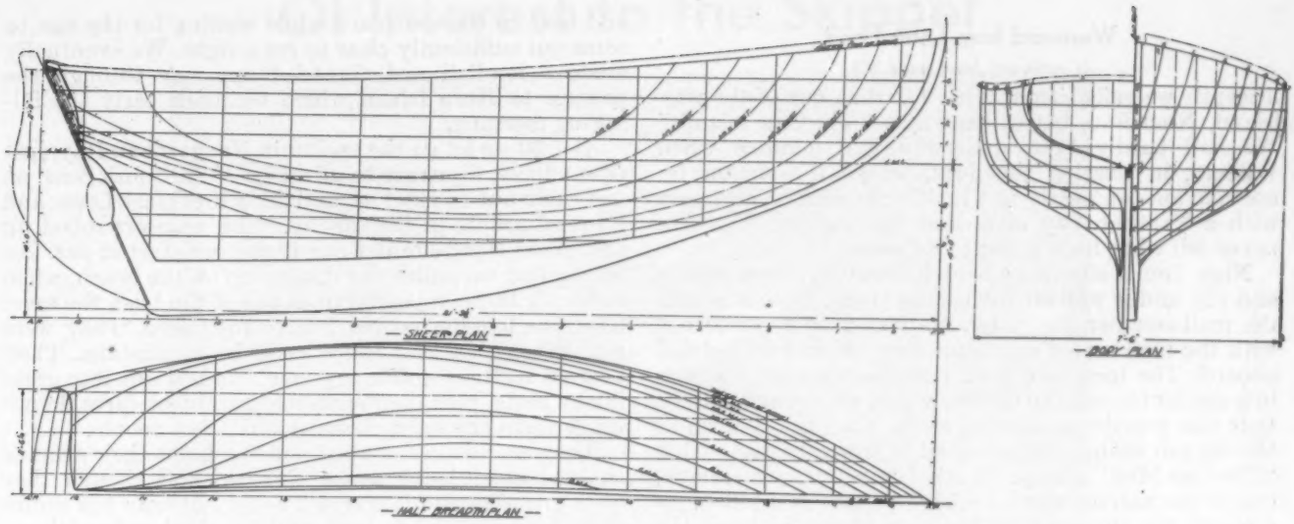
*Sail plan of the Gray-designed auxiliary sloop*

For simplicity and low cost, the gaff rig was chosen, the difficulty of handling a gaff sail of this size being negligible, while the mast is kept short and the center of the sails kept low. Neither bowsprit nor main boom is any distance outboard. The jib is trimmed on a traveler, and there are no runners, so that handling should be decidedly easy.

The cabin arrangement is laid out for two people, with a toilet under the starboard transom. The designer shows great wisdom in giving plenty of space to the galley, which is aft, with stove to starboard and sink and ice box to port. There is a clothes locker and plenty of shelf and stowage space. The motor, a single cylinder, 4-cycle Red Wing of 5 h.p., is installed under a small bridge deck, immediately accessible by removing the companion steps. The shaft runs through the deadwood, and turns a feathering wheel. The exhaust line is straight for most of its length, with easy bends in place of L's, assuring a maximum output of power. Tankage for 20 gallons of fuel and the same quantity of water is provided. With her easily-handled rig, snug and complete interior accommodations, and simple and economical motor, she should make an ideal little cruiser where the runs between harbors are not too long.




*Inboard profile, cabin plan and midship section of the 22-foot auxiliary sloop designed by Russell Gray*




*Lines and body plan of the Gray-designed sloop, described on preceding page*

# A Small Diesel Auxiliary Brigantine for Ocean Cruising

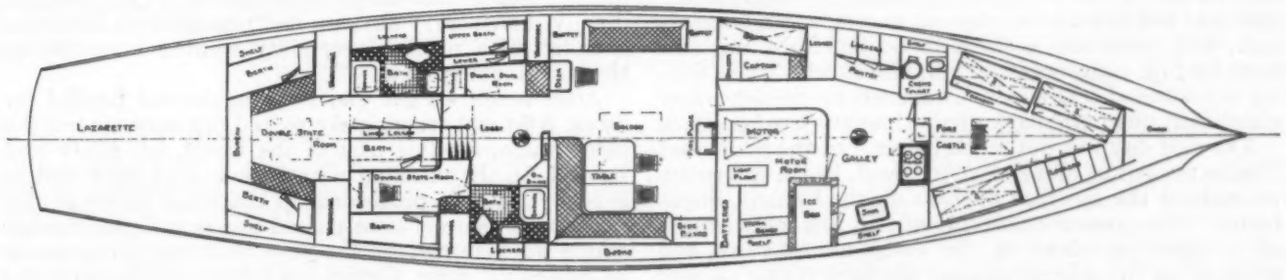
MEGARGEL AND GRUBER, INC., have designed the auxiliary brigantine whose plans appear on this page for a yachtsman who intends to cruise in the West Indies and, at a later date, make a more extended cruise in Southern Pacific waters. The principal dimensions are: l.o.a. 88′ 6″; l.w.l. 71′ 6″; beam, 21′; draft, 10′ 6″; sail area, 4300 sq. ft.

For ease of handling, a rather small single topsail was decided upon, with topgallant and royal above, making reefing of squaresails unnecessary. Very efficient staysails are provided between the masts for efficiency in going to windward, while for running in the Trades the square canvas should assure a most comfortable ship, and at the same time provide a good turn of speed.

*Sail plan*

A 100 h.p. Diesel engine, with fuel for 4000 miles of cruising under power alone, will be installed, besides a Diesel-electric generator with ample storage batteries which, in addition to electric lights, will furnish power for electric refrigeration, anchor windlass, ventilating blowers, and all auxiliary machinery. The galley range will burn the same oil that is used in the main engine. Water tankage sufficient for 60 days assures almost limitless cruising without the necessity of making port for a fresh supply.

The deck is flush, except that the quarter deck is raised six inches from a point just abaft the mainmast, where there is a small sunken shelter cabin containing chart table, drawers, shelves, and a transom berth. Below decks there are three double staterooms and two bathrooms, a good lobby with oilskin locker, gun racks, space for fishing tackle, etc. Forward of this is a main saloon 12 feet long and the full width of the ship. Then comes a large engine room, captain's stateroom, galley, and forecastle for six or eight men, toilet room and plenty of lockers and shelves.




*Interior accommodation plan of the auxiliary brigantine designed by Megargel and Gruber, Inc.*

## Westward from Lotus Land

(*Continued from page 36*)

fifteenth we sailed from Apia for that out-of-the-way island, Niau Fou, better known as "Tin Can Island." We had hardly been underway five minutes when William, in clearing the deck, let go the anchor by mistake and we nearly lost it. It's amusing to go to sea with a Tahitian boy of meager intelligence. You can never tell what he is going to do next.

Niau Fou is situated about halfway between Samoa and Fiji and is well off the beaten track. Once a month the mail steamer passes by. Natives used to swim out with the mail sealed in biscuit tins which were hoisted aboard. The incoming mail was thrown over the side in a similar tin and the natives would swim back with it. It is this practice which has made Niau Fou known as the tin can island, and the mail is now canceled with a "Tin Can Mail" stamp. Shortly before our arrival there, one of the natives was bitten by a shark and killed. As a result, the tin can mail has been abandoned and the journey is now made by canoe. Due to the rough nature of the coast and the high seas, it is not always possible to land a canoe, so perhaps before long the shark incident will be forgotten and the "Tin Can Mail" will resume operation.

Niau Fou is also a volcanic island and as late as 1929 an eruption occurred there. As we approached the island to the westward, to find the only good anchorage available, we could make out the lava flows from this last eruption. At noon we anchored just off the village, which had been destroyed. The huge lava streams flowed right through it on their march to the sea. Everything had been obliterated except the concrete church, and what was once a thriving village of native huts is now a mass of ashes marked by the whitewashed ruins of the church, which stands out like a tombstone.

Although Niau Fou is located east of the 180th meridian, nevertheless the same time is used there as in Fiji. Hence we found ourselves arriving a day late. As it was Saturday, the only two white men living on the island had closed their trading stores for the afternoon and had gone duck hunting in the lake, formed in the crater of the volcano. From several of the natives who spoke English we learned that there had been no boat for months and that we were the first white people to visit the island since a scientific expedition had left in November. We were given drinking cocoanuts, the largest I have ever seen, and we left the mail with one of the natives who promised to post it for us.

Back on the boat we turned in immediately after supper. I was dead tired after the encounter with the lava beds, as they do not make the most comfortable surface for walking. About nine a fresh land breeze sprang up and we dragged anchor and drifted out to sea. George discovered it on one of his trips to the deck to look around, and called all hands. It was pitch black and the island was nowhere to be seen. To find it in the darkness and in such treacherous waters, was a hopeless task, and there was nothing to do but hoist sail and start for Fiji. Rain began to fall, and several times during my watch I was rudely awakened by the icy water which beat down my back every time my head nodded.

The next day was not much better, but the Southeast Trades pushed us along at good speed. In the afternoon we sighted the steamer *Sonoma* on the horizon, Suva-bound. The excessive currents of the Fiji reefs caused us to miss an island in the early morning we had counted on for a landfall, and daylight found us well in the pass with breakers ahead. We put her hard over and beat to the south'ard while waiting for the sun to come out sufficiently clear to get a sight. We eventually made a landfall and threaded our way through the passage to Koro Island which we made early the following morning.

At 7:30 we let go the anchor in Nangardanu Bay, just off a village. Contrary to all ethics of the South Seas, no one came out to meet us, and after breakfast Louie and I rowed ashore in the dinghy. With trousers rolled up and shoes slung around our necks, we started out. No sooner had we pulled the dinghy up on the beach, when suddenly there appeared from out of the bush the most ferocious looking people I have ever seen. They were real Fijians. Of that there could be no mistake. Their negroid features and kinky hair, combed out into great bushy mats, plus their snag-toothed, black faces do not make them the most cheerful looking of people.

They crowded around us and stuck out their arms to shake hands. None spoke English, and though they were grinning and laughing I could not help but notice that, before each of them could shake hands with us, it was necessary to change a large, long and very vicious-looking knife from the right hand to the left. The hand shaking over, they immediately transferred the knife back to the right hand, "ready for instant use," as I remarked to Louie.

They watched curiously as we put on our shoes and when we had completed the operation, one of them grabbed me by the arm, grunted something, and started back into the bush. I followed with some misgivings, while Louie brought up the rear, hard pressed by the remaining natives who took great delight in stabbing at the trees with their knives as we passed. From time to time Louie would urge me on with, "Step on it Ted, they're crowding me."

After walking along for some twenty minutes, during which time Louie continued to make things more pleasant by reminding me that it "wasn't so very long ago that these people used to eat white men," we arrived at a village. It was not the village which we could see from the boat, but a much larger and more important one. A big native, clad in nothing but a dirty loin cloth, came rushing forward, knife extended. Passing it deftly from his right hand to the left, without missing a step, he grunted something about "Come on, shake hands!" He then informed me that he could speak English, and he wasn't very far wrong at that. He managed to understand everything I said and he could speak fairly well.

The whole village listened attentively while our friend who claimed he spoke English translated my brief outline of the trip. They gasped in amazement when they heard that we had a white woman with us. I answered all questions to the best of my ability and let it go at that. When the questions began to lag, I seized the opportunity of leaving before it was too late.

They followed us right to the water's edge and stood there grinning as we pulled away. Needless to say, we did not stop to take off our shoes before we got into the dinghy. I was sorry that we had neglected to bring the cameras with us for I certainly wanted a picture of that evil-looking crew.

After lunch we got underway again and headed for Suva. All night we gingerly picked our way among the reefs which, for this part of the world, are fairly well lighted. In the morning we struck a dead calm and at seven o'clock we proceeded up the coast under power.

Skirting the reefs, we picked our way to the harbor where we were met by the pilot boat which conducted us into Suva. Here *Nomad* was laid up indefinitely, and we returned to the States.

# Of Interest to the Skipper

*"Zantre," an unusually sturdy 45-foot cruiser, is owned by Booth Tarkington, who uses her in Maine waters. She is powered with twin 225 h.p. Kermath engines which give her speeds up to 21 m.p.h.*

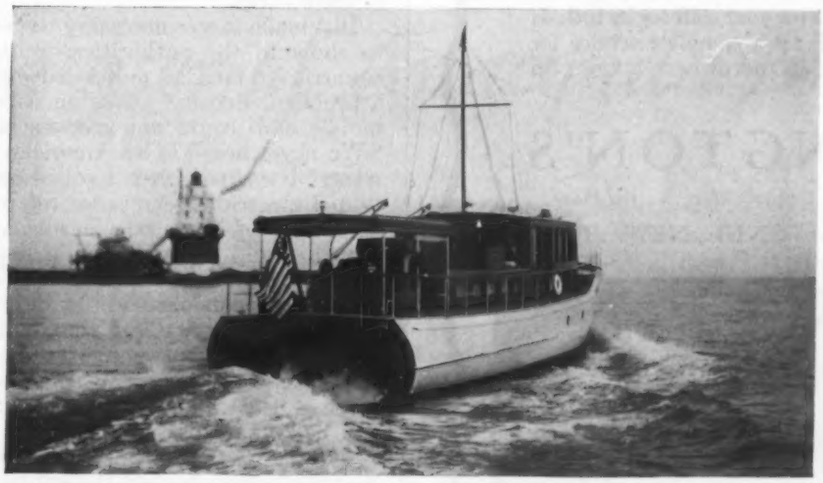
## New Bath Shipyard Corporation

THE shipyard at Bath, Me., which has been leased for the past five years by the Bath Iron Works Corporation, has been purchased by the Bath Corporation.

This Maine yard is one of the outstanding shipbuilding plants in the world and since its reorganization, late in 1927, it has turned out nearly a score of private yachts, including *Corsair*, *Hi-Esmaro*, *Winchester* and many others. It has also constructed half a dozen or more trawlers, seven 165-foot patrol boats for the U. S. Coast Guard, and soon construction will start on the new 1500-ton U. S. Navy destroyer *Dewey*.

The yard, operated under lease by the officials who were instrumental in its purchase, is one of the oldest shipbuilding properties in the U. S. Wooden ships were constructed on its site during the past century and the nucleus of the present plant was begun shortly after the Civil War.

The same officers will direct the corporation, including Mr. Newell as president, A. M. Main as general manager, and L. E. Thebeau as treasurer.



*A new 55-foot cruiser designed and built by the Vinyard Ship Building Co., of Milford, Delaware. With two 180 h.p. Sterling Petrel engines, she has a top speed of 16 m.p.h.*

+ +

## A New Small Webbperfection Range

Elisha Webb & Son Co., of 136 South Front St., Philadelphia, makers of the well-known line of Webbperfection ranges, have recently developed and are now manufacturing a small two-hole coal range, ideal for use on auxiliaries, power craft or sailing cruisers. The new Decoy range, as it is called, is compact, well-built for rugged usage, and contains a single oven for baking. A rail is mounted around the top to keep pots and kettles from sliding off in heavy weather, or when a sail boat is heeled down.

The Decoy range is available in two sizes; the smaller one has top dimensions of 20 x 14 inches, with an oven 11 x 9½ x 7 inches; the larger one is 22½ x 15 inches on top, and has a 12 x 11½ x 7½-inch oven. The former is model No. 68 and the latter No. 78. Both are provided with a 4-inch smoke pipe, and 3- or 6-inch feet are optional. More complete information may be obtained by writing to the above address.

## Dee Wite Service at Harmsworth Race

During the recent Harmsworth race a 24-foot Dee Wite cruiser and four Dee Wite runabouts provided invaluable service and did everything but actually participate in the race itself. These boats were officially placed in service as press dispatch boats, but that was only a small part of their duties. They served in three separate capacities — as official transportation for movie cameramen, as a means of transporting Western Union linesmen and operators, and, of most importance, as life-saving craft, with eight rescues to their credit.

All told, this Dee Wite fleet transported more than 350 men for a distance of five and a half miles, together with tons of equipment, and this was done under severe visibility and traffic conditions. In fact, visibility was practically *nil*, as the entire job was done between 3:00 and 6:30 in the morning, in pitch darkness. On the first morning a soaking rain added to the difficulty of operation.

All assignments were completed without a single mishap or engine failure, for which performance the drivers and Dee Wite factory officials were warmly complimented. So well pleased were the officials in charge of the work that Dee Wite was immediately invited to provide the same service at the 1933 regatta, an invitation which they have accepted. The 1933 event will be outstanding as it will include both the Harmsworth, and the Gold Cup races.

+ +

## Ailsa Craig Small Diesels

H. Mills Garner, Inc., 30 Church St., New York, agents for the Ailsa Craig Motor Co., report an increasing interest in the cold starting, full Diesel engines of small horsepower, both for marine and industrial use. There is an ever growing demand for small, compact, light weight Diesels, and numerous

(*Continued on page 85*)

. . . DOWN
*to* DAVY JONES *with*
*that Landlubber China!*

CHINA that's chipped, china that's cracked has no place in a ship-shape galley. Right now you can ship a set of gallant Ovington china for your craft for as little as $45. That includes a complete service for six with your club and owner's burgees on each piece.

OVINGTON'S

*Yacht China, Crystal, Silver . . . 3rd Floor*

437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Pipe these new Lenox china patterns with crystal to match. Ivory bodied with gold edge with bands in color. Dinner plates from $36.50 a dozen. Other pieces in proportion.

## The Cape Cod Catboat

*(Continued from page 56)*

racing cats set a jib on a similar spar, more to cheat a rule than because they needed it. A few of these racing cats were out of balance and, in such cases, the jib made steering easier. There should be no necessity for setting a jib in a well-designed cat. None of the working cats had a spreader on the forestay, but some racing cats did because of the strain brought on the masthead by the very long gaffs and booms. Some of these big cats required shrouds, set up to outriggers over each bow.

The size of the catboat varies from 11 to 32 feet on the load waterline, the beam varying from 5 to 14 feet. During the 80's and 90's, large cats, about 30 to 32 feet long on the waterline, 13 to 14 feet beam, and 3 or 3½ feet draft, were built at Osterville for party boats for use at Nantucket and other resorts. These were used only in good weather. With fishermen, the most popular size of cat is between 22 and 26 feet overall length. The Chatham boats were 24 to 26 feet in length.

The catboat is a national type and should be more popular among yachtsmen, as it is suitable for the type of sailing most of us do. For knocking around in sheltered waters and alongshore, for day sailing and week-end cruising, the cat is a splendid type. In fact, the Cape cat is suitable for any type of cruising, except offshore. The boats just described merit greater favor from yachtsmen than they have received in late years.

The writer is under obligations to Mr. Manley H. Crosby for the use of half-models, and for much useful information contained in this article.

\+ + +

## The Cruise of the "Marco Polo"

*(Continued from page 51)*

year we shall have an outside emergency tiller. Motorboats carrying passengers on the Danube are required to have them.

In Vienna it was necessary to get some kind of papers to show to the authorities. With the customs of six countries to face, all in discord with one another, it was a problem. Because I was an American boat the automobile club could not give me a triptych in Vienna. "We never heard of an American boat going down the river," I was consoled. I called on the American Legation. Industrious secretaries referred me to the Consul.

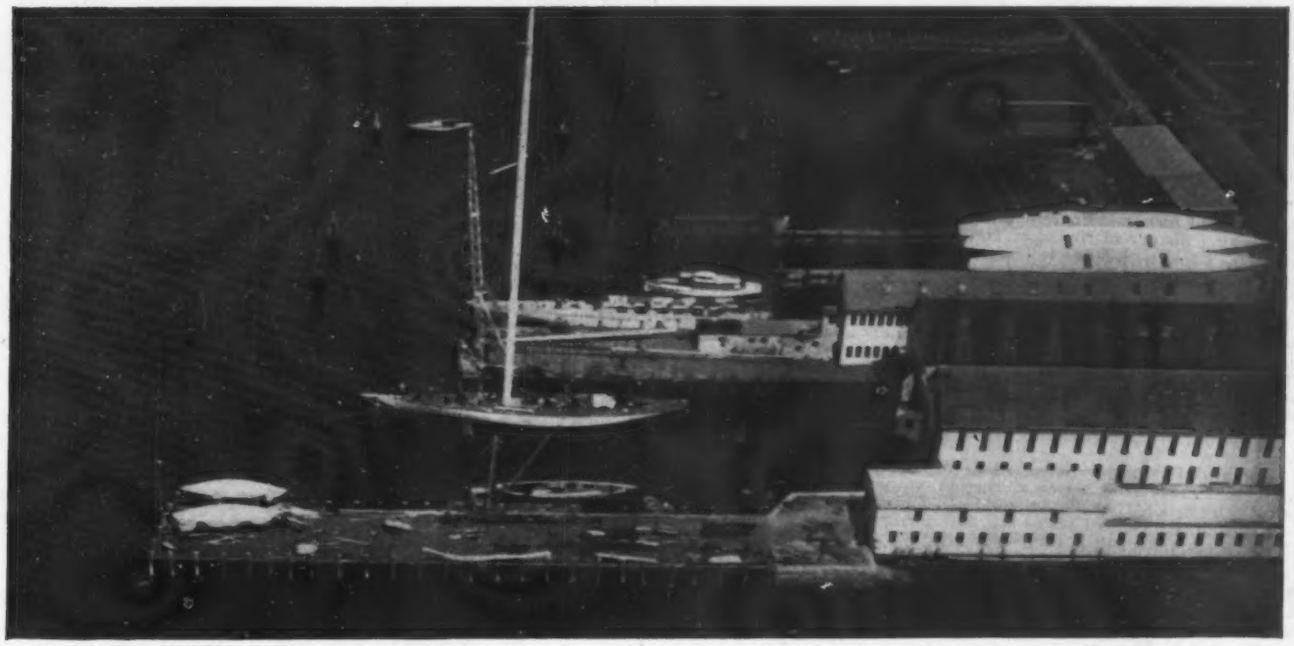
"But," I said, "the Consul has just referred me to you. I should like any kind of paper at all saying I am an American and that I have a boat." This was, evidently, in no book of diplomatic rules. Finally one of them brightly suggested that I put the boat under the Austrian flag. I gave up that approach and called on the legations of the countries through which I intended to pass. "You must have some paper from your American Legation," they said.

"No, no," I hastily assured them, "Americans don't do that," and changed the subject. They all seemed to think it a splendid idea to take a trip through their country and besides the visé gave me *Laissez Passées.*

Below Vienna the Danube gets more and more interesting as it twists and turns, flowing through rather flat country. It is full of shoals and sandbanks and requires constant watching. One goes first to one side and then the other, but seldom down the middle. The shores are sparsely settled, but heavily wooded, and indented with islands and small streams. Much work has been done to regulate the river with sea walls and jetties and so there are innumerable places to anchor in quiet water, very different from the Rhine.

With a fresh, crisp morning wind blowing up the river and hundreds of small sea gulls wheeling overhead, it

# *Today* as famous as *60 years ago*



*Five famous yachts appear in this air view of Herreshoff Manufacturing Company's plant: VANITIE, WEETAMOE and YANKEE—all contenders for the defense of the America's cup; and the victorious cup defenders, RESOLUTE and ENTERPRISE. The hulls of all five are plated with Tobin Bronze.*

# ...HERRESHOFF *long a user of Anaconda Metals*

THE HERRESHOFF name—always closely linked with yachting—achieved fame in 1864 when a totally blind but indomitably energetic 22-year-old youth, John B. Herreshoff, supervised the designing and building of nine sleek, swift sailing craft in an old tannery at Bristol, R. I.

Interesting is John B. Herreshoff's exhaustive search for the best of materials. In the late 60's, difficulty in obtaining suitable lumber led to the equipment of his own sawmill. In the early 70's, with his business turning to steam craft, John B., dissatisfied with available machinery, conceived and developed a boiler which drove a U. S. Navy torpedo boat at 21 miles an hour—lightning speed in those days. Today, by rigid adherence to the time-honored standards of Herreshoff design and workmanship, the Haffenreffer family is keeping the name "Herreshoff" one of enviable distinction in yachting circles the world over.

The old Cup Defenders, VIGILANT and DEFENDER, were Herreshoff-built. The hulls of both were plated with Tobin Bronze.* Our latest Cup Defender, ENTERPRISE, was also Herreshoff-built, and, like her predecessors, was also plated with Tobin Bronze. This consistent use of Tobin Bronze is an indication of the Herreshoff Company's long dependence upon The American Brass Company for Copper and Copper-alloys of unquestioned dependability.

If Everdur* Metal had been available during John B. Herreshoff's lifetime he would have delighted in its use. For, a quality builder always, he would have appreciated the marked superiority of this tough, ductile, rustless, strength-of-steel Copper-alloy for fastenings and fittings of all types. The Herreshoff Company of today, like other leading builders, makes extensive use of Everdur, secure in its knowledge that this Anaconda metal meets every requirement for the utmost dependability. *"Tobin Bronze" and "Everdur" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY
General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut
*Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities*

# ANACONDA COPPER & BRASS

## *Yo Ho . . . Ye "Yachting" Readers!*

## REMARKABLE SEA BOOK BARGAINS

PRICES reduced one-half and more—make your dollars do double duty for Christmas this year. Quantities limited—order *now!* Satisfaction guaranteed on all orders.

***Postage extra on all deliveries outside Boston***

**The Scourge of the Indies.** Buccaneers, Corsairs and Filibusters. From original texts and contemporary engravings, by Maurice Besson. The exciting history of the most famous Frenck West Indian pirates. Handsome book, with 5 fine full-page colored plates and 140 other illustrations. Cloth, 4to. London, 1929. Importer's price, $12.60.
**A Bargain at $4.50**

**Sailing Craft.** Mostly descriptive of Smaller Pleasure Sail Boats of the Day. Edited by Edwin J. Schoettle. Textually and pictorially probably the most complete book on sailing and racing ever published; with articles by famous yachtsmen covering every phase of sailing, and discussing every type of boat from sailing canoe and bilge-board scow to bugeye and schooner. Profusely illustrated with photographs, drawings and plans. Buckram, 4to. N. Y., 1928. Published at $12.00.
**A Bargain at $4.50**

**Mail and Passenger Steamships of the Nineteenth Century.** From the famous Macpherson Collection, with iconographical and historical notes by Capt. M. Parker and F. C. Bowen. Beautifully illustrated with 16 full-page colored plates and 170 in black and white. Buckram, gilt top, 4to. London, 1928. Importer's price, $20.00. **A Bargain at $6.50**

**Sailing Ships of War, 1800–1860.** Including the Transmission to Steam. By Sir Alan Moore. Including British, American and French ships, and handsomely illustrated with 91 full-page plates, of which 12 are in colors, tipped and mounted on the pages. Cloth, 4to. London, 1926. Importer's price, $25.00. **A Bargain at $7.50**

**The "America's" Cup Races.** By Herbert L. Stone, editor of "Yachting." The complete and authoritative chronicle of all the races from the victory of the "America" through the "Resolute"–"Shamrock IV" contest of 1920. Illustrated with many fine photographs, drawings and plans. Cloth, 8vo. N. Y., 1930. Published at $3.50.
**A Bargain at $1.00**

**The Diary of a Rum-Runner.** By Alastair Moray. Lively adventure with a crazy ship, a mutinous crew, revenue men and hi-jackers. Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo. London, (1929). Importer's price, $3.15.
**A Bargain at $1.00**

**The Buccaneers of America.** By John Esquemeling. Telling in vivid style that spares no horrid details of the outrages on West Indian coasts and Henry Morgan's exploits at Panama. Fine reprint of the edition of 1684–5 with the scarce Fourth Part, and facsimiles of the original illustrations and maps. Cloth, 8vo. London & N. Y., 1928. Published at $3.75
**A Bargain at $1.00**

**Battleships in Action.** By H. W. Wilson. A complete, authoritative history of naval warfare from the introduction of armor and the battle of the "Monitor" and "Merrimac" down through the Chino-Japanese, Spanish-American, Italian-Austrian, Russo-Japanese and Chilean-Peruvian naval wars to the Battle of Jutland and the end of the World War. Illustrated with over 100 half-tone plates, battle plans and diagrams. Cloth, 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1920. Importer's price, $14.00.
**A Bargain at $3.50**

**Robert Edwin Peary.** A Record of His Explorations, 1886–1909. By J. Gordon Hayes. A startling criticism of Peary's exploits, in which the author says, for example, "His supporters, doubtless, have done all they could for his memory; but the proofs that he did not reach the Pole are totally unaffected." With 8 photographic illustrations and 7 maps and charts in pocket inside back cover. Cloth, gilt top, 8vo. London, (1929). Importer's price, $4.50. **A Bargain at $2.00**

**The Roaring Forties and After.** By Capt. D. J. Munro. Reminiscences of a clipper ship officer, with experiences in the Burmese War. Illustrated. Cloth, 8vo. London, 1929. Importer's price, $3.75.
**A Bargain at $1.50**

**Round the Horn Before the Mast.** By A. Basil Lubbock. The ordinary seaman's viewpoint of a rough passage from 'Frisco round Cape Horn to Liverpool in an old four-masted square-rigger. Illustrated with folding plate of spars, sails and rigging on a full-rigged sailing ship, deck plan, and pictures of ships under sail. Cloth, 8vo. N. Y., (1928). Published at $2.50. **A Bargain at 90c**

***Lowest cash prices on all Sea Books***
***American and imported, new and old***

**CHARLES E. LAURIAT COMPANY**
**385 Washington St., Boston** ***Tel. Hancock 1280***


was much like being at sea. And now there were many ships on the river, ships of many nations and the big white ships of the First Danube Steamship Company of Vienna going to Budapest and the Balkans, their decks lined with waving passengers. They have sleeping cabins and run all night, a splendid way of going down the Danube.

At Hainburg, the hot and dusty Austrian frontier, the customs bond was returned. An old woman on the wharf was fascinated by our boat. "I would like to travel like that; but not down *there*," she added in disgust. "From the top of that hill you can see into Czecho-Slovakia. They're right on top of us now."

I spent the best part of the afternoon the day I arrived in Bratislava looking for the police and the customs. After having gotten so many officials' papers in Vienna I was anxious to show them to someone. But I had to be contented with a very unofficial looking policeman, his sleeves rolled up, sitting in a little wooden shack. Bratislava was having a fair. It was hot, dusty and noisy, much like a state fair at home, with the exception of the porcelains, toys and peasant work.

I realize now that German is one of the simpler languages. In Bratislava we ran into two new ones. The city has changed hands so often that it has apparently decided to be ready for any political event and everything is printed in three languages, Czech, German and Hungarian. The Hungarian is impossible — there is not a semblance to any language I've ever seen. In front of a milk store there will be the sign *Mlieko — Milch — Tez*. One could guess the Czech and the German, but the Hungarian — ! These people have to be linguists.

After buying some Bohemian wine glasses at prices that would make Woolworth blush with shame, we sailed from Bratislava. At dusk I found the finest spot imaginable for the night; behind a sea-wall a beautiful, quiet, lagoon-like place surrounded by trees, at the junction of two streams. I ran the bow on the beach, not bothering to anchor. Then the mosquitoes came. I had encountered mosquitoes before, but never such vicious ones, nor so many. After half an hour I gave up and started down the river to look for the windiest anchorage I could find. Coming close to the bank in an exposed spot, I was about to let go the anchor when I noticed a fisherman on shore slapping vigorously at the back of his neck. I went on. Coming up into the current behind a floating mill, I gave it a rather hard bump. The miller came running out — he was swatting mosquitoes. The only thing left was to get out my strongest and worst Austrian tobacco.

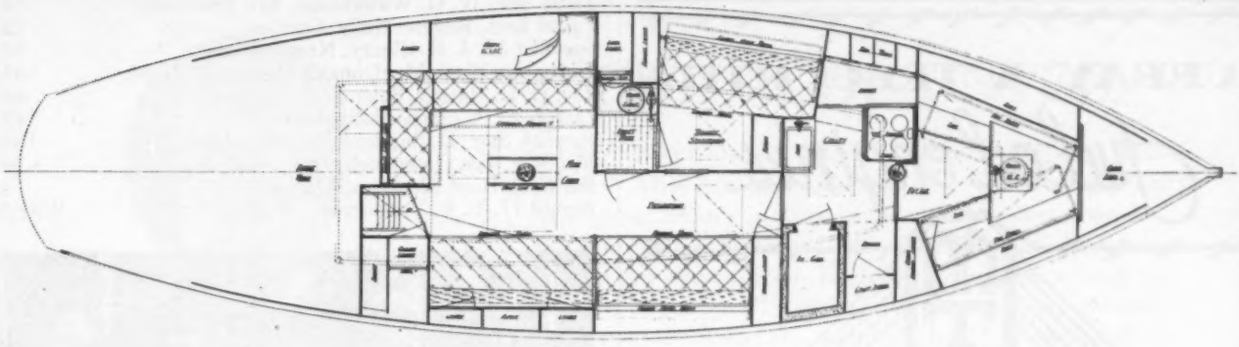
(*To be concluded*)

\+ + +

### West Coast Wins Star Title

(*Continued from page 25*)

| Yacht, Skipper, Fleet | Points |
|---|---|
| *Mist*, Edward Fink, Long Beach (Cal.) | 118 |
| *Wings*, C. J. Pflug, Moriches Bay | 116 |
| *Laura G.*, Ralph V. Bradley, Illinois Riv. | 114 |
| *Fleet Star*, T. D. Parkman, Gravesend Bay | 104 |
| *Colleen*, W. J. McHugh, Central L. I. Sd. | 99 |
| *Juno*, F. W. Robertson, Delaware Riv. | 97 |
| *Spray*, F. S. Dale, Barnegat Bay | 97 |
| *Thistle*, Earl Hayward, Santa Barbara | 88 |
| *Seeadler*, Lloyd Emory, Great South Bay | 88 |
| *Flapper*, J. G. Miller, Hampton Roads | 87 |
| *Lone Wolf*, J. B. McClatchy, Elk Riv. (Md.) | 82 |
| *Moonshine*, D. H. Atwater, Narragansett | 79 |
| *Tramontane*, J. Herbulot, Paris | 78 |
| *Ripple*, Patsy Raskob, Eastern Shore (Md.) | 71 |
| *Ha-Eff*, W. von Heutschler, North German | 68 |
| *Lone Star*, R. G. Smith, Galveston | 68 |
| *Dice*, H. S. Blake, Jr., Peconic Bay | 62 |



**Alden No. 519.** The accompanying plans of a 36′ w.l., medium draft schooner (yawl, ketch, or cutter if desired), were drawn up to produce a comfortable cruiser for a party of from four to seven, as wide as possible, with a good turn of speed, and capable of being run by one paid hand, although there is room for two if desired. With the engineroom aft there is a roomy cabin, passageway with two berths, and a double stateroom. Can be built at a very low figure today and should give a good account of herself in long distance races. Principal dimensions are l.o.a. 48′, l.w.l. 36′ 3″, beam 13′ 2″, draft 6′ 9″. We recommend this model, a result of careful study of the lines of many successful cruisers.

# John G. Alden

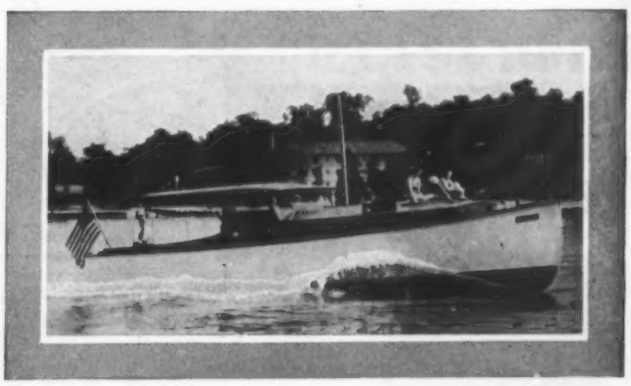
*Naval Architect* — *Yacht Broker*

148 STATE STREET — BOSTON, MASS.

HEADQUARTERS for CORRECT YACHTING UNIFORMS since 1856

OUR MIAMI BRANCH AT 323 N.E. FIRST ST. IS OPEN AGAIN TO SERVE YOU THIS WINTER

S. APPEL & CO.
14-18 FULTON ST., N. Y. C.



*Announcing . . . . . the "38"*

## TWIN CABIN–TWIN SCREW at $6380

*a truly remarkable cruiser . . .*

*Pictured above is a Matthews "38" Twin Cabin-Twin Screw Cruiser with shortened cockpit canopy for deep sea fishing — to be delivered in Florida this season.*

This newest Matthews "38" model (true to every Matthews tradition) — 38′ 10″ long by 11′ wide with two motors (for 15–16 m.p.h.), two rudders (for perfect handling with one motor at a time), two most complete cabins, very large after cockpit with optional full length canopy overhead, or the shortened canopy, for Florida fishing, answers the need of the devoted fisherman and his family and friends, as well as the requirements of one who does his boating in long, extended trips.

There's a marvelous stateroom forward for two — a large and complete galley and a spacious, beautifully detailed toilet — then a main cabin for four.

An all-purpose boat which, with the twin motor feature and price, places it far ahead of the field, no matter how or where you would compare it.

Send for literature — *there's a price raise coming on Matthews Cruisers on December 1st.*

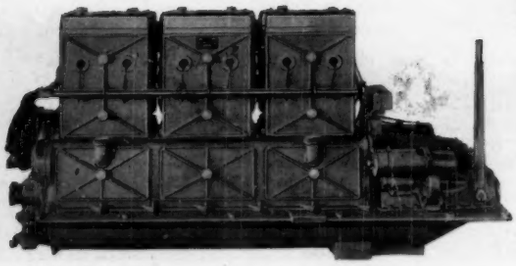
THE MATTHEWS CO.
314 BAY SIDE — PORT CLINTON, OHIO

*"Wherever you cruise . . . you'll find a Matthews"*

MURRAY & TREGURTHA

fuel oil engines

The engine of personal safety



NO GASOLINE HAZARD

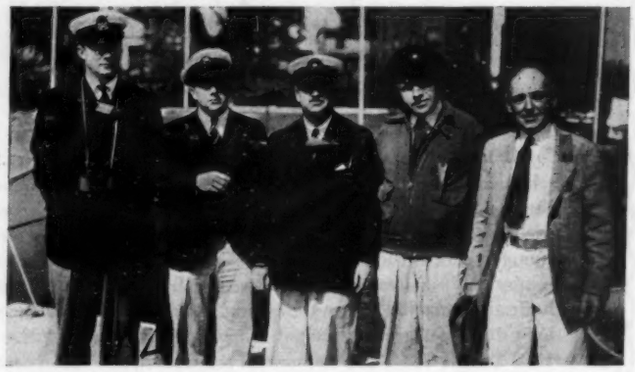
ECONOMICAL FUEL

NOT A DIESEL ENGINE

MURRAY & TREGURTHA INC

NORTH QUINCY, MASS.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Hula Star*, H. M. Dowsett, Hawaii | 61 |
| *Three Star*, W. G. Waterhouse, San Francisco | 58 |
| *Fouah Lieh*, Eugene Kelly, Cannes | 52 |
| *Sparkler II*, J. B. Cleary, New Orleans | 50 |
| *Kittiwake*, W. S. MacDonald, Eastern L. I. Sd. | 48 |
| *Joy*, G. C. Ratsey, Solent | 46 |
| *Lintik*, A. P. Ames, Philippines | 42 |
| *Swedish Star*, D. Sunden-Cullberg, Sweden | 36 |
| *Red Star*, Jas. Greenough, Otsego Lake | 26 |
| *Sea Gate*, Hoyt Sherman, Maracaibo | 4 |
| *Bandit II*, B. F. Vanderveer, Western L. I. Sd. | Withdrew |



*The Race Committee. Left to right, Sampson Smith, C. E. Lucke, G. W. Elder, W. C. Atwater, Jr., Hugh M. Wharton*

\+ + +

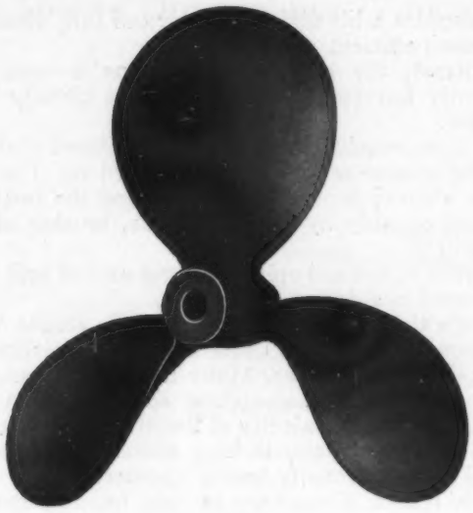
### The President's Cup Regatta

(*Continued from page 57*)

great beauty, after turning in an amazing 59-mile performance in Detroit and showing great promise in the first mile or so of this race, developed trouble due to a jammed starter and was out of it, although she did not actually stop running until the fourth lap. To the surprise of everybody, *El Lagarto*, with a crankshaft for her Packard Gold Cup motor borrowed from Sam Dunsford's *Scotty Too*, took the situation in hand in the first few feet of the race and completely turned the tables on *Delphine IV*, finishing 300 yards ahead. Everything seemed set for a real duel between these two on Saturday.

For the first event, the Class C amateur, only two drivers were ready at the starting gun. A couple of others came out and joined the procession, but to little avail. In the second event, Class C professionals, only one driver kept his eye on his watch with sufficient intentness to appear when the starting gun fired. This was Gerald Reed, of Suffolk, Va. Bob Snadecki, of Westover, Va., and James Baden, of Washington, sauntered down to the starting line, tied up to a buoy and idly watched Reed go 'round and 'round. Presently they were joined by half a dozen other professional experts, one of whom, C. Mulford Scull, of Ventnor, N. J., got the idea that perhaps Reed was not just fooling out there, and just as the finish gun sounded for Reed's lonely victory, Scull started out around the course, followed by the other bewildered outboarders. The committee flagged them off the course, and C. F. Chapman, the chairman, notified them, *via* megaphone, that the next start would be for the second heat of Class C, Division I. The professionals acknowledged this information verbally and by sign language and then four of their number proceeded to start in the amateur division, and did not regain consciousness until they had gone the entire five-mile distance. Anyhow, it made an exciting looking race, which was won by S. C. Hardy, Jr., with Lewis Carlisle, second.

Just before the start of the expected two remaining heats of the President's Cup race two disconsolate figures appeared on the committee boat and sat down to watch the event. They were Horace E. Dodge and George Reis. The former's boat, it was found, could not be fixed up sufficiently to run, and George Reis announced that the borrowed crankshaft of *El Lagarto* had snapped in the warming up process just before the race. Therefore Bill Horn, accompanied by his Sunday School teacher mechanic, Charles Grafflin, wandered about the course at an average speed of about 49 miles an hour all alone. The committee then decided to call off the third heat and give the President's Cup to *Delphine IV*.



Hywinco TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

# GET ACQUAINTED

**"Mr. Boat Owner meet your servant Mr. Propeller." This introduction would not be out of place in a great many instances. If you are one that has not met this important servant of yours, we advise you to get acquainted. Right now drop us a card for our free booklet "Propeller Efficiency." It contains information about the servant that has so much to do with the speed, efficiency and comfort of your boat.**

**If you will return the data sheet we will send you, we can check up on your servant's shortcomings, if any, and make recommendations that will improve his efficiency. We gladly render this service without charge. Don't delay, drop a card now and get acquainted.**

## HYDE WINDLASS CO.

**Bath, Maine**

*3000 Hyde Propellers and a large stock of Shafting and Fittings ready for immediate delivery are carried by C. R. Andrews, 143 Chambers Street, New York City. Telephone BArclay 7-1873*

# MARBLEHEAD ANTI-FOULING GREEN BOTTOM PAINT

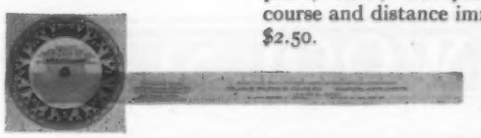
The Equivalent of
**FOUR GALLONS IN ONE**
Covers Twice the Surface — Lasts Twice As Long — Avoids Expensive Scraping and Repainting Charges
The most effective preventive of Marine Growth, Barnacles and Borers. Has a smooth, slippery finish. INVALUABLE FOR RACING.
TWO HANDSOME AND LUMINOUS COLORS
EMERALD AND LIGHT GREEN
**STEARNS-McKAY MFG. CO.**
MARBLEHEAD, MASS., U. S. A.

# Christmas SUGGESTIONS

The "Pilot" Glass, 3½ power; 3¾" high when closed; complete with leather case and strap; price $15.

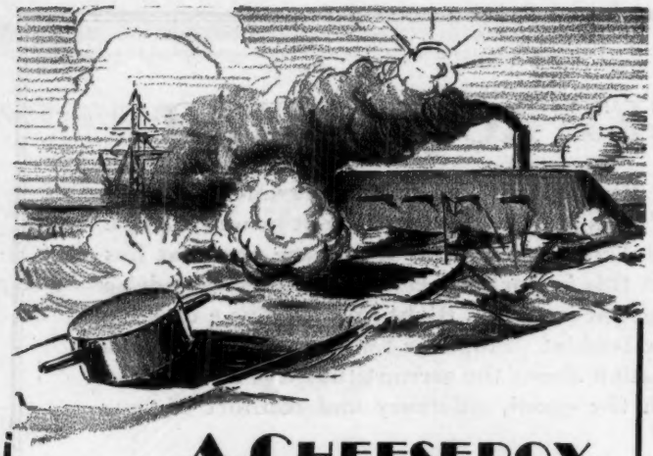
Compasses and Binnacles; all sizes and styles including the new Spherical models.

The Kelvin-White Course Protractor; plain; clear; transparent; gives the course and distance immediately; price $2.50.



## KELVIN-WHITE CO.

112 State St., Boston 38 Water St., New York



# A CHEESEBOX ON A RAFT

ushered in a new era of defensive armament in 1862.

Nearly ten years prior to this memorable event (1853, to be exact) C. A. Woolsey offered to the Marine Trade a new line of Marine Paints which, too, ushered in a new era of boat preservation.

Through the many years since these events, Battleships and Marine Paints have changed and improved immeasurably.

And during these years, Woolsey has kept abreast of the times with the result that today its line of Marine Paints and Varnishes are pre-eminent in the Marine Field.

Despite this, the Laboratories of Woolsey, right now, are conducting, in the interests of boat preservation and protection, important testing programs which are more extensive than ever before attempted. This is progress.

To maintain a reputation such as Woolsey enjoys requires constant attention to the ever changing needs of the times. Woolsey intends above all, to maintain its reputation.

Thus, if you want on your boat, Paints, Varnishes and other Paint Products which have proved for nearly 80 years to be the best by actual test, then specify only Woolsey's.

WOOLSEY'S

*Makers of* Copper BEST Paint—Copper Yacht Paint—Yacht White—Deck Enamel—Engine Enamel—Caw-Spar Bakelite Varnish—Tungspar Varnish—Boottopping Paints—Canoe and Rowboat Paints—Seam Compounds—Every Marine Paint Need.

## A Proving Ground for Theories

(*Continued from page 47*)

ness. It appears a bit difficult to set and furl, although it has proved efficient when reefed.

In contrast, the sprit leg-o'-muttons do not reef satisfactorily but they may be replaced quickly by a smaller sail.

There is no conclusive evidence yet offered that the staysail rig is more efficient than the sprit rig. The hull under the staysail is one of good lines and the boat has been sailed capably by Harvey Parke, brother of her designer.

The writer's personal opinions of rig and of hull form are expressed in a design herewith.

Although this class is in but the early stages of its development, most of the boats are comparatively fast for their size and sail area. Many handle very smartly and several plane at astonishing speeds with a stiff quartering breeze. A majority of the St. Petersburg fleet are light weather boats, lacking sufficient bearing to carry sail in exceptionally heavy weather.

So, good reader, if you have seagoin' imagination and the courage to back your architectural convictions with a very few dollars worth of materials and two weeks of elbow grease, build a *Trailer Sailer* to *your own* ideas!

And, while doing so, stir up the "brains department" of your club and get the boys *hot!*

\+ + +

## "Weldera"

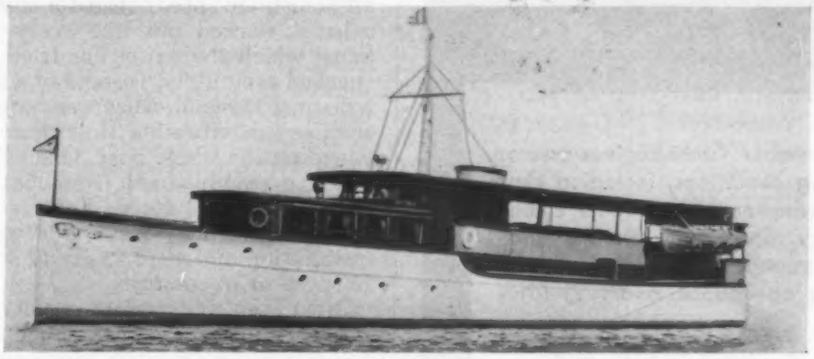
(*Continued from page 39*)

beams which are welded thereto. The top of deckhouse is flanged metal welded watertight to house sides. The upper and lower edges of coaming around the cockpit are stiffened and finished off by rounded rails of teak, securely fastened to the coaming. *Weldera* has a house top of wood.

All steel entering into the construction of the hull is pickled, neutralized and thoroughly scrubbed with hot, fresh water to remove all mill scale and foreign matter, after which a special metallic brown paint is applied for protection during fabrication and erection. Following the assembly of steel hull, all surfaces are again cleaned, the welded seams wire brushed and two coats of the best lead paint are used. Smoothon cement is then troweled over all outside seam welding to present a fair surface, after which two or three finishing coats of desirable color are applied. All limbers are cemented to insure proper drainage and two drain plugs are fitted at the lowest points in the bilges for washing down when hauled out. Exterior wood trim is finished with four coats of best varnish and the wood trim in the cabin is painted in agreeable colors.

*Weldera* was launched July 8, 1932, and was placed in commission by July 15, 1932. She has been sailed almost continuously since that time, including several short cruises upon which three people were comfortably accommodated. The roomy cockpit makes one imagine that he is sailing upon a much larger craft by day; and snugged down at anchor, either day or night, with the canvas awning spread, this idea of roominess is still more noticeable. The hull is absolutely leak-proof and a bilge pump is installed to take the rain water or spray out of the cockpit bilge which is open to the weather when the awning is not spread. The sailing and handling qualities have proved very satisfactory and the boat is noticeably close winded and smart when turning to windward. No difficulty was experienced in adjusting the compass, which is installed under the port cockpit seat, adjacent to steel deck and coaming.

## *Aboard Our Famous 77-footers You Find*—A PERFECT HOME AFLOAT



*ANTONIA—77' x 16' x 3' 9". One of the newest boats this year built for a Philadelphia yachtsman*

### *Large Roomy Cabins—Every Modern Convenience*

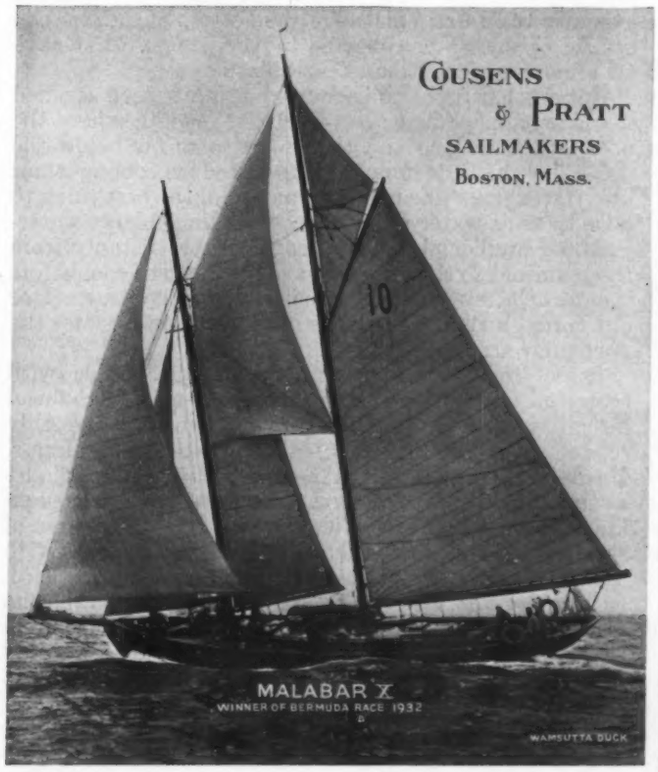
WHEN speaking of the new 77-footers, the timeworn claim of a "home afloat" is more than a mere figure of speech. For these distinctive cruising yachts, in addition to their acknowledged seaworthy performance and trim appearance, embody many advantages usually deemed possible only on far larger craft. You will be pleasantly surprised at all the "large-yacht" features incorporated into their sturdy 77-foot hulls. Inspect the 77-footers now being built at our shipyards, or write for plans, interior, exterior views, etc.

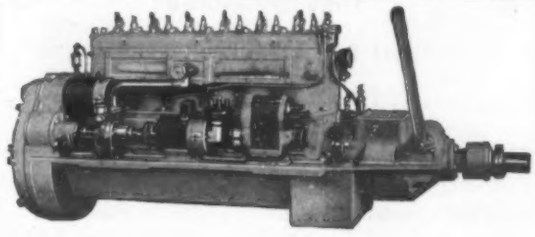
The latest 77-footers are designed for the use of either diesel or gasoline engines. Their trim appearance has been enhanced by such features as sunken deckhouse, military mast, new type funnel.

For over thirty years, The New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Company has specialized in the design and construction of fine yachts to individual specifications. Why not let our designer discuss with you — no obligation on your part — your original ideas and desires?

**The New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Co.**

**Morris Heights** **New York City** *Phone LUdlow 7-2000*



# *Palmer Engines*

## are free from vibration

There is a big difference between smooth sailing and just getting there . . . . a difference in comfort and in maintenance expense. Palmer Engines are balanced, work with precision and are sturdily built. This is why Palmer Engines are silent and free from vibration. They range from 2 to 150 h. p. The Palmer-Ford Conversion sells for $365 complete.

**PALMER BROS. ENGINES, Inc.**

**4 Hathaway Road, Cos Cob, Conn.**

New York, N. Y.
89 Third Avenue

Baltimore, Md.
514 E. Pratt Street

Philadelphia, Pa.
437 Arch Street

Portland, Me.
Portland Pier

Boston, Mass.
Rapp-Huckins Co.
138 Beverly Street

Biloxi, Miss.
Kennedy Bros.

Seattle, Wash.
Pacific Marine Supply Co.

Portland and Astoria, Oregon
Oregon Marine Supply Co.

Vancouver, B. C.
1100 Powell Street

Houma, La.
Claudio Belanger

Miami, Fla.
B. E. Schubert
1008 N. W. 8th St. Rd.

Jacksonville, Fla.
112 S. Ocean Street

Tarpon Springs, Fla.
775 Anclote Blvd.

San Francisco, Cal.
Boardman & Flower
1740 Van Ness Avenue

McINTOSH & SEYMOUR DIESEL ENGINES

McIntosh & Seymour Yacht Engines assure ideal operating conditions, including dependable superpower in a compact clean cool machinery room, quick starting and maneuvering, smooth quiet smokeless running, care-free attendance, and *very low* fuel cost.

Make these engines your choice and you will like the low head room, short length, moderate weight, efficient force-feed lubrication, and the well enclosed but readily accessible moving parts.

Sizes up to 2000 hp., 6, 8 or 10 cylinders, and slow, medium or high shaft speeds, offering correct selection for direct or Diesel-electric propulsion. All units embody the best in design, material and workmanship.

Built in the world's largest exclusive Diesel manufacturing plant and backed for 16 years by excellent service records and notable achievements.

Write for literature

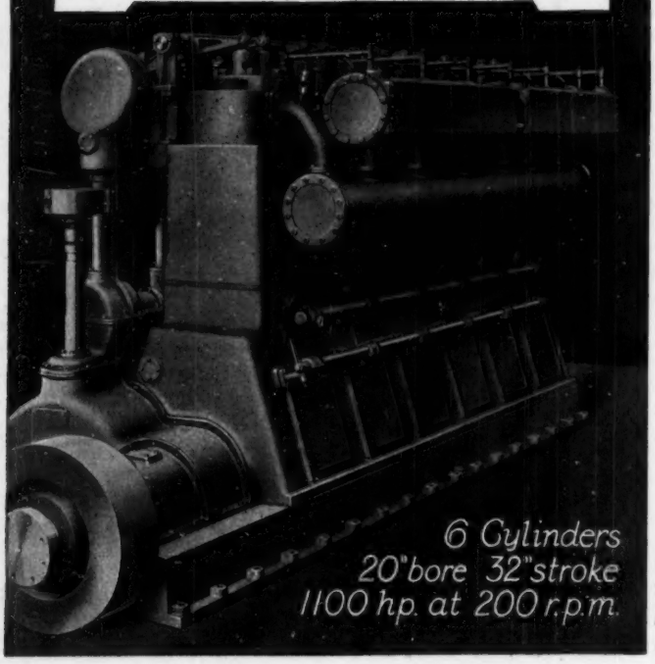
McINTOSH & SEYMOUR CORPORATION

*Division of American Locomotive Company*

EXCLUSIVE YACHT REPRESENTATIVE

EARL H. CROFT

2800 Chrysler Building New York





## Exhaust Piping

(*Continued from page 43*)

an hour more speed." But for some reason or other, this exhaust worked out like every other underwater exhaust which the writer has tried out personally, or has checked accurately. Instead of a gain in speed there was a distinct loss and, what was far more serious, there was such severe vibration that there was no comfort anywhere on the whole boat. One had to clench his jaws in order to keep his teeth from chattering when the motor was running full speed. Various and assorted remedies were suggested by those who were responsible for the installation and were tried out without any gain either in speed or in comfort.

Next, the underwater outlet was removed and the exhaust piped up a stack above the house top from the big expansion chamber which had been used in one of the underwater exhaust trials. Part of the cooling water was carried into this chamber, which was placed well above the water line. The surplus water which was not carried up the stack with the exhaust was allowed to drain out through a pipe leading from the bottom of the expansion chamber. All went well until the boat was underway. The water carried up the stack with the exhaust made a continuous shower of hot, oily salt water over the after deck and about every fifteen minutes great chunks of dirty salt as large as a fist would shoot up into the air and come down over everything. That salt had been deposited on the inside of the vertical lead of the pipe, due to the fact that only a very slight surplus of water was being used in order to keep the shower bath effect to a minimum. But there was no vibration and the speed was far better than when the underwater exhaust was used.

Finally, all the water was turned into the expansion chamber, a larger drain used, and the pipe leading up the stack from the chamber was cut off well below the top of the stack, baffles were fitted over the top of the pipe to catch the spray which was carried up with the exhaust, and a drain placed at the bottom of the stack to get rid of the water collected by the baffles. That gave an almost perfect exhaust installation.

But all that fuss and bother might have been avoided if a dry exhaust had been used. In general, where the boat is a large one and the motor is so far below the water line that it is impossible to introduce cooling water into the exhaust line near the manifold, the best thing to do is to use a water-jacketed exhaust line, a large water-jacketed muffler placed at a considerable distance from the manifold so the gas will have a chance to cool before it enters the muffler, and then lead the pipe up a stack or out through the transom, as may work out best for the particular arrangement used.

Diesel installations often give much trouble with corrosion of exhaust lines when water is introduced directly into the lines. Diesel engine fuel is not as highly refined as is gasoline and may contain some sulphur. If sulphur is present in the fuel it is found in the exhaust as sulphur dioxide. When water is present sulphur dioxide is absorbed by the water, forming a weak solution of sulphurous acid. This acid attacks copper and brass with avidity and eats iron almost as quickly. It is sure death to a copper line. For any Diesel job, it is advised that no water be used in the line if it can be avoided. Although the writer is not familiar with any installation using lead pipe for the exhaust of a Diesel, it is possible that a lead exhaust line is the solution of the problem where water must be used. If plenty of water is introduced into the line before the lead pipe is connected, there will be no difficulty in keeping the exhaust temperature well below the melting point of the lead, and even a fairly strong solution of the acid will not attack it.

## Of Interest to the Skipper

(*Continued from page 75*)

Ailsa Craig engines have been installed to meet this demand for flexible, economical and safe marine power.

An Ailsa Craig 20 to 30 h.p. motor was sold to be used in a 32-foot sailing craft in the Fiji Islands; another 12 to 20 h.p. engine was installed in a Roué-designed 37-foot ketch; a 52-foot sloop was equipped with an 18 to 30 h.p. motor, and many other installations have been made.

A new addition to the Ailsa Craig series of Diesels, suitable for use in auxiliaries and all types of power boats, was recently made by including a straight eight, 75 h.p. motor weighing 2400 pounds. This new motor rounds out a complete range of small Diesels.

## Matthews Re-opens Miami Office

The Matthews Company, Port Clinton, Ohio, re-opened their Miami, Florida, office October 15th at the same location as in former years, 18 McAllister Arcade. This office will continue to serve the entire State of Florida as well as the scores of Matthews owners who spend their winters in and around Miami.

Allen W. Matthews is again in charge of this office and he reports that prospects are much brighter for a banner season than they were a year ago at this time. The new Matthews "38" Twin Cabin Twin Screw model just announced is particularly adapted to the requirements of Gulf Stream fishermen, and the Matthews Company anticipates a wide acceptance of this particular model among Miami's winter colony of deep-sea sportsmen.

*Perkins rubber cushioned shaft log*

## Rubber Cushioned Shaft Logs

The Perkins Marine Lamp Co. of Brooklyn, N. Y., are now producing a new rubber cushioned shaft log for high speed motors. The stuffing box and shaft are cushioned in rubber, which eliminates excessive wear and reduces vibration to a minimum. A cast bronze base and stuffing box are joined by heavy rubber hose which acts to absorb the vibration.

This type of shaft log is particularly suited for use in modern high-speed runabouts, in which the length of shaft is short. The Perkins log has been used as standard equipment by numerous manufacturers of stock runabouts and therefore merits consideration from all runabout owners.

## Harry W. Sanford in New Office

Harry W. Sanford, New York yacht broker, has recently moved into a new office at 527 Fifth Ave., New York. Old and new clients interested in the purchase or sale of yachts will be welcomed in this new office, conveniently located at the southeast corner of 42nd Street.

(*Continued on page 90*)


Barbasol

**Mary Makes a Hit—Doubling for Santa Claus**

MY SHAVING BRUSH, I CAN'T FIND MY SHAVING BRUSH HOW'M I GONNA SHAVE FOR PETE'S SAKE
IS THAT ALL. I THREW THAT SHAVING BRUSH AWAY
YOU WHAT? THREW MY SHAVING BRUSH AWAY!!
IT'S ALL RIGHT I GOT YOU SOME BARBASOL YOU WON'T NEED THAT OLD BRUSH
THE CLERK SAID IT WAS JUST THE THING FOR A TENDER SKIN AN' TOUGH WHISKERS HE SAID YOU WOULD'NT LOOK ALL CUT UP IF YOU USE BARBASOL
THROUGH SO SOON? MY, YOU LOOK WONDERFUL DEAR
BARBASOL BARBASOL
NO BRUSH NO LATHER NO RUB IN – DUM-DE
Hal Stephen

**SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER!** Use Barbasol, the modern shaving cream, for a quick, cool, comfortable shave that leaves your face soft and smooth. Barbasol holds the whiskers erect, so the razor can slice 'em off quick and clean. It leaves the natural oil in the skin, protects the face from winter dryness and windchap, keeps it fit. Do away with the old fuss and muss, the harsh, biting alkalis that irritate a tender skin. Get a tube of Barbasol today and use it this way: **1.** Wash your face and leave it wet. **2.** Smooth on Barbasol (no vigorous rubbing needed). **3.** Wet your razor and SHAVE. That's all. Saves your time, saves your face! Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jar, 75¢.

**Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE**

In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.

The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N.B.C. (WJZ) Blue Network, coast to coast.

Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF — N. B. C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.

*Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations*

## MINNEFORD NEW ONE DESIGN
### 23 Footer

A Marconi Rigged Centerboard Sloop

23' o. a., 18' w. l., 7' beam, 11" draft without board, sail area 275 sq. ft.

● On the insistent demand of many yachtsmen, we requested Francis Sweisguth to design this boat — with all the advantages of a chine boat — the beauty of a round bilge boat — the speed of a racing boat — and the comfort of a shelter cabin and a spacious cockpit, but also the great benefit of being able to sail and moor in shoal water.

● Launched on October 1st, it has been tried by many racing skippers, slight changes suggested by them in rig and ballast have helped add to its remarkable speed, and it is now the fastest and closest winded 23 footer we know.

● While the fact that she will actually outpoint and outfoot keel boats of the same general plan has created favorable comment, still these fine features are overshadowed by the extreme comfort of the cockpit and the easy motion of the hull even in a jumpy sea. There is absolutely no tendency to pound.

**Priced at $1000 f.o.b. City Island, N. Y.**

● We continue to offer the Minneford Eighteen Footer and the Rudder Snipe Class boats. The latter in knock-down parts as well as completed boats.

**Minneford Yacht Yard, Inc.**

City Island « » New York


## The Yacht Racing Union Cup Goes to Chicago

(*Continued from page 48*)

In the meantime, *Gossoon* had finished six minutes and two seconds in front, having picked up more than three minutes on the second windward leg. The series seemed to be in the bag for *Gossoon*, provided there was any wind blowing in the next two races. She had shown that she could hold her own off the wind and that on a buck she was unbeatable. That is, if there was a breeze of wind.

As the three craft headed out into the lake from their mooring at the Grosse Pointe Club the following morning, the same northwest wind was blowing, though of diminished strength. Once more it seemed to be *Gossoon's* day. But as the boats began working into the wind on the three-mile leg of the 12-mile windward and leeward course the wind lightened. *Gossoon* worked out a lead of one minute seven seconds over *Shadow* before reaching the mark, but she was not the storming wraith of the day before. *Bob-Kat* went badly on this leg. Her Genoa jib did not seem to draw properly, pulling her off to leeward, and she was more than three minutes late going off the wind.

It was here that *Gossoon* and *Shadow* astounded the local spectators with their huge parachute spinnakers. The big, puff-like pieces of canvas seemed to pick up every bit of the rapidly slackening breeze. This new gadget in light canvas showed its worth beyond all question. *Bob-Kat*, trailing, and using the old-style spinnaker, lost still more ground on this leg. This visible proof of the worth of the sausage-like canvas will probably result in many orders going East to the sail-lofts.

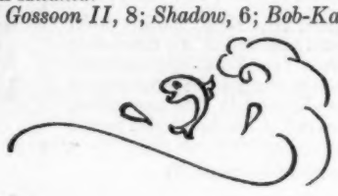
In the zephyr-like going the race became a battle between the light canvasmen on the *Gossoon* and *Shadow*. Freddie Spencer was handling the stuff on *Gossoon* and Phil Farnham was stumbling all over the foredeck of *Shadow*. But it must be said that Phil had a slight edge, despite his cub-bear antics up forward. Although *Shadow* was even with *Gossoon* as they neared the end of the second three miles, the Chicago boat had her Rochester rival in a position that prevented her from heading directly for the mark. "Mal" Vail, at the tiller of *Gossoon*, carried his opponent 'way high of the stake. Then he jibed his ship, the spinnaker was dropped, Genoa jib was already in place, and *Gossoon* reached for the mark, gaining over a minute by the maneuver. From then on it became anyone's race. *Shadow* profited by the slight slants of air that came from all points of the compass and drifted determinately up and down the course to the finish, getting there 8 minutes and 11 seconds ahead of *Gossoon*. *Bob-Kat*, coming up with a freshening breeze, reached the finish line two minutes and 24 seconds behind *Gossoon*.

What was to have been the final race was a disheartening bloomer. Again sailing the triangular course, the start was made by the three boats in a northwest wind that faded almost as soon as the boats got across the line. After four hours and ten minutes, *Gossoon* and *Shadow* had made one round of the course. Just before they made the turn for the second round a cooling breeze came freshening out of the northwest. *Bob-Kat*, far inside of the triangle, anticipating a slant out of the southeast, found herself so far to leeward that she immediately withdrew. *Gossoon* and *Shadow* scrapped evenly on the run and reach of the next two legs, with "Bill" Faurot, who was handling the Lake Michigan entry, holding his craft slightly in front. Just before she reached the line the reluctant judges ordered the "disheartening gun" fired, declaring the race no contest. *Gossoon* crossed just one minute and 22 seconds later.

The windward and leeward match of the sail-off was the most uneventful race of the series. *Shadow* and *Bob-Kat* held doggedly to *Gossoon* on the thrash to windward against a light northerly wind, but *Gossoon* sneaked away after this leg and was unchallenged for the rest of the race. There was no more windward work after this, as the wind hauled into the southeast, giving the boats a reach both ways. *Gossoon* was two minutes and eight seconds ahead of *Shadow*, and she, in turn, had *Bob-Kat* by 65 seconds.

"Mal" Vail and Bill Faurot, owners of *Gossoon*, alternated in handling the fleet 20-rater of the Chicago Yacht Club. It was their second Yacht Racing Union triumph, the first having been won in 1930, in *Atlanta*.

Point score: *Gossoon II*, 8; *Shadow*, 6; *Bob-Kat*, 4.



Your flags in color, a photograph of your yacht, horse or dog, or your initials reproduced on

*Brennig's Own*

***Turkish or Virginia Cigarettes***

Book matches and playing cards may be had similarly marked.

*Complete details, prices and examples on request*

**BRENNIG'S OWN**
Astor Trust Bldg.
501-5th Ave., New York
*Tel. MUrray Hill 2-4044*

# FROSTBITE DINGHIES

*Ratsey—Seaswan—Dyer*

NEW OR SECOND HAND

*Stainless Steel Rigging*
*Yacht Racing Specialties*

**SWAN and CHAMBERLAIN, INC.**
103 Park Avenue New York City
Tel. LEx. 2-6861

*AMERICANA*
*ARCTIC*
*ATLASES*
*BIOGRAPHY*
*CHANTIES*
*DICTIONARIES*
*FIRST EDITIONS*
*JUVENILES*
*LIGHTHOUSES*
*METEOROLOGY*
*NAVAL HISTORY*
*NAVIGATION*
*PIRACY*
*SEAMANSHIP*
*SHIP MODELS*
*STEAMSHIPS*
*WHALING*
*YACHTING*

## BOOKS
## RELATING TO SALT WATER

**ALFRED W. PAINE**
336 LEXINGTON AVE. (39th St.) NEW YORK
*Catalogues Issued* *Correspondence Invited*

## UNEXCELLED FACILITIES FOR

# REPAIRS
on boats in storage

**PEIRCE & KILBURN, INC.**
NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

This Marine Glass magnifies 7 times. Sealed against dust and moisture. At dealers, $105.

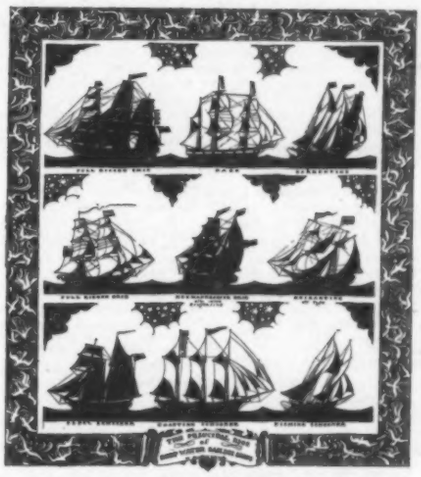
## A TRULY REGAL GIFT

Every yachtsman treasures a Bausch & Lomb Marine Glass. Why not? There's no finer binocular made for piercing haze and darkness. In daylight it brings the horizon within rifle shot. Of special Bausch & Lomb glass. Impressive appearance. Beautifully balanced, $105. Others $14.85 to $121. At Dealers. Catalog on request.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO., 722 St. Paul St., Rochester, N. Y.

# BAUSCH & LOMB
## BINOCULARS

*The Perfect Gift for Yachtsmen*



*Principal Rigs of Deep Water Sailing Ships*
*by Coulton Waugh*
*Dimensions:* 16¾" x 17¾"

Authoritative and richly decorative; all vessels shown as if sailing on the same wind. Has been selected to hang in the Peabody Museum of Salem.

*Published by the* SHIP MODEL SHOP *of* CAPE COD

*Sent post-paid in mailing tube as follows:* PRICES — On hand-made buff Italian paper $1.00. On deep buff Japan paper flecked with gold leaf $1.50. On deep buff Japan paper flecked with gold leaf and sails hand colored with Chinese white $2.00.

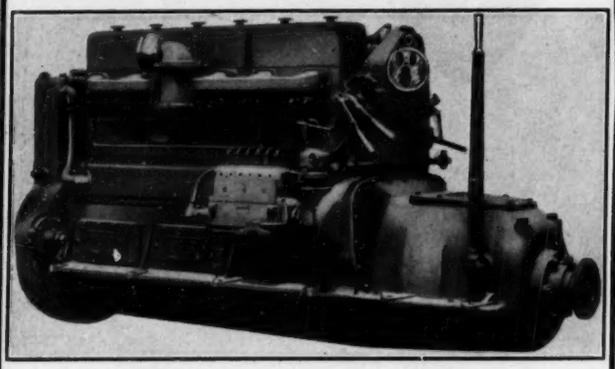
MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
**SHIP MODEL SHOP OF CAPE COD**
PROVINCETOWN MASSACHUSETTS

# BUDA—M.A.N.

**"Shock Absorber Head"**

# Marine Diesel

**104 H.P. at 1200 R.P.M., 125 H.P. at 1500 R.P.M. at 75 lbs. B.M.E.P.**



***Model DM-6-17, Furnished with or without Reduction Gear; Electrically Started***

## "Absence of Smoke; Smooth and Vibrationless," says Mr. Herrmann

Mr. F. W. Herrmann, of Guttenberg, N. J., owner of the 46 ft. "Souris," heavy built bridge deck cruiser, writes in part, "We have nothing but good to say of the Buda DM-6-17. Since the installation was inspected July 1, we have not had the slightest trouble. We have not had to clean a nozzle, and the 24x14 wheel gives us 14 miles per hour at 1320 R.P.M. *The most gratifying features of all are the absence of smoke from the exhaust, and the smooth and almost vibrationless performance of the engine under full load.*"

The Model DM-6-17 is a four-stroke-cycle, airless injection, full Diesel, 5¾ inch bore and 7 inch stroke, weighing less than 25 lbs. per H.P.

Fuel injection is by positive mechanical, solid injection pump with fixed length of stroke.

The specially designed after chamber head softens the shocks commonly found in most Diesel engines, which in turn are transmitted to the bearings and other working parts. This "shock absorber" feature assures a smoother, quieter running engine and removes the objectionable smoky and smelly exhaust generally present in Diesel engines. The "Shock Absorber Head" is exclusive with The Buda Company and is not found in other makes of Diesel engines.

Cylinder block, crankcase and cylinder heads are Ni-Chrome iron. Replaceable valve seats and cylinder sleeves are features.

For further particulars,

WRITE FOR BULLETIN NO. 771-A

***Atlantic Coast Distributors***

Bowler Holmes & Hecker Co. Inc., 259 Greenwich St., New York City, N. Y.
Rapp-Huckins Company Inc., 138–148 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.
Johnson & Towers, Inc., 126 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. E. Caulfield, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Gibbs Gas Engine Co., 26 S. Main Street, Jacksonville, Fla.
Forest E. Johnson, 2932 Center St., Coconut Grove, Fla.
Thompson Fish Co., Key West, Fla.
Willard B. Tull, 512–514 E. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.
Curtis Marine Co. Inc., 554 Front St., Norfolk, Va.
MacDonald Boat Yard, Daytona, Florida
G. T. Backus & Son, Fort Pierce, Fla.
Gas Engine & Electric Co., 280–282 Meeting St., Charleston, S. C.
Stewart S. Sills, Sodus Point, N. Y.
Eau Gallie Boat Basin, Eau Gallie Fla.

***Middle West Distributors***

Michigan Marine Mart, 627 W. Main St., Benton Harbor, Mich.
Power Equipment Company, Nelson Bldg., Memphis, Tenn.
Detroit Yacht Harbor, Foot of Meadowbrook Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Wm. C. Anderson, 2009 Farragut Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Black's Machine Shop, Port Clinton, Ohio
Covert Boat & Engine Co., 1330 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.
J. B. Welch, Inc., 3148 N. 31st St. Milwaukee, Wis.

***Gulf Coast Distributors***

Peden Company, Houston, Texas
Higgins Industries Inc., 1755 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

***Canadian Distributors***

Boeing Aircraft of Canada Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.
Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd., Lunenburg, Nova Scotia
R. J. Anderson, 289 Runnymede Road, Toronto 9, Ontario
Montreal Boat Builders Ltd., Lachine, Quebec, Can.

# THE BUDA COMPANY

*Established 1881*

Harvey (Chicago Suburb) Illinois

30 Church Street New York


## A Motor Boat Passage in the Gulf of Papua

*(Continued from page 32)*

"Even the poultry are happy to get this far without a swim!" Leigh laughed.

"If I wasn't so weary I'd do a bit of crowing myself," Lumley pronounced. "But we're still sixty miles from Port Moresby, so I guess I'll let the crowing wait until we get there — *if* we get there," he said drily.

"We'll be okay now," Leigh promised. "I'll get some proper caulking material here, fill those leaking seams, and we'll have no further bother with them."

The rest of the day all hands spent playing with oakum, and by sunset the remains of our clothes had been replaced by the proper material. But the launch still leaked, not so much as before, but still sufficiently to require bailing every hour.

"She'll keep afloat until we reach port," Leigh decided.

And so we got underway for the last leg of the voyage — across Redscar Bay, a point beyond which we would be under the lee of the coral barrier and in moderately smoother water. The southeaster moderated a lot after sunset, so in the early hours of the morning we headed for Redscar. Two hours after we started the wind increased to a forty-mile blow, a blinding downpour blotted out the leading marks, and, as we were then close to many scattered patches of coral, we had to turn back and find an anchorage until the rain passed and visibility returned.

"There must be a Jonah on this craft," Leigh accused.

Lumley and I pleaded "not guilty."

Just then one of the natives gave us the tidings that another big leak had begun forward. We all crowded forward and saw a wide spring spurting up from the garboard strake on the port side. In about half an hour all our available supply of oakum had been hammered into the seam — but the water still rose fast. The pounding we had had while we were underway had apparently opened some of the seams below the flooring. As we could not get at them, the only thing to do was bail and hope for better weather for the rest of the trip to Port Moresby.

At sunrise we made a second attempt to get across Redscar, and after another long day bumping into a heavy head wind and sea, with the usual steady bailing, we managed to reach Redscar Head and find an anchorage behind it. There we hung on until the wind eased an hour after midnight, when we resumed our way wearily, entering Port Moresby at noon after one of the worst trips we three white men had ever made in many years of small boat travel on the New Guinea coast. We lost no time in getting our baggage ashore, glad beyond words to feel good firm ground under our feet again.

The next day was Sunday, so some of the townspeople, ever eager to have a picnic out on the harbor, took the launch for the day. Fortunately for the lives of those aboard her, before she was clear of the shallows near the town, the launch picked a safe spot to stage the climax of the voyage. While the picnickers sat on the cabin roof enjoying the sunlight and the sweet cool air, something carried away below, without the least warning — and inside of two minutes she was sitting on the bottom in two fathoms. Canoes and boats close by rescued the picnic party, so everybody was happy.

Two days later a shipwright, who had the launch under repair, told me that he considered the five of us the luckiest people in the world. "She must've bumped something hard," he said, "for I found seven of her butts started. Why she didn't open up, as she did in the calm water here, is more than I can dope out." Which statement explained very fully why our caulking work was not as successful as we wanted it to be.

# Never Be Without It

Countless repairs around a boat can be made with this amazing preparation that handles like putty and hardens into waterproof, weather-proof wood you can plane, carve, varnish, paint or lacquer. For instance: Stem rot, rebuilding chafed planks, loose bolts, dented stems, transom rot...Plastic Wood does an expert job of repairing! Never be without it. Sold by all Chandlers, Hardware and Paint Dealers.

FOR EXTRA DURABLE MARINE FINISHES

**BAKELITE**
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
*SYNTHETIC RESIN*
VARNISHES

*Write for Bulletin 20, and names of makers of Bakelite Resin Varnishes*

BAKELITE CORPORATION
247 Park Avenue, New York . . . 635 West 22nd St., Chicago
BAKELITE CORP. OF CANADA, LTD., 163 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ontario

*Olympic Monotypes racing at Los Angeles 1932 whose skippers represented 11 Nations, all of whom used Ratsey Sails.*

**Ratsey & Lapthorn, Inc.**

Sailmakers Since 1790

City Island, New York City

*Telephone:* CIty Island 8-1012–1013

# RITCHIE

**COMPASSES AND NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS**

*Originators and First Patentees of the Liquid Compass*

**Underlit Compasses (4″–9″ Dia.)**
**Dome Glass Magnifying Compass**
**Dialine Compass (Radium Card and Dial)**
**Aperiodic Airplane Compasses**

(INSTRUMENTS FOR THE NAVIGATOR)

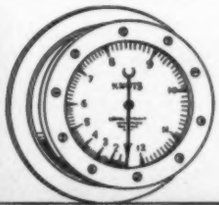
**E. S. RITCHIE & SONS**
111 Cypress Street Brookline, Mass.

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT WILL BE TREASURED

This attractive Riding Light Service of Cooley's consisting of ivory semi-porcelain and durable crystal, makes an ideal Christmas gift for owners of yachts. Club and private insignia will be accurately reproduced in enamel on both china and glass. Our prices include the blue band and line with two flags, or one flag and name. Service for six; China 38 pieces $44; Crystal 18 pieces $27; Silver 22 pieces $20. Complete service for six, 78 pieces $85.

**COOLEY'S INC.**
34 Newbury St. Boston, Mass.

# KENYON SPEEDOMETERS



THE MOST ACCURATE MEANS OF MEASURING NAUTICAL SPEED AND CHANGES OF SPEED . . .

KENYON INSTRUMENT CO.
564 EAST FIRST STREET BOSTON, MASS.
KELVIN-WHITE CO.
112 STATE STREET · BOSTON — 38 WATER STREET · NEW YORK